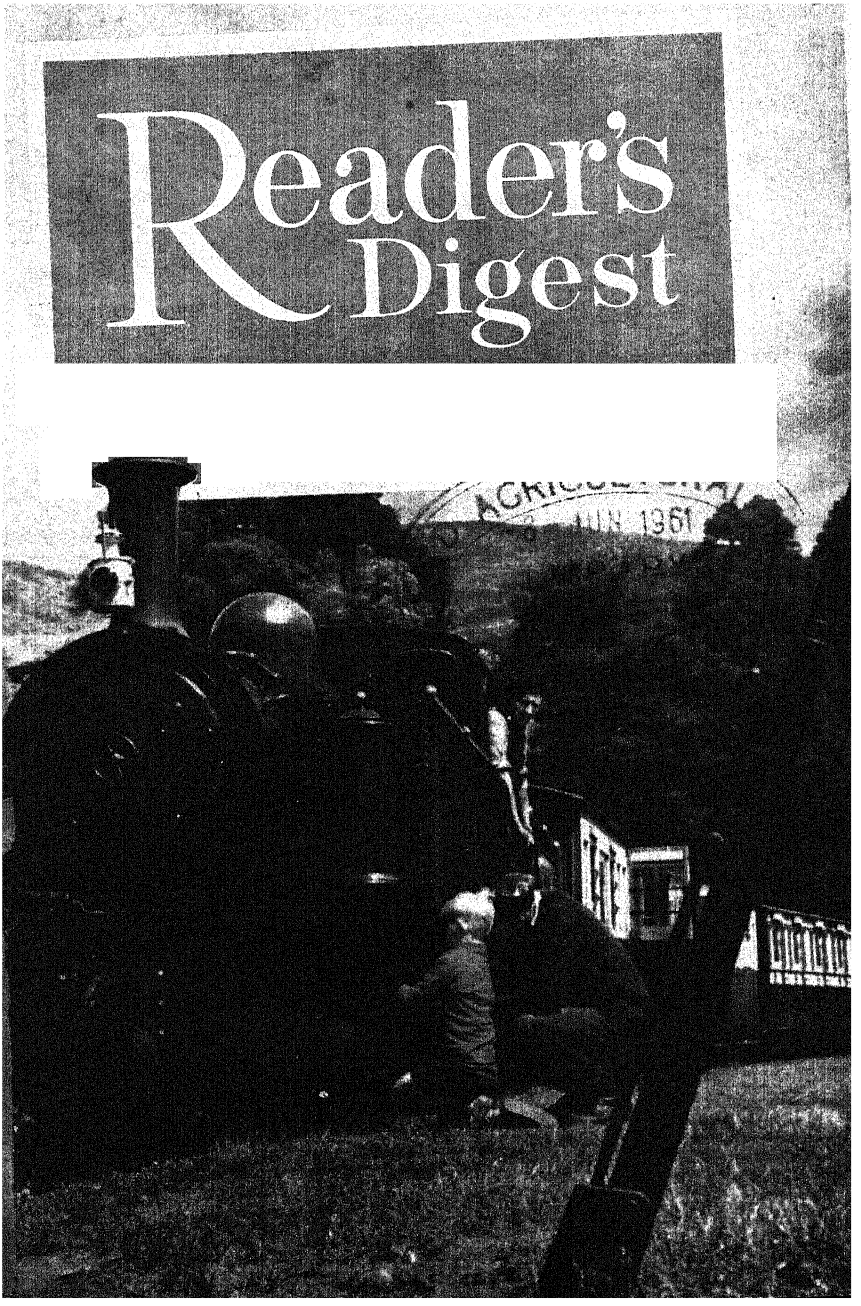
Reader's Digest





Report from Loch Ness

By Tim Dinsdale

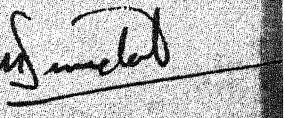
At 9 a.m. on April 23, 1960, I saw the Loch Ness Monster. I had been gazing intently across the dark waters of the Scottish loch when I noticed a reddish brown shape breaking surface 1,300 yards away. Through my binoculars I could see the extraordinary humped back of some huge animal. There was no dorsal fin and on the left flank a large dark blotch could be clearly seen. I trained my ciné camera, its focus pre-set for just this moment, and filmed the monster as it turned and ploughed its way across the glassy surface, throwing up a tremendous wash. This film was the first of the monster ever shown on television and proved that Nessie was no Highland myth.

I had begun to believe in her many months before as a result of an article in The Reader's Digest.* James Thurber reported on 30 years of monster hunting, hoaxes, rumours, hearsay and hard facts. He concluded, "There's *something* out there!"

I analysed this article in detail and followed up the books and reports referred to; the deeper I researched the more impressed I became with this digest of the monster mystery. A mountain of Press cuttings, reports and articles had been compressed into eight pages of intensely readable prose, presenting the facts about the monster with accuracy, humour and detail.

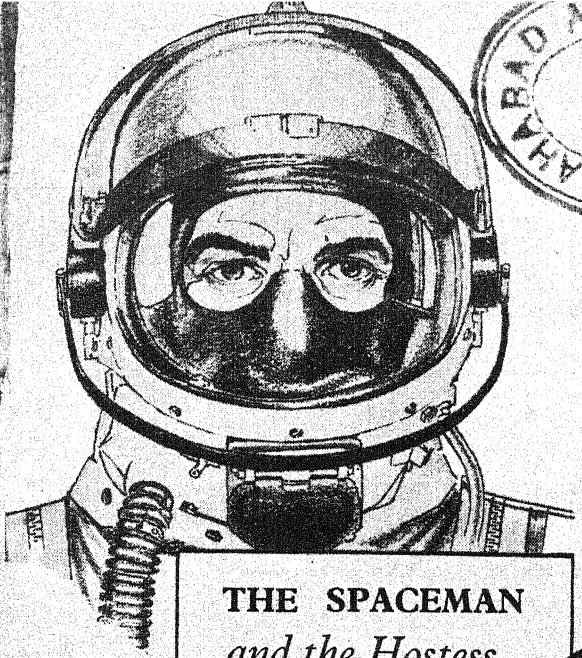
Only when you have studied a subject can you really evaluate a magazine article about it; as a result of my experience at Loch Ness I have come to appreciate the great amount of skilled work behind an article in The Reader's Digest.

The innumerable fascinating subjects that the magazine covers in this meticulous way make every issue a remarkable publishing achievement.



*"*The Facts About the Loch Ness Monster,*" The Reader's Digest, May* 1958.

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THE SPACEMAN
and the Hostess...



Satellites and Saucepans, Nose Cones and Candlesticks, from the inhospitable inky blackness of outer space to the welcoming, softly illuminated Dinner Table, "Staybrite" Stainless Steels are playing their part. Spacebound or Earthbound, the versatility of these special Steels opens up new realms of exploration, where the research and production techniques of Firth-Vickers will continue to lead the way.

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3

I

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ALLAHABAD



Painted for the De Beers
Collection by Leona Wood

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

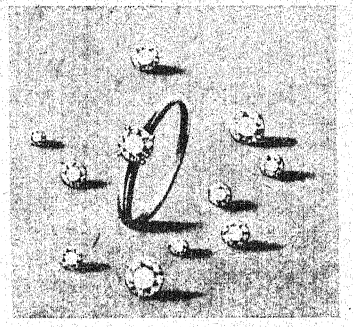
SHINING WITH HAPPINESS

a diamond tells of your engagement

Beautiful and bright, a lovely gem on a girl's finger speaks of love and happiness. It is the engagement diamond, the most cherished gift that can be given to mark the engagement promise. For you, its lovely light will recall this promise through all your married lifetime. It will speak to all the world, for endless generations, of the fulfillment of your dreams and destiny. And a diamond has a lasting value.

HOW TO BUY A DIAMOND

First and most important, consult a trusted jeweler. Ask about colour, clarity and cutting—for these determine a diamond's quality, contribute to its beauty and value. Choose a fine stone, and you'll always be proud of it, no matter what its size. Diamond sizes are measured by weight, in points and carats—100 points to the carat.



No matter what its size, your engagement diamond, set in a ring, will speak of love forever. Shown is a selection of diamonds ranging in size from 10 points to 1 carat.

A DIAMOND IS FOREVER

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The Reader's Digest

VOL. 78 NO. 469 MAY 1961

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Quotable Quotes

NONE of the evils which totalitarianism claims to remedy is worse than totalitarianism itself.
—Albert Camus

As soon as you cannot keep anything from a woman, you love her. —Paul Géraldy

IT is indeed a desirable thing to be well descended, but the glory belongs to our ancestors.
—Plutarch

FORTUNATELY psychoanalysis is not the only way to resolve inner conflicts. Life itself still remains a very effective therapist.
—Dr. Karen Horney

CHARM is a glow within a woman which casts a most becoming light on others. —John Mason Brown

Do you realize that we can no longer teach that everything that goes up must come down?
—Dr. John Theobald

THIS MONTH'S COVER:

A narrow-gauge locomotive of the Festiniog Railway, North Wales.

(*Ektachrome specially taken for The Reader's Digest by J. D. Barnell*)

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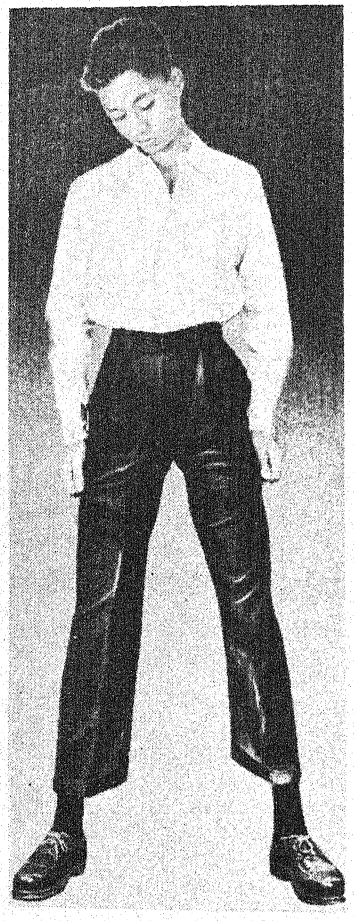
THE SUPERJET AIRLINE

TWA.G.218

The Birthday Gift

Mother stitched a pair of trousers for his birthday and sent them to the laundry so that they would look fresh, crisp, new. But they shrunk—she had forgotten to look for the label 'Sanforized'!





If only she'd taken a little more care in the selection of the fabric, these trousers would have retained their immaculate fit even after many, many washings.

Make certain you get the full measure of value of the material you buy—

Look for

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and your clothes will never shrink out of fit!

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For information: 'Sanforized' Service, 95 Marine Drive, Bombay 2

It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By Wilfred Funk

Adjectives, precisely used, add colour and force to your speech and writing. Tick the word or phrase below that you believe to be *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on page 14.

(1) **restive** (res′ tiv)—A: relaxed. B: deceitful. C: restless. D: grasping.

(2) **craven** (krā′ ven)—A: dishonest. B: cowardly. C: dark. D: slavish.

(3) **deferential** (dĕf er en′ shăl)—A: marked by disagreement. B: deduced by inference. C: questionable. D: respectful.

(4) **inchoate** (in′ kō ate)—A: in an elementary stage. B: unable to express oneself clearly. C: weak. D: chaotic.

(5) **usurious** (ū zhŏŏr′ i us)—A: crafty. B: pertaining to marriage. C: open-handed. D: pertaining to high interest for the use of money.

(6) **discursive** (dis kur′ sīv)—A: coarse. B: complaining. C: rambling. D: profane.

(7) **grandiose** (gran′ dī ōs)—A: optimistic. B: impressive. C: generous. D: handsome.

(8) **inviolate** (in vī′ o late)—A: calm. B: excited. C: brutal. D: pure.

(9) **implicit** (im plis′ it)—A: private. B: understood. C: incredible. D: definitely promised.

(10) **athwart** (a thwort′)—A: crosswise. B: flattened out. C: just ahead. D: following.

(11) **gargantuan** (gar gan′ tū an)—A: awkward. B: savage. C: gigantic. D: resounding.

(12) **portentous** (por ten′ tus)—A: ominous. B: lacking in humour. C: important. D: extremely heavy.

(13) **secular** (sĕk′ ū lar)—A: ensuing. B: wicked. C: carefully chosen. D: worldly.

(14) **extraneous** (eks trā′ nē us)—A: exaggerated. B: external or foreign. C: circumstantial. D: false.

(15) **dogmatic** (dog mat′ ik)—A: angry. B: powerful. C: vicious. D: excessively opinionated.

(16) **furtive** (fur′ tiv)—A: stealthy. B: nervous. C: jerky. D: quick.

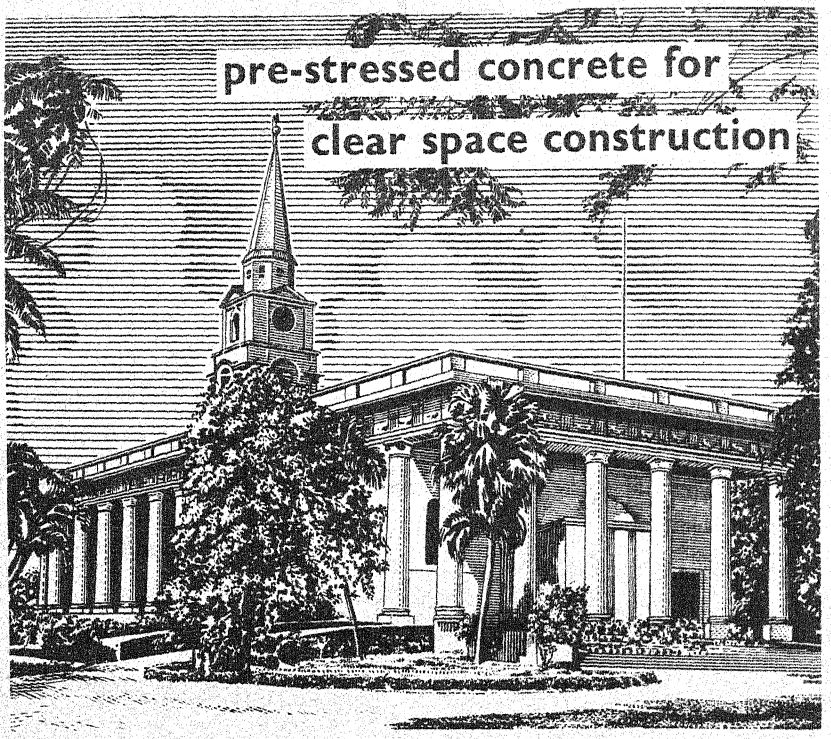
(17) **copious** (kō′ pi us)—A: sad. B: drenched. C: abundant. D: stout.

(18) **sentient** (sen′ shent; -shī ent)—A: unusually wise. B: capable of feeling. C: brief. D: old.

(19) **insatiable** (in sā′ shī a b'l; -sha b'l)—A: hungry. B: exhausted. C: thirsty. D: greedy.

(20) **stentorian** (sten tor′ I an)—A: infuriated. B: dictatorial. C: loud. D: grim.

(Now turn to page 14)



St. John's Church, Calcutta, is 190 years old. To preserve the character of this historic building,it was necessary to replace the old roof with a light weight roof of similar design which could be supported by the old walls. Prestressed concrete provided the answer.

The old 1 ft. 6 in. thick, heavy roof (dead load 225 lbs./sq. ft.) of tiles and lime terracing on timber burghas was replaced by a precast prestressed concrete light roof (dead load of 40 lbs./sq. ft.). The job was completed within four months.

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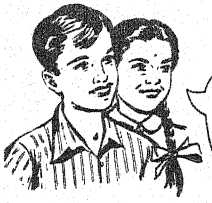
Agents : The Bombay Company Private Ltd., Madras-1
R. C. Abrol & Co. (Private) Ltd., New Delhi-1

JWT STP 57

hear what all the family has to say...



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The famous formula of Waterbury's Compound is now fortified with the addition of health-giving vitamins – to make it the most complete tonic for the whole family. So good for children – it provides material for tissue repair and re-growth, builds strong bones and teeth. It replaces lost energy and vitality, strengthens the nerves of the working adult. For the old, it tones feeble muscles, stimulates impaired appetites and enriches the blood. After illness, it speeds recovery. Waterbury's Vitamin Compound is equally good for all – adults and children.

WATERBURY'S VITAMIN COMPOUND

To make you fit



Thanks to Waterbury's Vitamin Compound, we get all the energy we need for a healthy vigorous life.

Look for the Pilfer-proof Saffron cap





Waterbury's Vitamin Compound stimulates appetite, provides vital vitamins, and aids digestion.

Look for the Saffron label

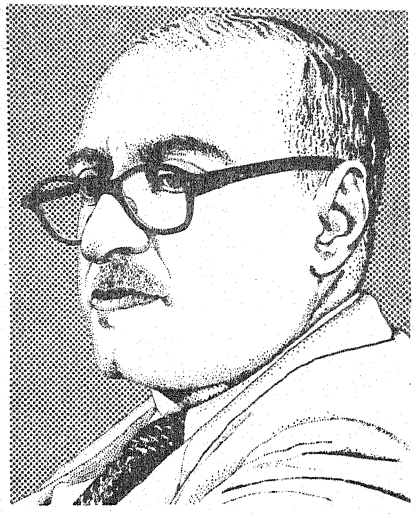


Also available:— Waterbury's Compound, Red Label, with Guaiacol and Creosote – the ideal tonic for coughs and colds.

WARNER-LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY
(Incorporated in U.S.A. with limited liability)

WVC 161

good advertising... a guide to better living



Mr. A. D. Shroff, Chairman, New India Assurance Co. Ltd., and Director of Tata Industries Private Ltd.

Here it is said that Advertising makes people buy things they don't really need, but what is it that people really need?

What has one to include or exclude? And how can the mass selling and mass production of these items, which Advertising develops, benefit the public?

Most consumer products are bought not because they are basically essential commodities, but because we have come to consider them as essential to a certain standard of living. Advertising has a tremendous effect on these commodities and their sale, but I should like here to comment on a very unusual consumer product—insurance, a subject with which I am particularly familiar.

Modern insurance can be said to be the bastion of security in industry, in commerce and in family life. It draws its immense strength and solidity from *numbers*, on mass participation. The more the people who insure, the more is the risk divided, the greater is the individual benefit both in lowered premiums and in maximum indemnities.

Here is a field which we can safely say would not offer these benefits on the terms it now does, if Advertising had not played its tremendous part in building up mass participation—the great guarantor of mass benefit.

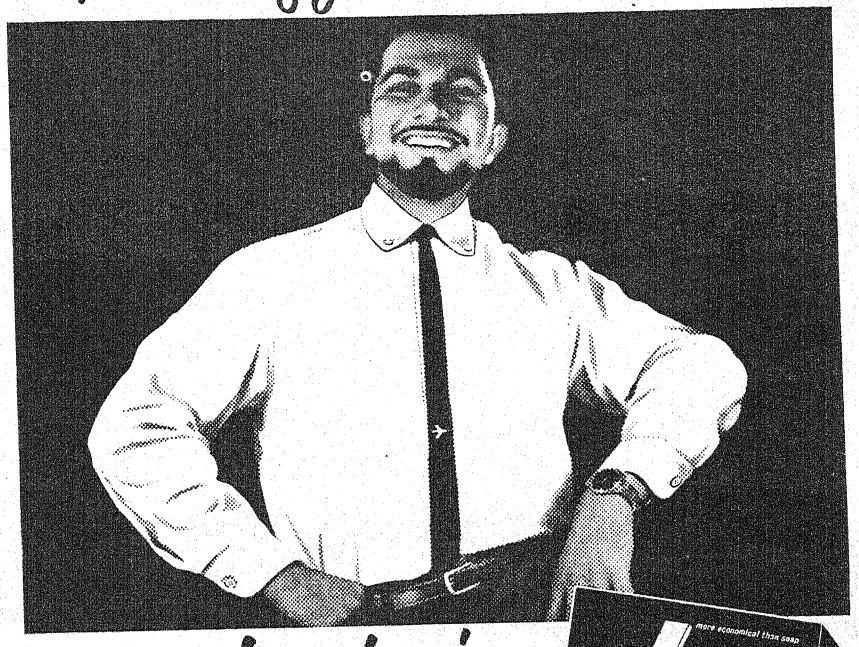
Good advertising serves *you*

isa

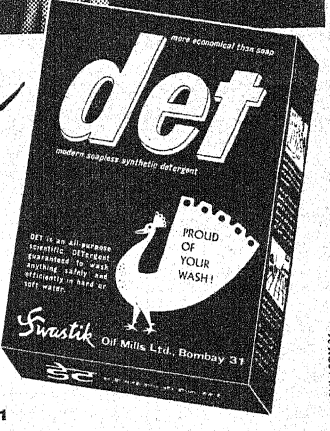
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JWT/ISA.41

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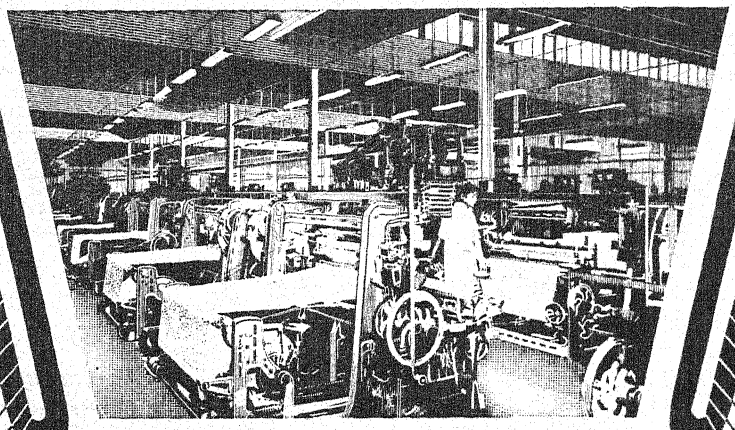


- **DET-WASHED Clothes Look BRIGHTER**
  Det's special washing properties give your clothes a new-like brightness.
- **DET-WASHED Clothes Look WHITER**
  Det contains optical brightener. Det washes clothes spotlessly clean, and makes whites whiter.
- **WASH ALL YOUR CLOTHES THE MODERN WAY — WITH DET**
  Det washes efficiently both in hard and soft water and it gives abundant lather. Det is safe for all fabrics — cottons, silks, rayons, woollens — white or coloured.

Swastik Oil Mills Ltd., Bombay-1

Shilpi-SOM-24

THE SWATANTRA BHARAT MILLS
AT DELHI



LIGHTING BY PHILIPS

The Swatantra Bharat Mills, one of the well-known D.C.M. Group of Textile Mills, have used Philips lighting. The Management of this mill has been so impressed with the performance of Philips lighting that they have, as before, relied exclusively on Philips to refit the entire unit, covering the large area of over 3½ lakh square feet and maintaining the high efficiency of nearly 5,000 workers.

Philips' exclusive lighting consisting of lamps, fittings and accessories ensures ultimate economy by providing the maximum illumination level at lowest running cost and gives longer, trouble-free performance. Philips' scientifically designed equipment is the result of experience as well as research and development aimed to meet the ever-growing demands of better lighting. And hand-in-hand with Philips' unrivalled quality goes the invisible *plus* of Philips' international experience and know-how.

FREE: *For planned lighting, designed economically to suit your specific need—whether it is industrial, commercial or any other specialised application — consult Philips Lighting Service Bureau.*

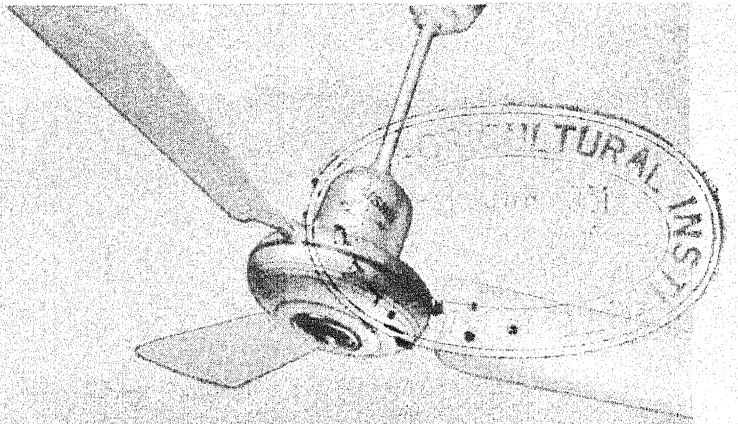


PHILIPS INDIA LIMITED

PHILIPS

PHILIPS *quality lighting for ultimate economy*

JWTP 4441A



for Beauty & Comfort

BUY

USHA

AND

BE

SURE

All Usha Ceiling Fans have double ball-bearings for silent running and longer life.



JAY ENGINEERING WORKS LTD. CALCUTTA

IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER

Answers to the quiz on page 7

(1) **restive**—C: Restless; uneasy; fidgety; as, "The crowd grew *restive*." Latin *restare*, "to stay back, resist."

(2) **craven**—B: Cowardly; full of fear; as, a *craven* attitude.

(3) **deferential**—D: Respectful; having regard for the opinion or wishes of another; as, a *deferential* manner. Latin *deferre*, "to bring down."

(4) **inchoate**—A: In an elementary stage; recently begun; rudimentary; as, an *inchoate* civilization. Latin *incohare*, "to begin."

(5) **usurious**—D: Pertaining to high interest—or *usurious* rates—for the use of money. Latin *usura*, "use."

(6) **discursive**—C: Rambling; digressive; shifting from one subject to another; as, a *discursive* speech. Latin *discurrere*, "to run to and fro."

(7) **grandiose**—B: Impressive; imposing; pompous; as, a *grandiose* gesture. Italian *grandioso*, from Latin *grandis*, "full-grown, large, great."

(8) **inviolate**—D: Pure; unbroken; unimpaired; as, an *inviolate* right. Latin *inviolatus*, from *in-* "not," and *violare*, "to violate."

(9) **implicit**—B: Understood, though not specifically stated; implied; as, an *implicit* agreement. Also, by transference, unquestioning; complete; as, *implicit* faith. Latin *implicitus*, from *implicare*, "to fold in, entwine."

(10) **athwart**—A: Crosswise; across; as, "A shadow lay *athwart* the path." From *a-*, "on," and Old Norse *thvert*, "transverse."

(11) **gargantuan**—C: Gigantic; huge; as, a *gargantuan* task. From *Gargantua*, the giant prince in the satire by Rabelais.

(12) **portentous**—A: Ominous; threatening; as, a *portentous* sign. Latin *portendere*, "to foretell, portend."

(13) **secular**—D: Worldly; referring to temporal rather than spiritual affairs; as, *secular* schools. Latin *saecularis*, from *saeculum*, "age, world."

(14) **extraneous**—B: External or foreign; pertaining to that which is outside; as, *extraneous* influence. Latin *extraneus*, from *extra*, "outside."

(15) **dogmatic**—D: Excessively opinionated; unduly positive in manner or speech; as, a *dogmatic* preacher. Greek *dogma*, "opinion."

(16) **furtive**—A: Stealthy; sly; secret; like the actions of a thief; as, a *furtive* glance. Latin *furtivus*, from *fur*, "thief."

(17) **copious**—C: Abundant; ample; plentiful; as, a *copious* supply. Latin *copiosus*, from *copia*, "abundance."

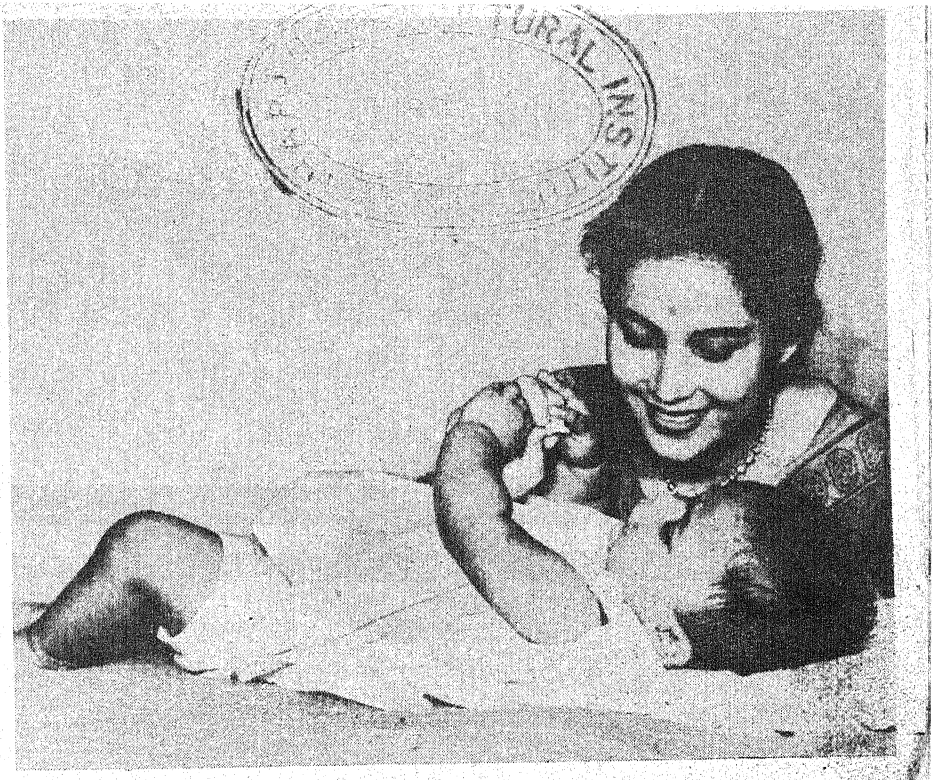
(18) **sentient**—B: Capable of feeling and sensation; as, a *sentient* being. Latin *sentire*, "to feel."

(19) **insatiable**—D: Greedy; not capable of being satisfied; as, an *insatiable* appetite. Latin *insatiabilis*, from *in-*, "not," and *satiare*, "to satisfy."

(20) **stentorian**—C: Extremely loud; loud-voiced; as, *stentorian* tones. From *Stentor*, a herald of the Trojan War, whose voice, Homer said, was "as loud as that of 50 other men together."

Vocabulary Ratings

20–19 correct ..... excellent
18–16 correct ..... good
15–14 correct ..... fair



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SMALL BABIES ARE SO NEW TO THE WORLD they've little resistance to germs—harmful oral germs which may float out of your mouth with every laugh and smile. But there is a way to protect them. Wise families use LISTERINE, the true oral antiseptic. It's designed, tested and proved to destroy germs of the throat and mouth that can cause colds and sore throat. Taste-tingling LISTERINE, used as a gargle, leaves your throat and mouth fresh and clean. And LISTERINE protection really lasts—keeps your breath pleasant all day long. For successful living begins with LISTERINE. So make oral hygiene a family habit—a habit to protect the baby. When old enough, the baby too can join and enjoy this healthy habit. Remember! Germs won't wait, so don't delay—get LISTERINE today.

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* * *New Formula! New Pack! LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE protects your teeth better than ever before* * *

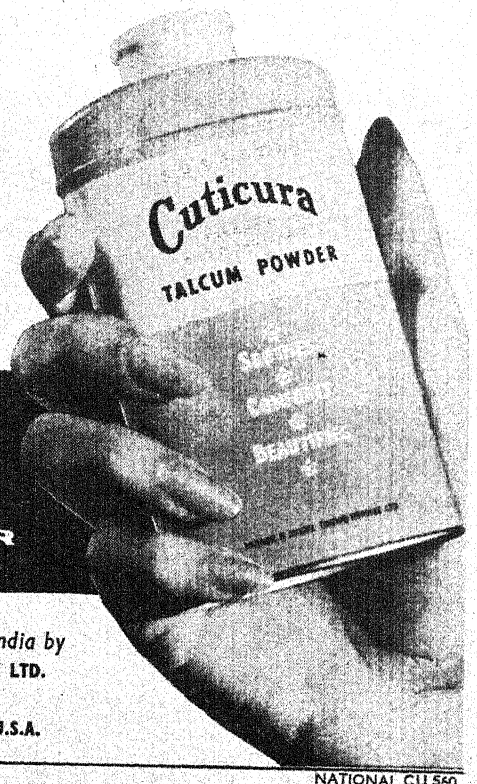
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Manufactured & distributed in India by
MULLER & PHIPPS (INDIA) PRIVATE LTD.
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POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CORP., U.S.A.

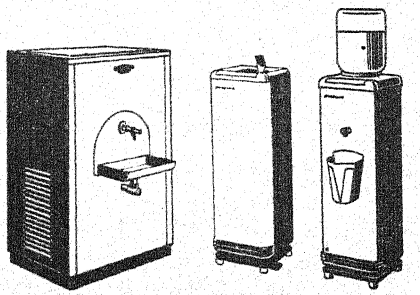
NATIONAL CU 560

To the Chinese,
the greatest race of
potters known, we owe
the art of ceramics.
While others worked
in clay, the Chinese
developed porcelain.



QUALITY THAT LASTS

But the special feature of
Chinese pottery
was the attention paid to
the hardness and quality
of their ceramics.
It is this same emphasis
on quality that accounts
for the robust construction
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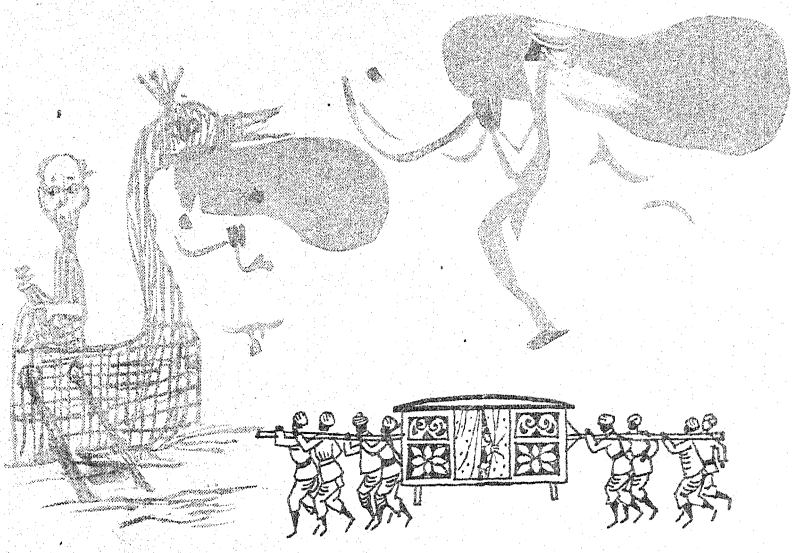
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in a series on 'Tagore the Traveller' DC-558

Points to Ponder

Constance Goodall:

It is amazing how many otherwise pleasant and sensible people fall into the habit of Snaggery! That is my private description of the odious habit of looking for the fly in the ointment, for the thoughtless or calculating comment that sets up niggling doubt about any plan. And, once indulged, the habit grows until it destroys the Snagger's capacity for positive thinking and living, and to an ever-increasing degree reaches out to undermine the confidence of others.

The only protection we have is to refuse to allow implied doubt to take root . . .

When my father was 60, and I was 13 and had just learnt to ride a bicycle, we planned to bicycle from Yorkshire to the west coast of Scotland, stopping where and when it suited us each night. Snaggery was immediately in full cry. Far too strenuous! What if it rains all the time? How can you be sure of decent beds?

We did it, and the memories of that "foolhardy" trip are among the richest of my life. We enjoyed our adventure so much that we continued to indulge in our long-distance bicycling every summer for the next five years. Never was Snaggery more confounded.

That's the fortunate snag in Snaggery; determination can always defeat it.

Bertrand Russell:

Of all forms of caution, caution in love is perhaps the most fatal to true happiness.

John Ciardi:

Literature is one of the central continuing experiences of the race. It is no cultural ornament. Through literature, the voices of mankind's most searching imaginations remain alive to all time. One needs to hear Job lift his question into the wind; it is, after all, every man's question at some time. One needs to stand by Oedipus and to hold the knife of his own most terrible resolution. One needs to come out of his own Hell with Dante and to hear that voice of joy hailing the sight of his own stars returned-to.

No man is even half-civilized until those voices have sounded within him. A savage, after all, is simply a human organism that has not received enough news from the human race. Literature is one most fundamental part of that news.

Balzac:

Hope is a light diet, but very stimulating.

Henry Steele Commager:

It is a paradox that just when technology has made it possible for parents to spend more of their time than ever before in training their children, they should foist so much of the responsibility upon the schools.

Edith Sitwell:

It is a part of the poet's work to show each man what he sees but does not know he sees. He is a brother speaking to a brother of "a moment in their other lives"—a moment that had been buried beneath the dust of the busy world. Like Moses, he sees God in the burning bush when the half-opened or myopic physical eye sees only the gardener burning leaves.

Thomas Dreier:

A greater sculptor than a Rodin or a Michelangelo is Thought. What a man thinks in his heart he advertises with his face.

Margaret Culkin Banning:

In the devotional classic *The Imitation of Christ,* Thomas à Kempis tells the story of a man who was so filled with anxiety and fear that he could not bring himself to act. As he wavered back and forth in his uncertainty he thought, Oh, if I only *knew,* then I should have the courage to persevere.

And presently, wrote Thomas, he heard within himself this answer from God: "And if you did know, what would you do? Do now what you would then do, and you shall be very secure."

This very practical rule of living destroys worry and apprehension about both big and little things. For example, you cannot be sure that a friend will enjoy visiting you—but you would ask him if you were sure. Very well, then—invite him *as if* you were sure!

Or, you can't be sure you will succeed in a job even if you put in extra work, but how can you satisfy yourself without proceeding *as if* you did know you would succeed?

The result may not always be what you hope for, but the sense that you have done the best you can to make things work out, and have given opportunity itself a chance, does produce in yourself that inner peace which is the best kind of security.

Vincent Van Gogh:

There is the same difference in a person before and after he is in love as there is in an unlighted lamp and one that is burning. The lamp was there and it was a good lamp, but now it is shedding light too and that is its real function.

—*The Complete Letters of Vincent Van Gogh* (Thames and Hudson, London)

Van Wyck Brooks:

How delightful is the company of generous people, who overlook trifles and keep their minds instinctively fixed on whatever is good and positive in the world about them. People of small calibre are always carping. They are bent on showing their own superiority, their knowledge or prowess or good breeding. But magnanimous people have no vanity, they have no jealousy, they have no reserves, and they feed on the true and the solid wherever they find it. And, what is more, they find it everywhere.

Harold Kohn:

"Oh, Mr. Paderewski," said a woman to the Polish pianist, "you must have had a world of patience to learn to play as you do."

"It's not that at all, my dear woman," replied Paderewski. "I have no more patience than anyone else. It's just that I use mine."



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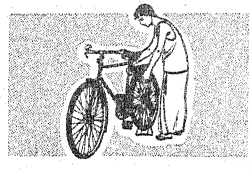
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VOLUME 78 The Reader's Digest MAY 1961

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SPIRITUAL THERAPY:

Modern Medicine's Newest Ally

"If the head and body are to be well," Plato wrote almost 2,400 years ago, "you must begin by curing the soul." The medical profession, impressed by mounting clinical evidence of the curative power of religion, is rediscovering this ancient truth. It is beginning to welcome the chaplain on the hospital "healing team"—doctor-psychiatrist-minister—and the clergy in turn is now training an increasing number of ministers for such service.

The story of the Reverend Richard Young, chaplain at North Carolina Baptist Hospital and pioneer in the movement towards partnership between medicine and religion, reveals in practical, everyday terms the unique power of religion to aid all of us in solving our most pressing and personal problems.

By Clarence Hall

The young mother in the emergency ward at Winston-Salem's North Carolina Baptist Hospital was sinking rapidly. Her baby had been killed in the car crash, but her own injuries did not seem serious enough to be fatal. After the surgeon had done all he could, he called in a psychiatrist. "There's no medical reason why she shouldn't recover," he said. "But she wants to die—and she will,

"Spiritual Therapy: Modern Medicine's Newest Ally" is condensed from the introduction to a book on pastoral care of the hospital patient by the Rev. Richard Young and the Rev. Albert Meiberg, published by Hodder & Stoughton, London

unless her attitude is changed."

The psychiatrist's careful analysis uncovered the root of the woman's problem: the baby killed had been born as the result of an extramarital affair.

She had been able to live with her secret as long as the child was alive, but now nothing the psychiatrist said could shake her guilt-ridden interpretation of the accident's meaning. "I've got to die," she kept repeating. "It's God's punishment for my sin. I deserve it."

The psychiatrist summoned the chaplain. "This case calls for theological answers I haven't got," he said.

On several occasions the chaplain visited the patient, saying little, allowing her to express her remorse fully. When she was exhausted, he said quietly, "You say you must die. But isn't killing yourself—and that's what you're doing—just taking the easy way out? The selfish way? Your death will only bring what you feel is your judgement upon your fine husband and your other child. Do you think that's fair?"

During a long silence he let this sink in, then said softly, "Wouldn't you like to use this tragedy to redeem your marriage and your life?"

Reassured and shown an avenue of hope, the woman cried, "Oh, I would, I would!" And she did. Once she had found a new purpose in living, her wounds healed rapidly. She has been an exemplary wife and mother ever since.

The minister who effected this spiritual therapy was a member of the staff recruited and trained by the Reverend Richard Young, director of the School of Pastoral Care at North Carolina Baptist Hospital.

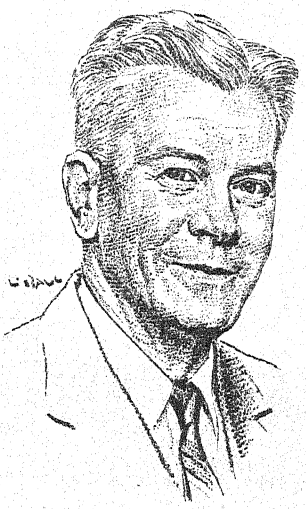
Young is a firm believer in the great therapeutic value of practically applied religion. And his highly successful pioneering in this field has led to the idea of a hospital "healing team" in which doctor, psychiatrist and clergyman each pool their disparate talents to mount a co-ordinated assault on disease.

A Growing Movement

THE SPIRITUAL - THERAPY programme to which Dick Young has devoted his professional life is by no means his alone. It is sufficiently widespread to have brought about a quiet revolution in the relationship between medicine and religion. Today it is estimated that, of the 8,000 ministers who have received some form of clinical training, roughly 5,000 are applying this training by helping doctors to produce spectacular results with the healing-team approach to human ills. Such specially trained spiritual therapists are now active all over the world. But nowhere have their new concepts been more thoroughly laboratory-tested than at Winston-Salem, in Young's School of Pastoral Care, largest of its kind in any hospital. And nowhere has religious therapy more convincingly proved its worth.

Centred on the hospital's ground

floor, the school is staffed with six permanent chaplains, 12 chaplain-interns and 20 clinical trainees. Members of this staff are not mere ministerial visitors, spreading good cheer to the sick. They are skilled therapists, applying the spiritual ministry to mind-body problems which have been medically established. Confidence in the value of that therapy pervades the entire medical centre, which houses both the North Carolina Baptist Hospital and its affiliated teaching institution, the Bowman Gray School of Medicine. It was officially acknowledged in 1948 when Dr. C. C. Carpenter, dean of the school, offered Young a permanent appointment "to teach medical students the relation between religion and health."



The Reverend Richard Young

A man of medium height, lean, with prematurely white hair, Dick Young wears no clerical robes, does not lard his conversation with pious allusions. Yet his whole manner bespeaks competence, authority and an unusual sense of mission.

Born on a tobacco farm in North Carolina, Young was steeped in religious idealism at an early age. His father and mother were both devout Christians and as a youth he determined to enter the ministry. When the Depression forced him to give up his studies at college, he started work in a textile mill. During this time he passed through a phase of rebellion and experimented with various forms of devilry.

"Dick learned about human failings at first-hand," a friend says.

The Wrong Career

AFTER HE had outgrown this callow phase, Young started a co-operative store. Because of his flair for management and handling people, it was a success from the beginning. He was then 22 and happily married, and appeared to be embarked on a promising career.

Unfortunately, it was the wrong career.

A frail rural minister brought this fact home to him. Moving through the community like a benediction, beloved by everybody—because he loved everybody—the Reverend N. J. Todd asked nothing of anyone but the chance to help. Day and night, Dick would see him driving

withdrawn, he would respond to direct questions but would not speak unless spoken to. Young went to the man's room, greeted him, but made no attempt to engage him in conversation. For 45 minutes he sat there in silence, then stood up and left with a cheerful, "I'll see you later, Pete," as if they had been chatting pleasantly.

The patient was allowed certain privileges, and was accustomed to stroll every afternoon to the main gate to meet his parents. On the afternoon following Young's visit, he sat down beside his mother and said enthusiastically, "You know, Mother, they've got a new chaplain at the hospital who just comes in and stays by you. You don't have to talk to him if you don't want to."

It was difficult for the parents to contain their astonishment, for *these were the first words their son had spoken voluntarily for two years.*

The patient was not "cured," of course, during Young's brief stay at Elgin. But the part Young played in the case did produce immediate results.

The patient's mother was so impressed that she sought Young out and gave him an unprecedentedly complete account of her son's life, divulging for the first time details about everything from his nursing pattern in infancy to his problems of adjustment in adolescence. For the mental hospital, it was an invaluable mine of material, often cited later as a model case history.

A chaplain, Young was learning, could perform certain functions in a hospital which no one else was precisely equipped to accomplish.

An Uphill Fight

ON GRADUATION from the seminary, Young was offered the chaplaincy at Winston-Salem. When he accepted, one of his classmates lamented, "It's too bad that Brother Richard is leaving the ministry."

Stung, Dick retorted, "I think I'm going deeper into the ministry than you'll ever realize!"

In time he would prove it. But in 1946 his detractor was right. Among seminarians, as in the religious field generally, a hospital chaplaincy carried little importance and no prestige.

To his dismay, Dick Young found the hospital staff's regard for his role equally dim. For weeks after taking up his undefined duties, he wandered about the wards talking to patients, quietly listening to problems, trying to help—and feeling in the way. Nurses rushing about with charts, and doctors with stethoscopes looped over their necks, looked at him curiously, politely elbowed him aside when visiting their charges. As they got used to seeing him about, the more jocular ones would ask, "Well, how's the sky pilot? Saved any souls recently?"

Although discouraged, Dick Young nevertheless understood the staff's attitude. The volunteer ministers who had previously dispensed

spiritual services to patients had often allowed zeal to outrun common sense.

"Many of those who came to call on my patients," a cardiologist who had been with the hospital for 18 years told me, "knew no more about the fine art of visiting the sick than I do about preaching a sermon. One minister, visiting a man with a dangerous heart trouble, actually took the patient's pulse, then prayed over him as though preparing him for death. I had to hustle the man into an oxygen tent to save his life. After that, I forbade any minister to see any patient in a critical phase of heart disorder."

A thorny problem was the so-called "faith healer." One such "healer" called to see a deaf mute recuperating from a delicate eye operation. Taking out a bottle of olive oil, he brashly lifted the bandage, ceremoniously swabbed the patient's face with oil—and in the process ruptured several blood vessels in the injured eye. Only by skilful resurgery was the damage repaired.

Gradually, however, it became apparent that Dick Young's approach was different, that it helped rather than hindered the work of healing. Nurses reported that after his visits patients were more tractable. Anaesthetists said surgical patients were calmer, required far less anaesthesia. Doctors murmured, "The man has a magic. I don't understand it."

The heart specialist button-holed him one day in puzzled enquiry. "You were in Room 221 just before me this morning. What happened?" Young said he had tried to help the patient to revise his attitude towards a man who had wronged him and face up honestly to his own share of responsibility for what had happened. The doctor exclaimed, "It's amazing! For days I've been trying to bring that man's blood pressure down."

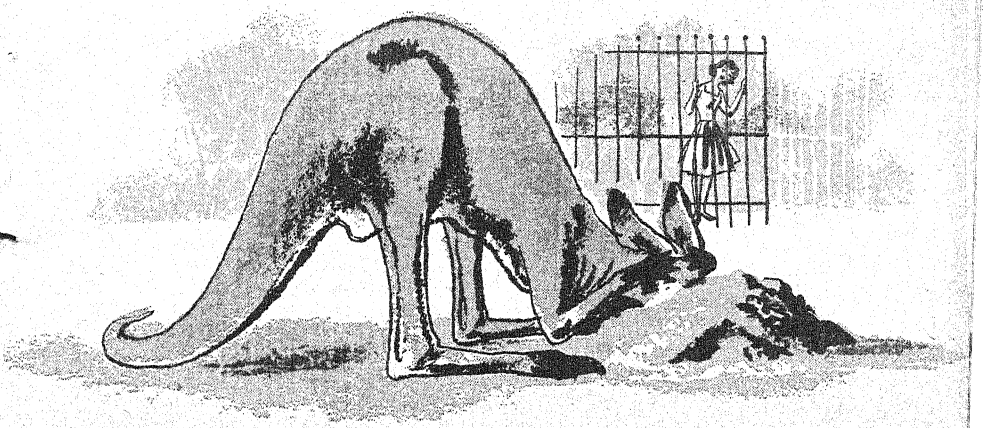
There were other things Young accomplished where doctors failed. One day, he overheard a doctor vainly trying to persuade the family to allow a post-mortem on a man who had died. Later, after seeking to comfort the distraught wife, Young asked, "By the way, what caused your husband to die?" She replied, "I don't know; nobody knows." Dick Young said, "It's a pity the doctors can't investigate further. Your children could have the same thing, couldn't they?"

The doctor was astounded when, that afternoon, Young called to report that not only were the family willing to have the post-mortem, they requested it.

Word of such incidents spread through the hospital. And soon Dick Young was being called into consultation on difficult cases, invited to ward conferences where doctors and nurses discussed their patients, asked to give his impression of those who displayed obvious emotional symptoms. Within six months he was addressing classes of

(*Please turn to page* 146)

The Meaning Manglers



A word to the wise
hits the nail on the head

By James Thurber

Something central and essential in the mechanism of meaning began losing its symmetry last summer. At first I thought the fault must be in myself, some flaw of comprehension or concentration, aggravated by the march of time. Then I realized one June afternoon at a cocktail party in Bermuda that the trouble was largely female, or at least seemed to originate in that sex, like so many other alarming things.

At this party, a woman began telling me about some legal involvement her daughter and son-in-law had got into. She ended her cloudy recital on a note of triumph. "So finally they decided to leave it where sleeping dogs lie," she said.

I was upon it in a moment. "How perfectly charming of them both, dear lady," I cried. "One can only hope the barristers for the other side will tumble for it, hook, line and

talking about," said my old friend, moving away.

I am at home now. Our community wears a special radiance in the person of a French lady whom I shall call Renée. Renée is mistress of what I call not the dangling participle but the dazzling participle, often, when excited, using it in place of the past tense.

"How did you like the concert last night?" I asked her one day.

"I was fascinating," she said.

Renée is always fascinating. She is a social critic, too, and I am a fond collector of some of her rarer pronouncements, of which my favourite is this: "The womans are stronger at the bottom."

Some 15 years ago, our usually tranquil community was violently upset by the attempted murder of a woman. The police questioned us all, and did not come off very well with Renée.

"One thing I am certain of," a detective said to her. "Somebody in this town is guilty."

"So am I," said the innocent and wonderful Renée.

The cop stared at her. "Where do you live?" he asked.

Renée, who was standing on her front porch, waved a hand at her house and said, "I am leaving here."

The harassed police officer gave her a long, rueful look, sighed, and said, "So am I," and went away.



Child's-Eye View

A YOUNG London schoolboy named Billy Hudgins has worked out specifications for an interplanetary junket that include 584 ham sandwiches, 764 Coca-Colas and 407 cakes and pies. —Harold Helfer

RELATING the wonders of the circus he had just visited, my five-year-old son made this excited comment about the lions: "They were so ferocious that when the tamer went into the cage with a chair and a whip, he didn't get a chance to sit down." —Contributed by J. R. Milburn

SEEING so many cars with boats in tow, my four-year-old daughter asked why we didn't have one. I explained that there was no water near by to put it in. "But we don't *have* to put it in the water," she said. "Can't we just pull it up and down the road like everybody else does?"

—Contributed by Phyllis Stowe

MY SMALL daughter, seemingly entranced with a wrestling match on television, finally looked up and said: "Look at those two men fighting in their play pen." —Contributed by Beverly Facchina



The urban jungle of Africa

Photograph by Norman Cousins

"Waking" Sickness—Scourge of the New Africa

A first-hand report on what happens when tribal peoples are catapulted out of the simple rural past into the tumultuous urban present

By Dr. H. Jack Geiger

The headlines from the Congo have made it clear that there is a new sickness in Africa. It is not like yellow fever, or malaria, or schizophrenia or sleeping sickness, though all these exist in ugly abundance. We do not yet know much about this new disorder, but in a

continent coming violently, explosively awake, it might be called "Waking" Sickness.

Waking Sickness is the disorder of rapid social change. Its focus is in the African cities, which have doubled and even trebled in size in a decade. Here it is epidemic, for the cities are the homes of the "new" African, the urban African, the fastest-changing African.

As with all diseases, we can best see Waking Sickness in one community, one family, one man. This man and his family were patients of mine, in a unique African health centre whose chief concern was the complicated relationship of social change to all illnesses.

We will call him Abel Ngasa. He is a thin, quick-moving man of 46. He happens to be a Zulu, but his story would be much the same if he came from any one of a thousand other tribes. He lives just outside a South African city in a segregated government housing project we will call Newtown.

Abel is a Christian, a deacon in his church, a Sunday-school choirmaster, a competent electrician, a devoted family man—yet on three nights of any average week he will come home sodden drunk, rage at his eldest son, frighten his babies and beat his wife.

He is a sick man. Yet his clinical diagnoses (chronic malnutrition, chronic alcoholism, cirrhosis of the liver) do not explain his illness. To understand it, one must know at least a little of the long road that brought him to Newtown, what Newtown is like, and what is happening to the lives of those close to him.

Abel Ngasa was born in the shattered, thatched-hut remnants of a tribal society, on raw farmland 100 miles away. The fifth of eight children, he grew up in a sprawling company of parents and grandparents and sisters and cousins and brothers and uncles. Everyone worked, and no one went hungry.

It was a deceptively simple world. When Abel was five, he cared for the chickens, as his older brother had done before him; when he was six, he watched the goats; when he was seven, he herded cattle. If his mother had to work in the fields, there were plenty of sisters and cousins and aunts to hold the newest baby. If someone was sick, he was nursed; if he was bewitched, he was treated by the witch doctor. A child's rearing was the same as his mother and father had.

Two things changed the pattern. When Abel was seven, he went to a mission school and began to learn about another world. When he was nine, he was catapulted into that other world: his father, mother, two brothers and he moved to the city.

Their house was different, made of tin and cardboard and bits of wood. The food was different. The people were different: suddenly the world was full of strangers,

behaving strangely, speaking other tongues. The family was different, too: there was no supporting network of relatives. The fields and the cattle were gone; people worked for money. Mothers often worked away from home; children, if lucky, went to school. The problems were different: there was talk of police and passes, jobs and jails. The diseases were different, and witchcraft failed to cure them.

There was, in short, what the sociologists call *anomie*—normlessness, a kind of chaos. Here Abel Ngasa grew up, went to school, learned a trade, suffered the pangs of adolescence, learned to drink, made love, spoke English and Zulu and Afrikaans, became a Christian, found a job and married the girl next door.

Her name was Evelyn Makhtin. She bore her first child when she was 16. When he was a month old, she strapped him on her back and returned to work in the "white" city as a domestic. Years later the new family moved to Newtown.

After the smells, the filth and the higgledy-piggledy squalor of the slums, Newtown looked pleasantly suburban. Its roads are paved. Its 2,000 two-and three-room concrete houses are settled neatly over three hills. Scattered among them are churches, schools, a community centre, shopping centre, community health clinic. Some of the houses have electric light; all have running water.

But *anomie* and chaos are here, too, in somewhat subtler form. More than 23,000 people live in Newtown—an average of almost 12 people per house. Every year some 2,000 residents leave—and 2,500 move in. Seventy per cent of the new arrivals come from the slums, bearing, among other things, tuberculosis, typhoid, syphilis and slum toughness. Twenty per cent arrive fresh, raw, confused—and semi-tribal—from rural areas.

Ninety per cent of the parents are rural-born; 75 per cent of the children are city-born. Of the children under 16, nearly a third are not living with both parents; 23 per cent of the Newtown mothers work away from home. Adolescents are on their own; there are juvenile gangs; and today every third baby is illegitimate.

There are other, even grimmer, statistics. Of every 1,000 babies, 90 die in the first year of life. Of the survivors, half have been exposed to tuberculosis by their second birthday. Nearly 70 per cent of the children go to school, but schooling costs money, and the *per-capita* income is £2 10*s*. (Rs. 33) a month. The luckiest children get half a pint of milk a day. A few eat an egg once a week.

Abel and Evelyn Ngasa have lived here for 14 years and brought up nine children. Four other children are dead.

At the age of 43, Evelyn is the anchor of the family, and vastly changed. This once timid domestic

servant can now speak and read two languages, balance the books of the church auxiliary, estimate the protein in a baby's diet, operate a sewing machine, teach a daughter to cook and a son to save the money from a newspaper round. She is chairman of the Newtown Combined Women's Club. And she has other skills: she knows how to go hungry so that schoolbooks can be bought for eager children; she knows how to sleep on the floor so that a tubercular child can sleep in a bed.

There is nothing magical about Evelyn's transformation. For 14 years she has been in close touch with Newtown's health centre, which has helped the community to educate itself. A dozen times a week, health-centre workers meet with small groups of mothers to talk over the problems of feeding babies, rearing children, living in a new society. There have been two overriding goals: to increase the sensitivity of the community to new ideas, and to increase its ability to discriminate between alternatives. Evelyn Ngasa has learnt both.

But Evelyn is not sure, any longer, of techniques that once required no conscious thought: how to guide an unruly son, how to please a husband.

A quick look at the next generation—at Hamilton Ngasa, first of the city-born, for instance—reveals the same story of change, but even more rapid. In his mid-20's, Hamilton is an entrepreneur, half-owner of an old lorry, operator of a laundry round. In his twenty-odd years of life, he has been successively schoolboy, truant, delinquent, convict; factory worker and vagrant; syphilitic and hospital patient; Christian and agnostic; striker and African nationalist. Now, tight-lipped and self-contained, he has a cold wariness of white people, and contempt for his father's intermittent efforts to play the patriarch. The old lorry is, in a way, symbolic of the rate of change. Abel Ngasa walked; Hamilton drives.

On a card in the Newtown health centre is a list of clinical diagnoses for Evelyn and Hamilton and all the others who are crowded into Abel Ngasa's two-roomed house. But the card describes more than it explains. It is not enough to know that Frank, aged 21, is delinquent, an early alcoholic, and has been treated twice for venereal disease. Holly, 16, a gifted high-school student, has anaemia. Elizabeth, 14, is infested with roundworms. Faith, ten, is blind in one eye. Mabel, nine, has early tuberculosis. The younger children have malnutrition, ringworm and decaying teeth.

For urban Africa, the Ngasas are not atypical, any of them. They are a little richer than some perhaps, better-educated than most, healthier than many. What has happened to them? Medicine, psychiatry, social anthropology, public health—all can contribute to an answer, and each has its experts. But there are, as yet,

few who are also experts in social change.

The fundamental problem has been most forcibly stated by a diplomat, George Kennan. "Wherever the authority of the past is too suddenly and too drastically undermined," Kennan said recently; "wherever the past ceases to be the great and reliable reference book of human problems; wherever, above all, the experience of the father becomes irrelevant to the trials and searchings of the son—there the foundations of man's inner health and stability begin to crumble. These, unfortunately, are the marks of an era of rapid technological and social change."

In such an era doctors and engineers and schools and capital investment are urgently needed, it is true. But even more urgent is the need for teams of social scientists to study the swiftly changing cultural patterns. Otherwise the doctors and the agricultural scientists and the engineers will find themselves working futilely, and wondering why methods that proved so effective elsewhere fail.

One such study is being considered. It may take ten years—to discover how best to help native peoples to attune the physical and mental health of their compatriots to the 20th-century environment.

Ten years may seem too long to spend in merely learning how to do something. But Waking Sickness is going to be with us for generations. No cure for it will be found without enormous patience and persistent curiosity.

Things to Come

EVERY male has a right to some privacy—there are a few things wives just shouldn't know about. But what's happening to the privacy of the male ruffed grouse, according to a Press agency dispatch, bodes no good for his human counterparts. "Six male grouse will be equipped with one-ounce battery-operated transmitters that will send signals to monitors in the Cloquet Forest Research Centre," it reports, and the purpose is ominous: "Biologists manning two receivers are expected to get an idea of how the grouse spends his time."

This is obviously the thin edge of the wedge. It's a well-known fact that scientists first try out on animals those things destined eventually for humans. It's only a matter of time until some entrepreneur offers housewives a similar contraption that can easily be attached to wandering husbands. Just think of the little woman crouched over her monitoring set tracing the incoming bleeps as her husband orbits around town.

—Editorial in *The Financial Post*, Canada

AGRICULTURAL
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The Secret Strength of Women

Nature has endowed the female of the species with superior physical resources—and medical science is now discovering what they are

By Caroline Bird

With all the talk about putting the first man into space, scientists suggest it would actually be more logical if the first human space traveller were a woman. This is not only because of woman's smaller size, and the superior thermostat which enables her to stand extremes of heat and cold better than the male; the belief is growing in scientific circles that women have a special talent for survival, a secret weapon against physical and emotional wear and tear.

"Women are the stronger sex," a researcher into metabolic aspects of heart disease has stated. "All their adaptive mechanisms are better.

They stand the stress of surgery better than men. They have a better resistance to most diseases."

Doctors report that during the war women stood up to the horrors of concentration-camp life better than the men did. Research workers studying eyewitness accounts of disasters find that women are actually cooler-headed than men, especially when their families are in danger. Though specialists treating neuroses in private practice see about as many patients of one sex as of the other, there are more men than women patients in mental hospitals. Many more men than women commit suicide.

Women have a longevity advantage over men. Though women fall ill more often, they resist more successfully than men every major killer except diabetes. Of the 64 killers which British doctors most commonly put on death certificates—accidents, birth defects, diseases, as well as murder and suicide—57 kill more men than women.

What is the explanation?

Many think that modern life is particularly hard on men compared with women. But this theory does not hold good when put to the test. Father Francis Madigan, a Jesuit, and sociologist Rupert Vance of the University of North Carolina studied the life-spans of some 37,000 teaching monks and nuns. For 50 years both groups had lived the same exemplary lives, equally free from self-indulgence and nervous strain. In 1957, the research workers reported that the sisters had increased their lead over the monks from 0·1 year in 1900 to 5·8 years—just about the gain made by the women of the outside world. Apparently the stresses of modern life have little to do with longevity differences. The sociologists could only hand the mystery back to the biologists.

The first reaction of a biologist is to credit the extra X chromosome, or gene-packed carrier of heredity, that is dealt to females at conception. Thus at the very start men are exposed to haemophilia, colour blindness, hereditary muscular dystrophy and hundreds of other "sex-linked" defects. Research is turning up unexpected sex-linked defects all the time. A new one is agammaglobulinaemia, or lack of gamma globulin, a substance in the blood necessary to the production of antibodies to fight disease germs. Before antibiotics, boy babies born with agammaglobulinaemia died before anyone could find out what was wrong.

But the most fruitful and fascinating clue to durability has been the fact that woman's advantage over man is never greater than during her childbearing years.

In America, now that women seldom die in childbirth, we are losing twice as many men as women in the 25-to-44 age group. One authority believes that coronary-artery disease accounts for much

of the disadvantage; it strikes down five or six men for every woman during these childbearing years. But after 45, women's coronary rate increases—as it also does for young women whose ovaries have been removed or who have stopped menstruating early. Apparently the ability to bear children has something to do with coronary arteries.

The prime suspects are the sex hormones testosterone (male) and the oestrogens (female) which have chemically similar molecules. Each sex has both male and female sex hormones, but in differing amounts. Oestrogen generally calms; and when a woman's ovaries are functioning they send it to all parts of the body. Testosterone stimulates. Because it raises metabolism, pulse and respiration, doctors think that men may literally burn themselves out sooner than women.

When heart specialists began investigating cholesterol they noticed that men—and older women—have the "bad" blood-fat ratios associated with heart attack. Early in the 1950's, research workers began changing the proportion of blood fats towards the "good" female pattern by giving men and older women doses of oestrogen. When testosterone was given, it made the blood pattern "bad."

At a Chicago hospital, Dr. Ruth Pick, working with chickens, gave them a diet which has the same effect on their blood as a high-fat bill of fare. When she cut the chickens open, she found that the roosters' coronary arteries were scarred like the arteries of human coronary victims, while those of the hens remained smooth. When Dr. Pick mixed oestrogen in the roosters' food, their arteries stayed smooth, and damaged arteries cleared.

"A woman's natural oestrogen protects her against the solid fat which she serves her husband," Dr. Pick concluded.

Many men in England and America who have had coronary attacks have been taking oestrogen, and they show a substantially improved survival rate. About half of them, however, experience side effects. They may feel sluggish and depressed; some don't have to shave so often; others are delighted to find hair growing on their bald spots. Although some have fathered children, loss of sex drive or fear of such loss has haunted almost all of them. Research workers are now trying to isolate the protection of oestrogen from its feminizing effects.

The effect of oestrogen on blood fats may be only one of the hormone's secrets. Some medical men believe that women when pregnant shake off most infections more easily.

They suspect that the increased supply of oestrogen stimulates phagocyte cells to step up their scavenging of germs and other foreign troublemakers in the blood.

Doctors have also observed that

pregnancy can temporarily "cure" a woman's arthritis. Even though early investigators could not cure arthritis with doses of oestrogen, they decided that the extra amount of natural oestrogen which a woman produces in pregnancy must have a beneficial effect. They found that production of oestrogen may be stimulated by hormones secreted by the adrenal cortex. This led to the development of ACTH and hydrocortisone hormone drugs, which ease the suffering of rheumatism and arthritis victims.

Dr. Robert Furman of the Oklahoma Medical Research Foundation now suspects that the liver, which processes hormones, may shed further light on women's secret strength. Dr. Furman's interest was aroused by finding that the liver of a man who has had a heart attack so changes the oestrogen in his system that a chemist can tell, through urinalysis, that the patient has had a coronary attack. Dr. Furman has counted several dozen liver processes which differ in men and women. He intends to find out why.

If oestrogen is woman's strength, the secret may be in femininity itself.

"Men are highly specialized, delicate creatures," suggests Dr. Louis Katz. "They are like the spermatozoa—a moment's stimulation and their biological job is done. Women may live longer simply because they are the bearers of life."

The Plot Thickens

A FILM producer flipped the pages of a script, then told the writer, "Much too long. Give me a synopsis." When the writer brought him a ten-page synopsis, the producer said, "Still too long. I'm a busy man. Just give me a digest of this."

Within an hour the writer returned with a sheet of paper on which was written: "Hero is lieutenant, heroine is married to his colonel. Madly in love with each other. Commit suicide."

"No good," said the producer. "It's *Anna Karenina*, word for word."

—T. E.

IN SPAIN they're making a £2 million epic called *The King of Kings*, the story of Jesus. When Richard Wald of the London office of the New York *Herald Tribune* read a Press release saying that the producer was keeping the plot a secret, he called the Press agent and asked what the release meant. The agent explained that the producer wanted it like that.

"Well," said Wald, "I know a book that has the plot in it. It's called the New Testament."

"For Pete's sake," pleaded the Press agent, "don't tell the producer."

—Art Buchwald

To God Alone the Glory

The stirring story of Johann Sebastian Bach, the humble organist whose religious music forms one of our loftiest monuments

By Peter Farb

No GREATER musical fiasco could be imagined than that which seemed in the making at Berlin's austere Academy of Song in March 1829. A rambling work so unwieldy that it called for *two* sets of orchestras and choruses was in rehearsal. A Passion based on the Gospel of St. Matthew, it had caused scarcely a ripple of attention at its first performance, 100 years before.

Its composer was as little known as the music: Johann Sebastian Bach had lain in an unmarked grave for eighty years. And conducting this Passion was its unknown

"discoverer," Felix Mendelssohn, a 20-year-old Jew, who would now stand before a combined orchestra and chorus for the first time. As a boy of 14, Mendelssohn had come across a manuscript of the Passion at his teacher's home and had fallen in love with it. The music had hardly any other credentials.

Yet, members of the Academy spread such favourable reports of the rehearsals that, for the public performance, every seat was taken. And from the first notes the listeners were swept up in a tide of religious emotion, for the "St. Matthew Passion" is perhaps the most deeply stirring music ever written. A cathedral hush greeted the lyric solos, the moving arias of contemplation, the ringing hymns of exaltation. Not only did the audience hear and feel deeply; it also *saw*. For so great was the genius of this unknown Bach that he seemed able, with mere notes, to paint vivid stage scenery and create mood lighting. Each time Christ spoke, for instance, Bach had surrounded the words with a shimmering "halo" of sound. As Christ was led away, sounds evoked an image of footsteps dragging under the weight of the Cross.

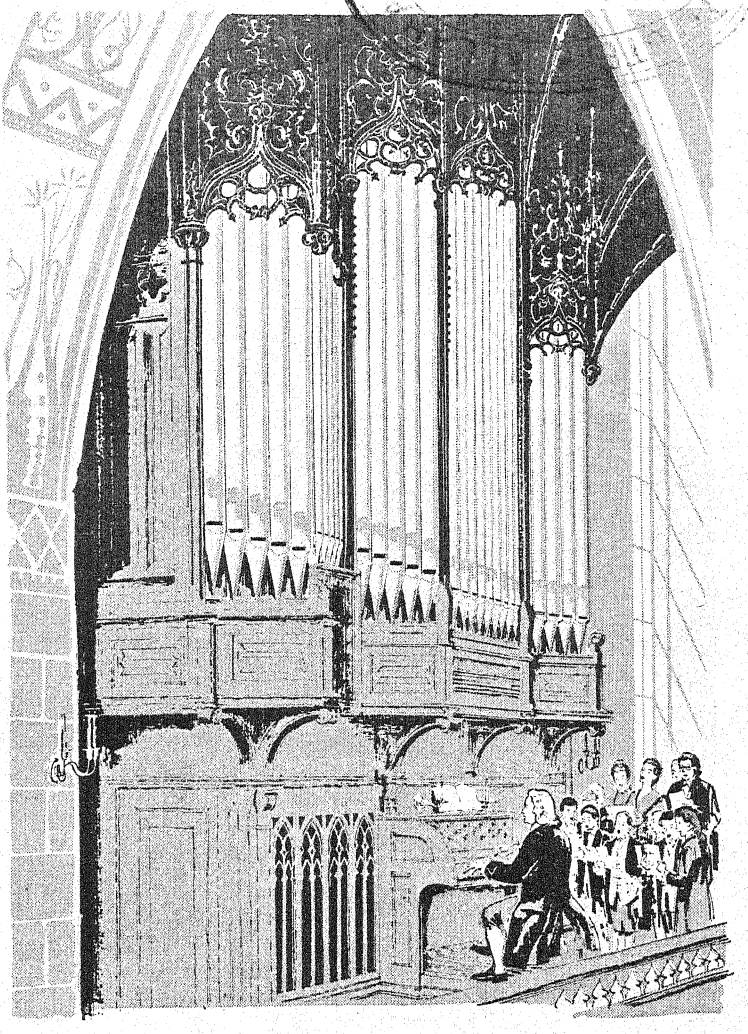
So successful was the performance that it had to be repeated not once, but twice—to packed halls. Thanks to Mendelssohn, a sudden interest was kindled in Bach's music, and great composers fanned the enthusiasm. Chopin advised all pianists to study Bach closely. "This is the highest and best school," he said. "No one will ever create a more ideal one."

Investigation revealed that many unpublished masterpieces by Bach had fortunately survived—Passions, masses and oratorios, church cantatas, works for orchestra, string instruments, forerunners of the modern piano. Bach societies sprang up in Europe to search out and perform these neglected works.

Today Bach is entrenched in our hearts and lives. Only Mozart and Beethoven have more of their music on long-playing records. The Bach Guild, a record company devoted exclusively to Bach and his period, has sold well over a million records. Last year Bach festivals were held in eight countries on four continents.

Bach's musical settings for many Christian hymns can be heard any Sunday in churches all over the world—"O Sacred Head sore wounded," "Jesu, Joy of man's desiring," and many others. His music burns with an unquenchable religious vitality. For him, music was an act of worship, as if the notes, once out of range of human hearing, still ascended heavenwards in a song of praise.

"The sole object of all music," he advised his students, "should be the glory of God and pleasant recreation." On the margin of many of his scores he scribbled the dedication: "To God Alone the Glory."



Johann Sebastian Bach, playing his beautiful choral music at St. Thomas's Church in Leipzig

Bach's inward nobility of spirit received rough packaging. His portraits show him to be thick-set, with a stubborn jaw that thrusts out beyond a double chin. His nose is massive, his eyes squint—the expression is that of a man who has tasted the bitterness of life as well as its glories. For into the piety and generations of musical craft that moulded this master went huge doses of humanity. The man who praised God in his scores also jotted on them his household budget. Fervour flamed within him, but he was also constantly driven to seek better-paying jobs to support his 20 children, 11 of whom died in childhood.

As a church organist and composer, Bach ground out thousands of compositions, much as a minister prepares a weekly sermon. His compositions were accepted by the parishioners just as routinely. Not one of his church works did he ever bother to have published; some of them, left in a church-school cupboard, were said to have been used by schoolboys to wrap their sandwiches in. Bach would have been astonished to hear that 200 years after his death he would be a fixture of the concert platform, for he was roundly condemned by the two leading music critics of his day. The only large commission he received was to compose a set of clavichord pieces, the "Goldberg Variations," to soothe an insomniac Russian envoy on his sleepless nights.

Johann Sebastian Bach was born in 1685 in the town of Eisenach, in northern Germany. For nearly two centuries his family had produced expert musicians—town organists and bandsmen. In fact, such was the family reputation that in his part of the country a musician was known as a "Bach."

Orphaned at the age of ten, he went to live with an elder brother who, jealous of his talent, denied him a collection of advanced keyboard pieces. So, almost nightly for months, the boy climbed to the top shelf of the bookcase, helped himself to the pieces, copied them out by moonlight, then returned them to their shelf at daybreak. When his brother heard him playing these forbidden pieces, he confiscated the long-laboured-over copies. The boy was left only with permanently impaired eyesight.

When Bach was 15, he heard of good singing jobs available at Lüneburg, so he walked the 200 miles to make his fortune. He stayed three years, singing in a choir, playing in an orchestra and spending endless hours at the organ and clavichord. In later years, when asked the secret of his keyboard brilliance, he said, "If you are equally industrious, you will be equally successful."

Bach became so expert that he was eventually offered the important post of court organist at Weimar, where he spent nine years. Here he wrote his famous organ toccatas (literally "touch" pieces,

because of the dexterity required to perform them) and enormously complicated fugues. His renown spread so that once when, unannounced, he visited a village church and drew magnificent tones from the wretched organ, the amazed organist exclaimed, "This can only be an angel from heaven—or Bach himself!"

Bach was not happy in the court at Weimar, however, and in his next post—director of chamber music for the Duke of Cöthen—he had no access to a decent organ. So, when he was 38, he turned away from court life and applied for the recently vacated job of organist at Leipzig's Church of St. Thomas. His basic salary was only a quarter of what he had been getting, and the job was demeaning and tiresome. In addition to pouring out a continuous stream of music, he had to teach classes in Latin and music and also act as housemaster for noisy youngsters in the church school.

During his 27 years in Leipzig, Bach complained of "vexation, envy and persecution" at every step. Still, the pettiness of his life could not dry up his inspiration. In his first 20 years there he wrote a body of religious music that has never been equalled: nearly 300 cantatas for every holy day in the church calendar, two oratorios, masses and motets, the "St. John" and "St. Matthew" Passions, and the monumental "Mass in B Minor."

But the years of writing out the notes, studying and playing all night what he had written during the day, ruined his already weakened eyes. He took hope in the visit to Leipzig of a famous English oculist, who performed two operations. Both were failures. Bach was left blind and in shattered health. During the time of his blindness, however, he wrote the "Art of Fugue," a work of breath-taking intricacy and skill.

Today much of Bach's music sounds strange to our ears at first. The music we are most used to—popular songs, folk music, even much of the classical music of the last century—is constructed like an arch, with pillars of chords in the bass holding up a single melody. Bach's music is contrapuntal: melody is piled on top of melody, and all the melodies are sounded at the same time, crossing one another, blending their tone colours, making a veritable aural tapestry. So perfect was the Bach craftsmanship that when, in an experiment not long ago, a pianola roll of one of his compositions was reversed so that the high notes became the bass and the low notes soared upward—the music sounded as melodious as before.

Play a recording of a Bach choral work, or one of his familiar organ works. The first time you hear it, pay attention to only the highest melody, the soprano. Now listen again, this time separating from the strands of melody the bass part. Next, concentrate on the middle

voices alone. Soon much of the music you are used to—those pillars of chords—will sound almost pedestrian. It is the genius of Bach that you can listen to him hundreds of times and continue to discover beauties previously unheard.

Suddenly, in July 1750, Bach's sight miraculously cleared. Almost immediately, however, he suffered a stroke. He died ten days later—but not before he had completed one of his most stirring works, an organ arrangement of the hymn of distress, "When in the hour of utmost need." There is no sound of suffering in this final composition, and at the last moment Bach changed the hymn's title to "Before Thy throne, O Lord, I come." He died as he had lived, praising God in his music. It was the ultimate personal offering of one who had heard the chords of a heavenly harmony.

Farewell to Television

John Crosby, radio and television commentator of the New York Herald Tribune, *announces his column's abandonment of television criticism for wider fields:*

Television in America no longer deserves daily criticism on a serious level. Intermittent criticism is good enough for its increasingly lonely big shows. Silence is the only sensible greeting for most of the dreary new ones.

Thirteen years ago American television came out of the laboratory aglitter with great expectations. New techniques sprouted on experimental programmes, educational programmes and travelogues.

Today, filmed television series are being turned out by bored professional hacks. Today, a television show seems designed only to kill time. Today, television isn't awful. It's worse than awful. It's a bore.

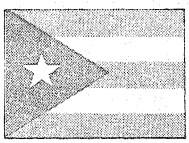
I am appalled that this great medium of information and education is so totally dedicated to utter vacuity. Don't be misled by the professional apologists that this is all television can afford to do or all the public wants. The people want something better. As for what television can afford, all I know is that it annually grosses 1,163,900,000 dollars and for that kind of money it ought to *do* better.

If I limit myself to television much longer, I'll go crazy. Television is turning us into "starers." We don't watch it, really. We stare at it—uncritical, undemanding, half awake and only half alive. The television set has ceased being an instrument of entertainment. It has become an anaesthetic.

The other day I was arguing with an Englishman who hates our American commercials. I found myself saying—it just slipped out inadvertently—"I don't mind the commercials. It's just the programmes I can't stand."

Cuba—Two Years After

Since the revolution, an iron curtain has descended round Castro's country, enclosing the bleak monotony of a Soviet satellite



By David Reed

Return to Cuba after being away for twelve months, and the contrast is startling. A year ago Havana was grim enough. But there were still some vestiges of the old gaiety.

Now they are gone. At the newsstands, Free World publications have largely disappeared and been replaced by the Communist newspaper *Hoy* and paperback editions of Marx and Lenin. The city is drab; it has an unmistakable atmosphere of hardship and fear.

The bearded soldier of the early days of the revolution is disappearing. Castro obviously doesn't trust his 30,000-man army. Scores of officers are in prison or exile; others are being sent to "co-operative farms." Soldiers often serve in labour battalions, building roads.

In place of the army, Castro is building up a militia of workers and peasants that may soon number half a million. Militiamen have taken over garrison duties in Havana and in the countryside. They are being used to fight anti-Castro guerrillas in the mountains of south-central Cuba. Most Soviet-*bloc* weapons coming into Cuba go to the militia. Estimates are that Castro has spent more than £100 million (over Rs. 130 crores) on Communist arms.

Scarcities show up everywhere. It's becoming a familiar sight to see people lining up to buy black beans, a staple in their diet. It is also hard

to find poultry, vegetables, pork, potatoes and rice. In normal years, Cuba imported much of its food. Now, with hard currencies scarce, imports have been cut to the bone. Last year, Castro promised that Cuba would be self-sufficient in rice within 12 months. Today it is far from that goal, and Castro is turning to China, half-way round the world, to buy rice.

Most cars in Cuba are U.S.-made. Many are breaking down for lack of parts. Windows and doors in taxis often don't work, but it makes little difference, since there are few customers. Said one driver, "Sometimes I wait about all day for one fare, and sometimes I go home with nothing."

A camera shop in Havana's Vedado section has been "nationalized." A banner in front declares that the employees support the move. Inside, the employees look glum. There is no film left; there are few cameras—and no customers at all.

Despite his troubles, there are signs that Castro will have a good sugar crop in 1961. His big problem is to find a buyer. The predictions are that the United States will not buy any sugar from Cuba in 1961 at any price. Castro would thus be cut off from his last big source of foreign exchange. Only massive aid from the Soviet Union could save him.

One surprise to Cubans is that there is little inflation—so far. Price controls and currency restrictions have kept the cost of food and consumer goods from rising to any great degree. Many economists feel that a disastrous inflation is, nevertheless, in the making. Castro printed more than 300 million pesos last year. It's only a matter of time, economists say, before the scarcity of goods, coupled with the flood of new money, drives prices sky-high.

Castro's popularity is slipping noticeably. It's not only the upper and middle classes who have turned against him, but growing numbers of workers as well. A lot of the discontent goes back to Castro's steady campaign to turn Cuba over to the Communists. This remark by a Cuban worker is typical of what you hear in Havana: "When Fidel came to power, everyone liked him. Everyone hated Batista and his killers. At first Fidel said, 'We aren't Communists; we're Cubans.' We believed him. Now they don't even bother to say that, because everyone knows what they are."

Don't get the idea, however, that everyone has turned against Castro. On a tobacco-growing "co-operative farm" in Pinar del Rio Province, a 23-year-old peasant named Rogelio Martínez showed a visitor his new home—one of more than 100 model homes that the government has built on the farm—and said, "All our lives, we lived like pigs. We never had electricity or running water. We never had a floor under us—just earth. Now we have hot and cold

water, electric lights and a modern bathroom. Fidel has even given us new furniture for our home. We never had a school before—now we've got a new one with more than 300 children in it. We've got a clinic, too, for the first time in our lives, and next week a doctor is coming here to live with us. We also have our own sports field."

Is Martínez worried about Communism? "If this is Communism, it's fine," he says. "Let's have more."

Across the bay from Havana's business area, Castro is building a whole city of model housing for slum-dwellers. Shopping centres, schools, swimming pools and cinemas will be provided.

"It's wonderful," said one labourer. "No government ever did anything like this for us before."

But from a well-informed visitor who has followed Castro's "welfare programmes" closely, comes this comment:

"These aren't really what you can call reforms. The country's rulers are not bringing prosperity to Cuba. They have their showplaces, like every totalitarian state, but they're ruining the country in the process."

The Communist trappings are far more evident now than a year ago. Even the private lives of Cubans are being regimented. Castro is organizing "vigilante committees" in each street in Havana. Members spy on their neighbours and report "counter-revolutionary talk" or visits by strangers.

Wherever you look in the city, you see Communist-style banners with such sayings as "Shoot the traitors—to the firing-squad wall with the Yankee imperialists." Make a telephone call in Cuba today, and you hear revolutionary slogans spoken by a recorded female voice while the number is ringing.

There are new faces in Havana now—Russians, Chinese, East Germans, Poles and Czechs, many of them living in comparative luxury in the city's once-fabulous resort hotels. No one in the Castro government will tell you how many Communist-*bloc* advisers and technicians are in Cuba, but unofficial guesses range from several hundred to 2,000. Some are training Castro's army and militia; others work in the National Institute of Agrarian Reform and in industries seized from U.S. and Cuban owners. To handle the growing traffic with the Communist world, the Cubana airline operates direct services to and from Prague.

A reign of terror is carried out by the secret police, known as G-2, the army's intelligence department. The secret police are headed by Major Ramiro Valdés. In his 20's, he is a protégé of Ernesto "Ché" Guevara, who, as head of the National Bank, is really running Cuba.* Estimates of the number of political prisoners held in Cuban jails range from 10,000 to 35,000.

Said a Cuban lawyer, "A friend of

* See "Russia's Man in Havana," The Reader's Digest, January 1961.

mine was in prison for a year without knowing why. Then they came to him and said it was all 'a mistake.' And I know of a case where a teenage boy got five years in prison for writing 'Down with Communism' on a wall."

The secret police frequently use mock executions to get tips on anti-Castro activities. The lawyer explained, "A prisoner faces a firing squad. The rifles are raised. Then someone rushes up and says, 'Don't shoot. You're making a mistake. This man is my friend. He's going to tell me all we want to know.' "

More than 50,000 Cubans have their names on waiting lists to get out of the country.* An iron curtain is descending round Cuba. Several professional men have been turned back at the airport when they tried to leave—Castro is worried about the flight of skilled people from Cuba in recent months. Approximately 600 doctors—ten per cent of the entire medical profession—have left since Castro took power. There have been similar losses in industrial management and technical fields. As a result, former clerks, labourers and lorry drivers have been put in charge of confiscated industries.

Armed resistance to Castro is growing. Scare bombs are exploded almost every day. The crackle of gunfire from speeding cars is heard frequently as the underground movement steps up its efforts to harass the regime. But people in close touch with the situation say that the anti-Castro forces are too weak and disorganized for a successful revolt. Said an ambassador from another Latin-American country, "It would be difficult to stage a serious uprising. People are terrified. All they can think of is getting out of here."

* In January Castro halted the exodus of Cubans from the island by suspending the issue of all exit permits.

Good Intentions

WHEN I got home from my holiday, I sent my films to be processed. But the photographs that came back were not mine. I posted them back, explaining that there had been an error. Promptly I received my photos with a letter apologizing for the mistake, thanking me for returning the photos and saying that my postage was enclosed.

It was. Carefully attached to the bottom of the letter were the three cancelled stamps that had been neatly cut from my package.

—Contributed by Barbara Hooker

AFTER ordering a box of men's initialled "H" handkerchiefs from a large mail-order firm, I received a box of handkerchiefs with the initial "J" and the following explanatory enclosure slip:

"Regret that we are at present out of the goods which you ordered. The enclosed is the nearest thing to it and we trust that the substitution will be satisfactory."

—Contributed by J. S. Boyle

WE WENT BANKRUPT —ON "EASY" PAYMENTS

"What have we got to lose?" this American couple used to ask themselves whenever they signed up for a new set of instalment payments. Now they know!

A Reader's Digest "First Person" Award

By Helen Arnold

". . . And we finally decided we just had to have the station wagon."

Hastily I read on through my sister's breathless letter. *"It's a real bargain, and with the payments so small, what have we got to lose?"*

What have you got to lose indeed! I thought. Everything, that's all—just everything.

Lately, all her letters had sounded like this. Either they were buying a new television set or they had just bought a fridge or were busy trying to decide on some other new way of getting into debt. Sue had all the symptoms of an insidious disease for which there is only one treatment—"strictly cash" buying until the pain subsides. The longer she delayed, the more painful the cure would be. I ought to know. My husband and I went bankrupt—and we did it on the easy-payment plan.

Very likely Sue doesn't even know what the word bankruptcy means—any more than we did a few years ago. The condition is acquired quite painlessly: it only takes just one more "so much down and so much a week" when, whether you realize it or not, you are already committed to your limit.

Our own decline began ten years ago. To buy the very latest thing in kitchen cookers, Don and I established Credit. From then on we were never without assistance in

acquiring one indebtedness after another.

Some months later I became pregnant and had to give up my job. But even though we now had only Don's income, and even though the cooker was only half paid for, we easily financed a new refrigerator and the other "bare necessities" required for our child's health and comfort: cot, high chair, carry-cot, play pen, toilet trainer, swing. The salesman who advised us was just about the nicest we had ever met.

We did well on the cooker payments, and it was almost ours. But the refrigerator and baby furniture were still heavy on the books when we found we needed clothing and some household items. Charge accounts seemed the obvious answer. Our credit rating was very good, and opening accounts was effortless.

The next plunge into debt was easy, too. We grew tired of watching our friends' television. By this time the baby was so close that our friends were uneasily watching me instead of the television. So we bought our own. It was a beautiful set. The clearest picture in the street, and only 9½ dollars a month. Such an understanding salesman! He even lowered the down payment, because of our excellent credit.

The year after our daughter was born we began to feel cramped for space. One by one our friends were buying homes. Because Don was the son of a builder, and a craftsman himself, we chose to build our own house. With little more effort than it takes to open a savings account, we had a 10,000-dollar mortgage, signed, sealed and owed in full—plus interest. How much we owed elsewhere, how often we were paying, seemed not to affect the mortgage approval at all. We told the bank manager frankly that 10,000 dollars would not entirely cover the cost of building. Smiling benignly, he assured us that we could no doubt get a larger mortgage should the need arise.

When you build your own home, everything is "as long as." As long as we were doing it ourselves, it might as well be longer, wider, deeper, higher, stronger. In less than a year we had a pile of unpaid bills for materials and tools (it's amazing how much a wheelbarrow can cost!). Worse, we had to draw on the mortgage money more than once for other emergencies, particularly doctors' bills resulting from nervous indigestion and sleepless nights—common symptoms when outgo exceeds income.

To tide us over, and to keep our enviable credit rating, we visited a loan company. After nearly an hour of pleasant conversation and polite questions, we filled in the necessary forms, listing most of our debts (we didn't have room for them all), and walked out with the cash to pay our most pressing bills.

At last we moved into our new home. It didn't take long to discover than we had a common bond

with most of our new neighbours: all of us were living in style, in comfort—and in debt.

Our immediate worry was that larger mortgage. Banking institutions, it seems to me, employ only dignified, solid citizens who are ever ready to assist you in obtaining your most expensive desires and who apparently assume you know exactly how you will repay the money. We were able to raise the mortgage to 14,500 dollars, to be paid off at 110 dollars a month. How were we to know that it would take a genie to manage this on a weekly take-home pay of 100 dollars? The "experts" said it was all right; that was the way their statistical tables worked it out—but the tables must have ignored our other commitments.

We have often wished that our banker had been a not-so-solid citizen, one who had come through the tight places in life. Then he might have reminded us that the unexpected fees for dentists and doctors, for spectacles, for the dancing lessons little girls *have* to have, and for the birthday presents you just can't deny them—all these deplete your income with alarming regularity whether you can afford them or not.

Even with the increased mortgage we still had overdue bills. And though we tried to pay something on these each month, there never seemed to be enough money. We began to get letters from creditors who threatened to attach Don's wages. Slowly, inexorably, we were being pushed over the brink.

For the first time, we took stock. To our horror we found that we owed over 2,000 dollars, not counting the mortgage. We didn't know where to turn. With our second child quite young, I could not take a job. Fearing that some creditor might sue us, we made the heart-rending decision to sell our dream house. Perhaps we could make enough profit to get the slate clean again.

To make the house sell quicker, we decided to finish off the playroom. Again, we had no trouble getting money from the bank, this time a housing loan for 1,200 dollars. But time went on and no buyer appeared. And in the meantime our mortgage payments began falling behind. To keep the house from going to the bank, we *had* to catch up on these payments.

Our bank manager co-operated when we told him exactly why we needed the money. Confident that we could accomplish the sale quickly, he deposited 700 dollars to our account in return for a note. We couldn't pay the note when it fell due, and a time-payment arrangement was set up. Interest charges over the 18-month period were 63 dollars! And even then the house did not sell.

In desperation, we turned to our timber merchant who held a second mortgage of 3,400 dollars for the

balance of the materials. Now, just two years after we had moved in, we sat in a lawyer's office and signed our beautiful home over to the timber company. This removed both mortgages and saved us from the ordeal of public auction. But it was only the beginning of a nightmare of disgrace, shame and humiliation.

During the three months' "grace" we were allowed before we had to move, our time payments, notes, personal loans, doctors' bills and charge accounts brought a steady flow of correspondence. Then the letters ceased, and I developed a ringing in my ears. Telephone and door! Soon I learned to ignore the phone altogether. Our elder child, now ten, found this hard to explain to her friends.

When creditors find that you do not answer your phone during their normal business hours, they appear at 7 a.m. and 10 p.m. to demand their money. Whenever I heard a car in the drive, our procedure became automatic: the children, and even the dog, would dive into a back bedroom until the unwelcome visitor went away.

Finally, our day of reckoning arrived. A firm to which we owed 78 dollars tried to attach my husband's salary. Knowing that this would start a flood of similar actions, which might leave us without food money, Don filed a petition of voluntary personal bankruptcy. Our creditors were notified. In all we owed 2,960 dollars 53 cents: the 1,200 dollars housing loan, the bank loan of 700 dollars, 200 dollars to the loan company, 259 dollars to doctors, 216 dollars to department stores, and several other items. Nothing we had was worth repossessing. We had to sell our aged car just to pay the bankruptcy and legal fees.

We were completely unprepared for the degrading accusations and downright acrimony that now confronted us. Our creditors were outraged. Many of them phoned to express their indignation. How different the voice was now from the soothing tone that had purred, "You'll never notice this six-dollar payment. Can you really afford to be without . . .?"

As an average middle-class family you are the cream of credit society. Honest, reliable, active in civic and church groups. At least you were! The denouement is painful. The people you are cheating—and you *are* cheating them in fact, if not in law, when you declare yourself bankrupt—had trusted you. The snubbing that prevails at church gatherings, social meetings or just in the street comes not only from your creditors but from their friends and relatives, and from your own friends, too. Your children are no longer welcome in homes they have frequented for years. Try explaining this to a ten-year-old!

I was near collapse from the constant hounding, hiding and nervous tension. Don was on a steady diet of

tranquillizers. We both have active consciences. It was not our nature to live like this.

It took several months, but at last the court discharged our debts—all except the housing loan, which had been made in both our names. I was still responsible for that, since our bankruptcy was in Don's name only. Thus my wages could be attached if I took a job. We had nothing left except our clothes and furniture. Even so, the burden had been taken away.

But not quite. Six months later, our failure to list *all* our debts when borrowing from the loan company came back to plague us. We had to promise to pay off that loan in full.

It is a long road back to self-respect, and deeds, not words, are the only convincers. There are still people who cut us dead, and there are places of business I would rather not enter. A new dress or a better car always brings forth a jab from someone who intimates that we had the money all the time.

Actually, we are trying to pay back all the money we owed. Some of the smaller debts that were never included in the bankruptcy we have long since paid up. Recently I have gone back to work—at the same place where I was employed before all this happened—and our payments on the housing loan have been resumed. Eventually we hope to square things up entirely.

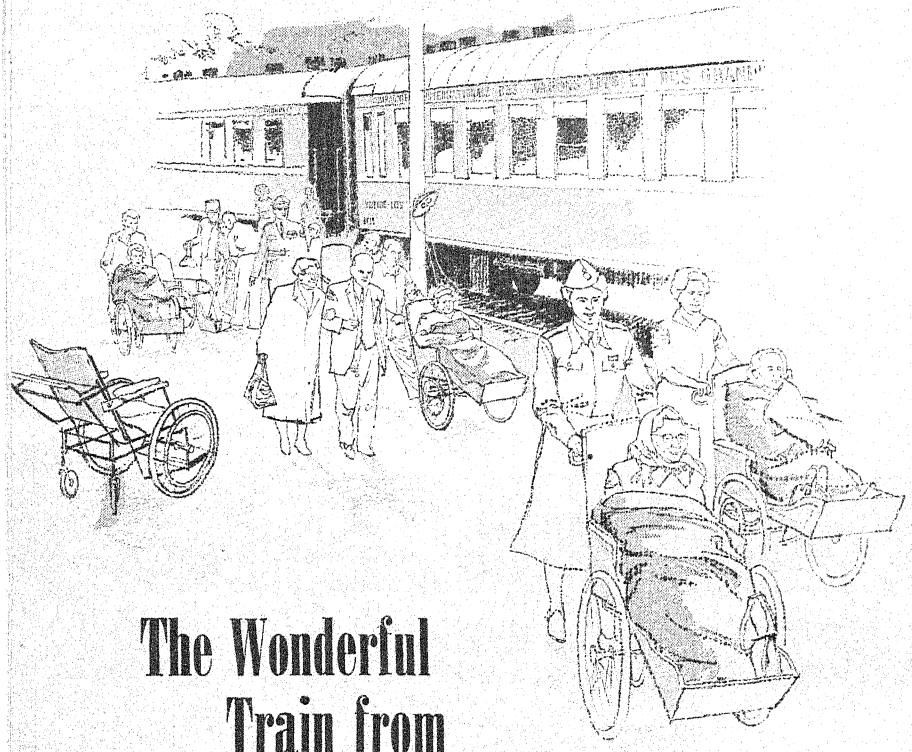
If our case were unusual, there would be little point in relating it—or in worrying about the extravagance of my sister. But the fact is that personal indebtedness is on the increase, and what may seem like a molehill of debt can quickly become a mountain when you have exhausted your resources.

What about you? Take stock of your situation before it is too late. When you have to let even one bill slide for a month you are in potential trouble. So beware of instalment buying, and don't use charge accounts unless you are positive that you will be able to pay the bills promptly. Above all, don't borrow from Peter to pay Paul: consolidating all your little bills with a big loan merely postpones the evil day and, with interest charged per month on the unpaid balance, costs more, too.

You'll never have to worry about bankruptcy if you can rediscover voluntarily, as Don and I finally did the hard way, the exquisite pleasure of buying for cash, the joy of handing over *money* in response to the salesman's silken query, "How do you want to pay for it?"

MY NEIGHBOUR, striding purposefully down his garden with a seed catalogue in his hand, explained, "I'm going to show it to my tomatoes."

—Sylvia Bremer



The Wonderful Train from Copenhagen

By George Kent

This little Danish excursion train, with its cargo of invalids, has all the heart-touching qualities of a fairy tale

That October afternoon, Anna Jensen sat in a wheel chair in the Odense, Denmark, railway station hardly daring to breath.

Aged 66 and paralysed, she had suddenly felt her left leg tingle. Timidly she told the nurse, who said, "Wonderful! Let's see if you can stand on it."

Helped to her feet, she stood. And a little later, still aided, she took

three tottering steps. A flood of happiness went through her. The next morning she walked 20 steps and in the evening, still beaming with the memory of her achievement, she was listening to an orchestra playing a waltz when the mayor of Odense bowed to her and asked, "May I have this dance?"

"I can't, I can't," she said.

"You *can,*" said the mayor, lifting her gently to her feet; and to the applause and tears of the assemblage he revolved with her slowly round the ballroom.

Anna Jensen's triumph is one of many similar episodes in an annual event in Denmark that has all the tenderness of a Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale.

Once each year a train like no other train in the world rolls out of Copenhagen and for a week goes deep into the Danish countryside. The passengers, apart from nurses and attendants, are 49 people like Anna Jensen, paralysed in arms or legs, or handicapped in other ways. All of them are poor, all have been living for years in bed or wheel chair, away from the world. This trip into a land of lakes and farms and forests, from solitude to the company of other people, brings a shock of happiness that helps most of them to a more cheerful outlook on life, and some to better health.

In the nine years these fairy-tale trains have been running, not one of them has ended its journey without a case or two of an invalid who has summoned the courage to stand and walk.

The little train was the result of a talk in 1952 between two men. One was an executive of the Danish State Railways, M. B. Hedegaard, whose brother lay unmoving in his bed with multiple sclerosis; the other was Anders Nørgaard, a reporter for the newspaper *Aktuelt.*

"All day long," Hedegaard said, "my brother stares at a mirror in which he sees only the sky and one small tree. I wish I could think of a way of giving him something else to look at."

"On a train, the view changes," murmured Nørgaard. "With every click of the wheels there is a new landscape."

"That's it!" the two men exclaimed together. "A train ride for the sick!"

The idea caught on. The railway offered to provide engines, first-class carriages and crews. Wagons-Lits followed with a dining-car and two sleepers. Nørgaard described the idea in *Aktuelt,* and overnight ten trained nurses volunteered their services free of charge. From the Samaritans, a working-men's organization, came men to act as attendants, all giving up a week of their holidays and refusing to accept pay.

There was enough food and drink to nourish ten times the number of travellers. Department stores made up parcels of night clothes and bedroom slippers and toilet kits;

chemists volunteered all the medicines needed. Offers of money, bed clothing, wheel chairs, the use of cars poured in by the hundred. The choice of the invalids was left to the doctors of Copenhagen.

Three weeks after the idea was born, the little six-coach train awaited its passengers. It was scheduled to leave at nine, but by eight o'clock the disabled were already settled in their seats. On the platform the railway employees' band played and gift parcels were put aboard. At the microphone the Danish prime minister and the mayor of Copenhagen delivered speeches. Movie cameras hummed; friends and relatives cheered. Then the whistle blew, and the train moved slowly out of the station.

The annual excursion starts off much the same today. A long ride with the lame and the halt does not sound very cheerful. It turned out to be one of the jolliest I have known.

In the first hours, the passengers are still the shut-in, the unwanted. They sit stiffly, staring dully out of the windows. But after a while conversation starts and they become aware that these are others like themselves, some in even worse plight. In an amazingly short time they are sociable human beings again. And they begin learning from one another little tricks that will make them more self-sufficient in the future.

"How on earth do you manage to get your stockings on?" a woman who cannot bend asks another in the same predicament.

"It's easy," replies her companion. "I just reach down with a curling iron, take hold of the hem and pull."

By the time dinner is over they are calling one another by their first names, they have heard one another's stories of how *it* happened, and they have begun to think up ways of cheering those who still refuse to smile.

Someone starts a song, and soon all are singing: patriotic songs, folk tunes, occasionally slightly ribald ballads. The cook in his high chef's hat comes out of the galley and joins in, and so, too, do the guards, the conductors, the nurses, the Samaritans. This singing goes on for the entire seven days. It is better than medicine, say the doctors, for the music releases energy and restores confidence in people who have shrunk from life for too long.

The train pulls in to the first stop. A band is on the platform blasting a welcome. Then a station luggage truck comes into view, a mass of red roses and fern. Beneath the roses are cakes and sweets which the townswomen have been preparing for the passengers since 5 a.m.

The man in charge of the mobile news-stand which displays magazines, books and chocolates stares at the train. Then on an impulse he gives his entire stock to the passengers and walks away, whistling

happily. At another stop a woman dashes across the street to a tobacco shop, fills her arms with cigars and cigarettes and tosses them all through the window. Others hand out a crazy assortment of gifts: silver spoons, bits of Royal Copenhagen china, books, sweaters, scarves, vases.

A great treat the first year was the visit of the Queen Mother, Alexandrine. She passed through the train greeting each passenger and then left regretfully. "I wish I could go along," she said, "just to help."

The train moves on, taking in spots of scenic beauty, monuments like the castle of Sønderborg, the famous museum of ancient Danish dwellings in Jutland, medieval inns, farms, battlefields, the sea. Everywhere the passengers are carried or wheeled to sight-seeing buses, and later to the town hall where they banquet on fine food and watch variety shows.

It is the farms that excite the city dwellers. Many of them have never been out of Copenhagen.

"Take me outside. I want to feel the rain on my face," said a woman. "I used to love walking in the rain, and I have been indoors for five years."

The ocean is another source of wonder. On postcard after postcard the sentence appears, "I heard the sea today." One pretty girl, a victim of polio, found her desire to live again after sitting for an hour on the beach, letting sand dribble through her fingers. When she got back she entered a school and resolved to make a career for herself. And this she would no doubt have done if she hadn't fallen in love with a classmate and married him.

The miracles occur unexpectedly. There was one young woman who had lost her voice as the result of a stroke. For six days she struggled unsuccessfully to talk. It was embarrassing to watch her grinding her teeth and futilely moving her lips. On the last day she seized the arm of a nurse and uttered one word, "Thanks." It was a beginning. A year later she was able to express herself with moderate clarity.

By the time the ride is over, the dining-car gathering place is as animated and disorderly as a kindergarten with everybody talking, laughing, shouting, singing. What started out in sadness ends in joy, although when the moment comes to be lifted down to the railway platform in Copenhagen and say farewell to the little train, they are weeping—like children who do not want the party to end.

Ambulances deliver them to their homes and the fairy tale is told. But it is by no means the end for the disabled. The little train has stimulated many organizations to continue the good work. This year, for example, the Danish Railwaymen's Union will take 100 of the disabled on a week's holiday with all expenses paid.

One group of young Danes has

undertaken to push wheel chairs. A crippled person has only to telephone to be taken for a ride in the park. Others pool their cars and take the disabled to the cinema, to ice shows or to the privately maintained gardens that encircle the city.

One of the disabled was so stimulated by the train ride that she set to work to arrange school courses and concerts for her fellow sufferers. Today in Copenhagen, schools keep open late and teachers stay behind to lecture to the invalids, who are fetched and returned by what is known as the School Society.

Of all the volunteers on the train, the most interesting are the Samaritans. These men, who in private life are ironworkers, garage mechanics, carpenters, put in 18-hour days waiting on and watching over their charges.

How they feel was expressed by Ove Hansen. "I thought I had become case-hardened, but when a person who cannot move her head has tears of gratitude in her eyes because all you do is turn her chair so that she can look at the sea, it's as if you suddenly got a prize you didn't deserve."

I visited Anna Jensen last year, five years after her memorable dance with the mayor of Odense. She produced a scrapbook with newspaper cuttings of her journey and a photograph of herself dancing. She glowed as she talked of the evening. "I still remember," she said. "I think I will always remember. It has given me something to live on."

There were some who had misgivings about the venture when it began nine years ago. Wouldn't the invalids coming back to their drab existence after the glamorous excursion find life unbearable? Their fears were unfounded.

Years after the experience, the train riders still finger their scrapbooks and say, with Anna Jensen, that it has given them something to think about, to dream about—and *something to live on*.

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BEFORE THE war, when the attendance of Royal Navy officers on board their ships was not always so regular as it has to be today, a periodic staff meeting was being held in the admiral's cabin of a flagship. When the agenda had been covered, discussion turned to the date of the next meeting. Monday and Friday were both proposed, and discarded because of interference with week-end arrangements. Eventually Wednesday was agreed on as being least likely to interfere with the staff's convenience. As the meeting broke up, however, one officer was heard grumbling, "Wednesday, dammit, spoils both week-ends!"—R. R. D.

THE INSTRUCTOR in a basic-training course asked a sleepy private, "If you were on night sentry duty and saw a figure crawling towards camp, what procedure would you follow?"

"Well, sir," the private answered, "I'd help the officer to his quarters."

—WALTER CREEGAN

THE CO-PILOT of a transport making an in-flight check of the passengers—airmen and their families—was a bit embarrassed to see one young mother breast-feeding her infant. Noting the co-pilot's startled expression, the husband remarked casually, "Mid-air refuelling."

—JOHN KEENER

A CRUSTY colonel came into his adjutant's office with a letter in his hand and asked curtly, "Haven't these people got the word on the proper form for reports of this kind?"

The adjutant replied that the unit probably had not had the necessary instructions at the time of the request, but that he was sure they had them by now.

"Right. Send this back and have them resubmit in the proper form," the colonel barked.

Then he added, "And when it gets back here the answer is "NO."

—G. N. DANIEL

A GROUP of us who had just finished basic training were awaiting postings. Because knives and forks had been disappearing at a great rate, our job was to count the silverware in the mess after every meal.

In a realm dominated by pilots and gunners, this "knife, fork and spoon" speciality proved embarrassing, especially at camp dances, where the young hostesses would inevitably ask, "What do you do in the service?" Finally one of our "specialists" came up with this face-saver: "I'm a calculation technician, precious-metals division. I can't say any more." And with an overawed girl in his arms, he would happily dance away.

—W. R. G.

THE U.S. NAVY prides itself on assigning most of the graduates of its Basic Submarine School to the home port of their choice. At the formal inspection just before our graduation, the inspecting officer asked the chief petty officer next to me, "Where are you going for a home port, chief?"

"Norfolk, sir," was the reply.

"Did you ask for Norfolk?"

"No, sir."

The inspecting officer's smile faded. But before he could say anything, the chief added, "My wife did!" —S. B.

DOING SOME flying-safety research, I came across a report on a training accident. Explaining how the crash occurred, the young cadet had written, "I landed very smoothly but long on the runway, overshot the end, went through a fence and hit a stump, and then I lost control." —WALTER CLARKE

AT THE height of the war I was ordered to take command of a ship then in port. After several years of tough fighting, I was eager for my first night in the town. In a gala mood, I put on my best uniform, decorated it with all the ribbons I could muster, and headed for the local officers' club. As I entered the crowded foyer, an exceptionally pretty girl sitting across the room rose like a startled fawn. For one exciting and electric moment our eyes locked. Then she came eagerly across the intervening space. This was even better than I had hoped. "Are you married?" was her first breathless question.

"Yes," I faltered manfully.

Her face fell, but she rallied and asked, "Are you happily married?"

I truthfully replied that I was.

"Isn't that just my luck!" she moaned. "The moment I saw you I *knew* you were just the man for my attractive, widowed mother."

—C. R. BROWN

TWO OF my husband's friends at a training camp became very upset when they discovered that they would be required to learn to swim. They were both terrified of water, and were racking their brains to think of a way to avoid the swimming lessons. Several days later my husband asked if they had found a solution.

"We certainly did," they exclaimed gleefully. "We volunteered as life guards!" —MRS. L. W. BRANNAN

VISITING the Chinese Marine Corps on Taiwan to gather information for an article, correspondent Dickey Chapelle was viewing units of the Landing Vehicle Tractor Battalion. As she completed her visit and prepared to leave, Mrs. Chapelle noticed all the Marines standing at attention and saluting. After several seconds, she realized that the salutes were for her. Not being authorized to return salutes, she was at a loss until she heard the voice of her escort officer boom out, "Hell, do something—curtsy!"

—LT.-COL. P. H. BRATTEN

WHEN WE WENT to an army camp to see a young friend who had just been called up, we were impressed by the sight of some 3,000 boys alike from head to toe in brand-new uniforms and cropped haircuts. When we finally located our friend, I asked him how it felt to be wearing a uniform.

"It's O.K.," he said, "except that I feel so conspicuous!"

—MRS. ROBERT SWANBORN



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The Quiet American in Foreign Affairs

Profile of the one-time Rhodes Scholar who now holds one of the most important diplomatic posts in the world

To the intimate few who had seen Rusk in action at the U.S. War Department or State Department during a decade of government service, the news of his appointment as U.S. Secretary of State under President Kennedy brought a fraternal glow of delight. "Terrific news," said one State Department official.

The late John Foster Dulles was a Rusk admirer; so was Rusk's old boss at the State Department, Secretary Dean Acheson. Rusk is a quietly-dedicated man who combines easy-going geniality with intellectual toughness. His ability to persuade by marshalling facts and arguments in logical array is impressive.

"I don't recall that he ever had to say no to anybody," says a former colleague, "because they usually came round to his point of view."

Unlike many logical men who pierce straight to the point but often

miss the surrounding nuances, Dean Rusk has an eye for the complexity of things. He rejects the notion that diplomacy is simple applied common sense. A foreign policy, he says, is "a galaxy of utterly complicated factors," not something that suddenly pops out of somebody's head. As for face-to-face encounters between world statesmen: "Summit diplomacy is to be approached with the wariness with which a prudent doctor prescribes a habit-forming drug."

He thinks that heads of government should stay away from summits, leave negotiating to the foreign secretaries—and that they in turn should leave it, as much as possible, to ambassadors.

Instead of bold new policies and personal diplomacy, Dean Rusk plans to bring to the foreign relations of the United States thoroughgoing staff work, precision and forethought.

As an Assistant Secretary of State, he kept in his top drawer a big yellow pad on which he listed all the problems that he should be worrying about—"as many as 70 to 80 worries at a time," a friend recalls.

Some of the worries went away, some were solved, some blossomed into full-scale crises. But the sum total verified his creed that forethought should be a foundation stone of U.S. foreign policy; it is not enough merely to think about problems and challenges as they arise. "We are going to have to aim at the future," he says, "if we expect to come on target in the present."

Pursuit of Excellence. Dean Rusk, now 52, has come a long way from his edge-of-poverty beginnings in the Southern state of Georgia. His father was a Presbyterian minister who had to give up the pulpit because of a throat ailment. When Dean was born, the fourth of five children, the elder Rusk was scratching a living as a rural schoolteacher and small cotton farmer.

Dean was four when his father got a job as a postman in Atlanta, and the family moved to a house on the edge of the Negro district. The children wore underwear made of flour sacks, and often trudged along the near-by railway tracks in winter to gather stray lumps of coal. But the parents had something more valuable than material advantages to give. "We grew up," recalls Dean's elder brother Roger, a university physics professor, "in a strict atmosphere of moral integrity, imposed by both parents and schoolteachers. We were under constant admonition to excel, to go out in the world and do something."

Dean excelled early. He started school in the second form, skipping the first because he had already learnt to read by poring over his brothers' schoolbooks. His school reports showed nearly all A's, term after term. A secondary-school teacher recalls him as "one of the

few students I came across in 45 years of teaching who seemed to be born mature and adequate to any situation." In 1925, 16-year-old Dean "Rusty" Rusk was president of the senior class, colonel of the officers' training corps, president of a school club, a member of the debating council and the athletics team, associate editor of the school newspaper and editor of the yearbook. Along the way he had also started a class in Greek.

The Great Seal. When he was 12, Dean drafted a document entitled "What I Plan to Do With the Next Twelve Years of My Life." The schedule called for finishing secondary school, then working for two years to earn money to go to college, then attending North Carolina's Davidson College (where his father had studied), then winning a Rhodes scholarship and studying at Oxford. True to his plan, Dean worked as a general helper in a small law office for two years after secondary school, then used his savings to enter Davidson College, where he graduated in political science. At Davidson he had a 50-dollar-a-month job in a local bank, waited at boarding-house tables in exchange for meals, got elected president of the student Y.M.C.A., became captain of the reserve officers' training corps, and won a Phi Beta Kappa key.

When he applied for a Rhodes scholarship some members of the selection committee were puzzled by an apparent contradiction in Dean Rusk. On his application he had said that his main purpose at Oxford would be to study ways of achieving world peace, but all through school and college he had worked hard at being an O.T.C. officer. How did he reconcile these two directions? Replied Rusk, "The eagle on the Great Seal of the United States has two claws, one with an olive branch and the other with arrows."

At St. John's College, Oxford, Rusk studied politics, philosophy and economics, played tennis and lacrosse, and won the Cecil Peace Prize with a paper on "Relations Between the British Commonwealth and the League of Nations." During vacations he put in extra studies at German universities.

Towards the end of his Oxford days, Rusk received a telegram from the United States offering him a job as an assistant professor of political science at Mills College at 2,000 dollars a year. That was his only job prospect in the Depression year 1934, and he cabled acceptance. Then he hurried to the library to look up Mills College, and was surprised to learn that it is a school for girls in California.

Delicate Missions. When war came, Rusk was called to active duty as an infantry captain. But soon he was ordered to Washington to become head of the "British Empire" section of G-2 (military intelligence). Rusk was distressed to find

that the files consisted of a couple of drawers of yellowing newspaper cuttings, a handbook on India and Ceylon, and a military attaché's report filed from London in 1925. With the help of a young second-lieutenant named Robert Goheen (now president of Princeton University), Rusk methodically set about building up the files.

In 1943 Rusk was sent to India to serve, as a colonel, on the staff of General "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell, U.S. commander in the China-Burma-India theatre. He wound up as deputy chief of staff of the C.B.I. theatre.

After the war he shuttled back and forth between jobs in the U.S. State and War Departments until invited by Secretary of State George Marshall to head the Office of Special Political Affairs in 1947.

Rusk was something of an anomaly at the State Department: neither careerist nor political appointee, but a citizen diplomat. In 1949, the then Secretary, Dean Acheson, asked Rusk to take over the newly created post of Deputy Under Secretary in charge of policy co-ordination, No. 3 job in the department.

In 1950 Acheson's State Department came under a heavy cannonade for its placid tolerance of the Communists' conquest of China. During a shake-up in the department's Far Eastern Division, Rusk volunteered to step down from Deputy Under Secretary and take over direction of Far Eastern affairs. With no responsibility for past China policy, he felt relatively invulnerable to criticism. Acheson agreed that the shift made sense.

History-Making Venture. Among the innovations that the State Department introduced at Rusk's urging was a round-the-clock "watch." An Assistant Secretary was always to be on call in case of emergency. On the night of June 25, 1950, when the U.S. Ambassador in Seoul cabled that Communist troops had invaded South Korea, the officer on watch was Assistant Secretary Rusk. He saw two facts clearly: (1) the Free World's confidence in the United States would suffer a smashing blow if the U.S. failed to halt Communist aggression in Korea; and (2) the temporary Russian boycott of the United Nations Security Council gave the United States a precious opportunity, unblocked by a Russian veto, to intervene through the United Nations.

Rusk telephoned Acheson, got his permission to get U.N. Secretary-General Trygve Lie started on summoning an emergency meeting of the Security Council. Next morning Rusk bent all his gifts of argument in Administration councils on the side of prompt U.S. military intervention in Korea. His viewpoint prevailed, and the following day the United Nations embarked on a history-making venture in collective security.

When the Rockefeller Foundation, the huge U.S. charitable trust,

set about looking for a new president, John Foster Dulles and Defence Secretary Robert Lovett, both trustees of the foundation, convinced their fellow trustees that Dean Rusk was the best man for the job. In mid-1952 Rusk moved his family to suburban New York. He disappeared from public view into the comparatively calm harbour of the Rockefeller Foundation to preside over the spending of some 250 million dollars in world-wide projects over the course of eight years.

Now he has emerged from that harbour into what he himself once called an "almost impossible office." The greatest problem to face him will be, of course, the continuing conflict with Communism. To prevail in that struggle, Rusk believes that the United States needs only to remember, in effect, that the eagle has two claws. The nation, he says, "is not a raft tossed by the winds and waves of historical forces over which it has little control. Its dynamic power, physical and ideological, generates historical forces; what it does or does not do makes a great deal of difference to the history of man in this epoch.

"When the emphasis of discussion falls too heavily on the limitations of policy, I recall from early childhood the admonition of a preacher: 'Pray as if it were up to God; work as if it were up to you.'"

Agony Column

"ATTENTION Gentle Dentists. I have a lot of dental work to be done, and I am a big coward. Would like some confident dentist, who can sympathize with my fear and go carefully. Leave your phone number, and I will call you promptly, as I have toothache now. Write Miami *News* BOX ——." —From the Miami *News*

"MR. AND Mrs. Jack Alexander announce the arrival of Betty Diane, 8 pounds 4 ounces, November 6, 1960. We have made arrangements for (or can't afford) insurance, nappy service, milk delivery, encyclopaedia, child-care books, photographers, nursery equipment, furniture and baby sitters. Don't call us, we'll call you." —From the Lufkin, Texas, *News*

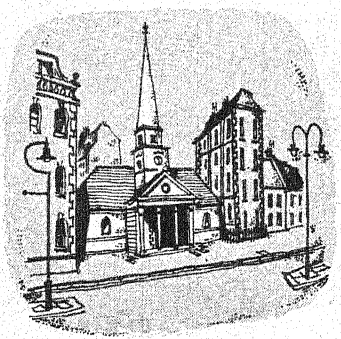
"IF TODAY'S copy of this newspaper looks neater, nicer and better printed, it is because it was printed on our fabulous high-speed web press which was christened locally with this issue.

"If today's copy of this newspaper does not look neater, nicer and better printed, it is because no one really knows how to run our fabulous high-speed press yet." —From the Corning, California, *Observer*

"It is very much like having an annual medical check-up or seeing your dentist twice a year. Except that in the area where the church operates, most of us need to be overhauled more often"

I Go to Church

By Stanley High



I HAVE sat in my quota of hard pews, heard my share of "volunteer" choirs and listened to enough uninspired and uninspiring sermons to last a lifetime. But I still go to church. I go to the church at the end of the road in the little town where I live.

I was brought up as a Methodist and at one time was a Congregationalist. The church at the end of the road happens to be Presbyterian. My wife belongs to the guild. We both like the preacher. It is convenient. But it lays claim to no special distinction. We have good music but it is no better than the Sunday-morning music I could get on the radio. The preacher is better than average. But his renown is pretty much limited to our town.

My church, in short, is like thousands of others. But I enjoy it. I feel that I have missed something when I do not go.

I grant that habit may have something to do with it. My Methodist parents laid great store by church-going, and so, as a boy, did I. It would be difficult to shake the influence of that early training. At half-past ten on Sunday mornings,

the old youth-bred inclination lays hold of me. If I stay at home, I do it in the face of an internal protest. I suppose if I stayed at home often enough I would get over that feeling. But I generally go.

I go to church for the same reason that I go to the theatre—because I get something out of it. What I get is different. But it is something that I want and I have not found any other place where I can get it.

For one thing, at church I generally get some perspective—often not so much as I would like, but always a little. That little is more than I can be sure of getting anywhere else. And I am glad to have it. The rest of the week I am addicted to all those devices by which the average person is led to believe that a thing is important only if it is recent; that the biggest news is the latest news.

Then, on Sunday, I go to church. We sing the doxology, "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow." Some form of doxology has been sung by men and women at worship for at least 21 centuries. The hymns do not go back that far. But they go back far enough to be out of the running for the radio's Song Hits of the Week. I sang them on Sunday mornings when I was a boy. My father and mother sang them, and their parents before them. I like them for more than their age, but I do like them for that.

The minister reads the Old Testament lesson. That goes back farther than either the hymns or the doxology. It may go back 30 centuries—a thousand years before Christ. He reads the New Testament lesson. There is nothing new enough in what he reads to make the headlines. I heard the same passages in my youth. Men and women not very different from those in our church have heard them, generation before generation into the past. My children and their children will hear them generations into the future. They are more to me than a bridge to the past or the future. But they are that.

And before the preacher begins his sermon, I find that I have become consciously aware of something which, for the rest of the week, is no more than a hunch. I realize that people like myself, with problems like mine, have been here a long time; that yesterday's newspapers did not say the first word and tomorrow's newspapers will not say the last word on anything. I know that tomorrow is another day. But I can say to myself: "Why so hurried, my little man?"

That is what I mean by perspective. I get that—a few minutes of it, at least—when I go to church. And that is more of it than I get anywhere else I go.

For another thing, I go to church

STANLEY HIGH, a Senior Editor of The Reader's Digest, achieved a world-wide reputation for his articles interpreting christianity. His death at the age of 65 was announced as this personal testament of his belief was going to press.

BAD AGRICULTURAL

because I like to be in a place, once in a while, where men take their hats off. I know all the places where, customarily, men's hats come off. What I mean is something more than custom. I suppose that "reverence" is the word for it. It may be just another survival from my youth, but I still find in my surroundings an atmosphere and in myself a sense of reverence when I go to church. I am glad that I do.

I think it is important to have something to revere—a banner, or a cause, or a person that is bigger than we are and better than we are when we are at our best; some place where, now and again, we can climb down from our high horses, and are in proportion. Bumptiousness is no virtue, despite its prevalence among intelligent people.

I have reservations, of course, when I go to church. I cannot, for example, accept word for word the Apostles' Creed. For that matter, I do not take the church itself in my stride, as I once did. I have seen the ecclesiastical wheels go round, and I know that they are very much like any other wheels. Nevertheless, when I go to church I meet a great deal that I can still revere—more, in fact, than I meet anywhere else.

A few of my friends are intellectuals—ultra-ultras. They say that in an intelligent man's universe "there is no room for God." I never argue with them. But when I ask them what their "intelligent man's universe" does have room for, I stand in awe before the things that they admit nobody knows. On the next Sunday morning, therefore, I go to church. I go reverently, because I believe in God. But if I did not believe in Him, I would go anyway —out of reverence for the size of the mystery with which the little we know is surrounded.

Then, too, I go to church because the big idea behind what goes on there is to encourage whatever, in me, is good. My preacher does not go in very much for politics and economics. He just keeps hammering away on right and wrong. Sometimes I think he hammers away at me. But he is almost always right, and I take it.

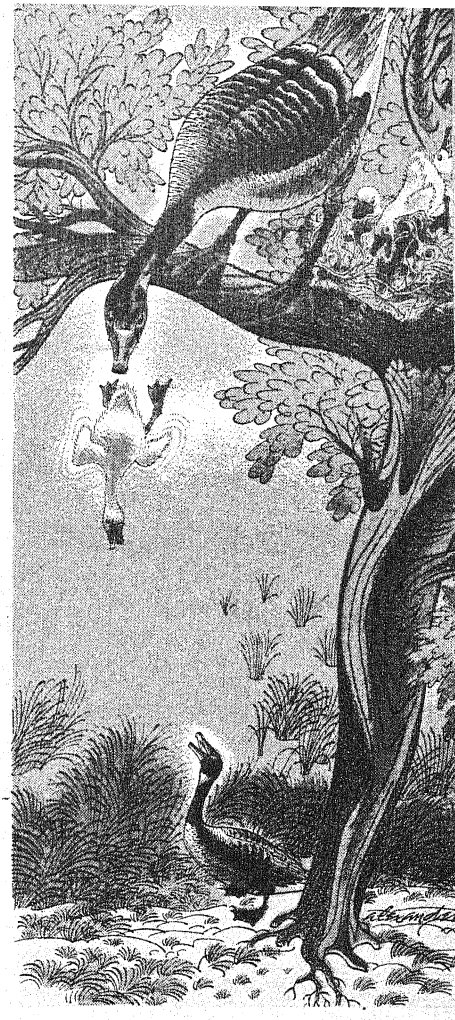
It is very much like having an annual medical check-up or seeing your dentist twice a year. Except that in the area where the church operates, I think most of us need to be overhauled more often than that. I go to church because, after having sized things up all the week by more or less selfish standards, I am ready for an hour in which they are sized up by moral standards. I can generally tell what I want to do without calling in any outside help. When it comes to deciding what is *right* to do, I can afford to have some counsel and advice.

The things that I get from my church are not offered anywhere else. And I have been going long enough to be sure, in my own mind, that I get on better with those things than without them.

The trials and triumphs of a pair of Canada geese symbolize the world's mightiest drama—the never-ending battle of life

Mother Goose and Her Family

By Kerry Wood



For over an hour the giant gander had led the flock, and now he was weary of the wind's buffeting. The rush of air struck him full force at the head of the wedge-shaped formation, where his 16-pound body broke the shock for the 30 Canada geese slanting out in two lines behind him. Flying sometimes at nearly a mile a minute and staying on the wing ten to 15 hours a day, the birds were all showing signs of fatigue as they neared the finish of their 3,000-mile journey from the south.

Smoothly the flock changed formation, the apex of the V shifting with precision. Every bird in the flock had to serve a period as flight leader, sharing the hardship. A plump goose forged to the front now, and the gander bugled his pleasure at the restful change.

Later that day the geese reached the parklands close to the Canadian Rockies, and at once the big gander's mate started a low-pitched,

excited cackling. During the four years of their mating they had nested somewhere in this territory, and perhaps memory stirred. The gander uttered a reassuring answer as the flock slanted down to a well-earned rest on a broad lake.

Next morning the gander and his mate did not leave the water when the flock continued its flight. All that day the pair stayed on the lake, the restless goose leading the gander on long swims, exploring every bay. For days, until April was almost gone, they investigated the waterways of the region, returning each night to the safety of the lake.

The home they finally chose was on a wooded island: a nest platform left by red-tailed hawks 40 feet above ground, in the highest tree on the island. She and the gander spent a whole day collecting dry grass; then they plucked loose feathers from their breasts for the nest lining.

When the nest was finished, silence settled on the pair. Notes became low pitched for each other's ears alone, and they seemingly gave up the use of their wings—their yard-long bodies attracted too much attention in flight. The goose took her throne on the nest, while the gander stayed alert but hidden in the willows below.

Her lone task came to an end when the five-egg clutch was complete. Now the patient mystery of incubation started, work that the two birds shared. Never for more than the brief moment necessary to change turns were the eggs uncovered.

One hot day in June, small yellow beaks drove through the now brittle shells to release four goslings. Both adults gabbled in excitement. The fifth egg was slow to hatch, and when it did, a feeble youngster emerged.

Only a short time elapsed after the last gosling's appearance and the nest-leaving. The gander stationed himself near the trunk below.

Then, with gentle but relentless beak, the goose pushed and hoisted one of the noisy goslings out of the nest.

For a teetering moment the youngster clung to the edge; then small, unformed wings threshed instinctively as the baby bird tumbled to earth.

The gosling bounced on the ground, but promptly raised itself on sturdy webs, comically shaking its head as it waddled to the shelter of the gander's flanks.

The other three early-born goslings safely travelled the same route, but the fifth bird fell like a plummet. Not once did it move its wings, and when it struck the earth it lay still. Nature has little use for weaklings.

From the first the goslings needed no lessons in swimming. They rolled into the water fearlessly, their bodies buoyant as cork.

The goose took the lead, and tiny webs worked vigorously as the

babies tried to keep close, the watchful gander behind to nudge on the stragglers.

His vigilance relaxed for a costly moment on the third day after the hatching.

Waiting on the shore near by, he failed to notice when one of the goslings was caught by a river current and borne swiftly downstream.

When he heard the gosling's shrill peepings, he plunged into the water, his wings churning the surface to add to his frantic speed. But before he could get close to the struggling youngster, there was a violent upheaval and the giant jaws of a pike gaped from the depths. An agonized last note, then the gosling was jerked from sight.

Another time, danger in the form of a cat came stealthily towards the clearing where the goslings were relaxed in a dust bath, and streaked towards them from the bushes with claws unsheathed. Squawking madly, the young birds managed to flop clear of the cat's rush, and quickly the goose slapped the animal off its feet with her wings and rolled it in the dust.

As the cat came up snarling the gander advanced, beak held close to the earth, hissing loudly.

Swiftly the cat launched at his head, not reckoning on the upraised wings. The giant 5½-foot pinions flashed down and struck the animal's back in mid-air; there came a sharp cracking of bone, and the cat's screech of hate sirened to silence.

Such dangers taught the young geese the need for ceaseless vigilance. A hawk's shadow brought a low gabble from them; the presence of a skunk sent them out to midstream.

They learned to discriminate, too. The quill-rattling porcupine could be ignored with safety, and the dainty deer was no menace to their kind.

And there were many ways of knowing when surroundings were safe or not.

In the shallows where the tall blue heron, sharp of sight and hearing, waited on patient stilts for unwary frogs and fish, a goose could be sure of momentary peace. The friendly sandpipers, on the other hand, were unreliable sentinels, trusting overmuch to their small size and quiet colours to save them from predators. The beavers up the river could scent and hear evil from afar, and a resounding tail slap on the water was a danger signal for all to heed. Crows, too, were always wise, so when a flock rose in sudden flight there was reason for caution.

All this the growing goslings learned, and a canny, proud wildness was brewed in their blood.

As the hot days of August passed, the goslings began to stretch and flex their rapidly maturing wings, flapping them in slow, experimental strokes that sent the blood coursing through the dormant muscles. At

first the old birds led them a cautious course above the river, and gradually the youngsters mastered higher altitudes. Gander and goose never failed to utter the brief alarm note every time they sighted man, and soon the young ones followed this example, forging higher without realizing the reason for their wariness.

Their first lesson came one day when they settled on some wheat sheaves to raid the ripening grain. It was the gander who noticed the human leave the distant buildings and cross the stubble towards them. His summons sent the birds aloft.

Suddenly there was a puff of smoke and the thudding boom of a gun, and the gander was pushed upwards as if by a blast of wind. The goose and two goslings obeyed his shrill cry, putting power into their wing strokes to lift them high and sideways. But the third gosling was curious, ogling at the willows below. He ventured closer. Smoke streamed from the gun a second time, and a terrible pain wrenched a last despairing call from the young bird as his body crumpled and dropped.

The farmer did not notice the stiff, slow flight of the gander, lagging behind the other birds. He did not see the faithful goose circle back, calling to her mate. Blood was dripping from his breast, and the island home seemed far away.

The short September days sped by and still the gander could not leave the island. Under the feathers rankled deep wounds. His beak had explored the injuries, seeking the leaden pellets that festered. Then followed the tedious healing.

At first the goose and goslings were content to stay near the leader, foraging in the near-by weeds. But as the zestful days went by, the wings of the healthy birds yearned for the broad sky. The goslings yielded first, launching aloft one morning. Protesting, the goose flapped after them. Frenziedly the gander sought to send power into his pinions. He raced along the length of the island and then plunged into the water, seeking to swim as fast as the flyers. All the while his angry and plaintive notes called them. The three birds finally wheeled back and slanted down to the water. The gander's pleasure was unmistakable as he swam among them.

But there came a day when a wedged flock was sighted, whose spaced honking told they were in long flight. They settled near the island for the night. The next morning the two goslings were in the ranks as the flock rose. Despairingly came the gander's plea, the goose noisy at his side. It was not the loss of their young that hurt, for the parent instinct was finished for that year. But they mourned desertion by the flock.

The first snow fell, and the goose became uneasy, honking intermittently through the day, forecasting

the blizzard that was soon to wrap the land in winter. The gander made valiant efforts. Daily his wings lifted, at first beating hesitantly against the stiffness of the injured muscles. Gradually the soreness worked off and his strokes lengthened, but still he would not leave the island.

Then one day, driving ahead of a mid-November storm, came a hundred-bird flock. And at last the big male sprang into the air, his great wings labouring. Gladly the goose hurried to his side. The two birds called urgently as they strove to mount the roaring wind.

The leader heard their desperate clamour, sighted them, and slackened the flock's speed. There was an eager chatter of welcome, and in another moment they had gained positions in the V and the migration music resumed its rhythm.

Space Fiction

HUNGARIANS like to tell the story about two friends who met in a Budapest street just after the Russians' first success in space. "Have you heard?" asked one. "The Russians have invented a device to take them to the moon."

"What!" exclaimed the other enthusiastically. "*All* of them?"

—"Peterborough" in *The Daily Telegraph*, London

ANOTHER space story concerns the two Russian scientists who were discovered by St. Peter lurking just outside the pearly gates.

"You fellows can't come in here," said St. Peter sternly. "You're atheists."

"We don't want to come in," answered one of the Russians. "We just want to get our ball." —Bennett Cerf

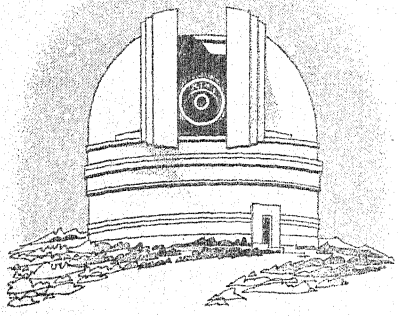
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Church Bulletins

THE children were invited to participate in the ground-breaking for a new Sunday-school building. Each child turned over a small shovelful of earth. Later in the day the grandfather of one little girl asked what had happened at church that morning. "Well," she replied dejectedly, "we dug for a new Sunday school, but we didn't find it."

—Contributed by Hazel Coates

OUR neighbours were on a motor trip. Driving down a hill into one town, they saw a church with several silvered spires pointing at the sky. "Oh, boy!" shouted their four-year-old son, who had been sitting quietly in the back seat. "A rocket base!" —Contributed by Mrs. E. J. Ansteensen



Personal Glimpses

PRESIDENT de Gaulle's comic sense is ironical and Olympian. One of his adherents in the years of exile had taken a few glasses too many and was angry with the world. "Death to all fools! Death to all fools!" he began to shout again and again. Whereat the door of the adjoining office opened. The towering figure appeared upon the threshold and uttered three words, "An ambitious programme!" And the door closed again. —Joseph Alsop

NORMAN COUSINS, editor of the *Saturday Review,* tells of his arrival at Dr. Albert Schweitzer's colony in Africa. "It was about 115 degrees when the rickety boat pulled in to the dock. The good doctor merely grunted at me and reached for my suitcase. Before I could protest, he was several yards away and aiming for a long steep hill. I finally scrambled out of the boat and ran after him. Half-way up the hill, panting furiously, I caught up with the 82-year-old doctor and begged him to let me carry my own suitcase. Dr. Schweitzer stopped, set down the suitcase and said sternly, 'Young man, if you are going to get along with me, you are going to have to stop being so contrary.' With that, he picked up the suitcase and completed the trip to my hut." —Contributed by Jan Chinnock

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, Jr., once failed to get his money back from the coin box when making a "transferred charge" telephone call.

The operator told him that if he would give her his name and address the money would be sent to him. Rockefeller said, "My name is John D. . . . Oh, forget it; you wouldn't believe me anyway." —R. K. T. Larson

TO KEEP off hunters who had been bothering him for years, Canadian writer Farley Mowat put up signs announcing:

DANGER—RADIATION HAZARD TO UNPROTECTED PERSONNEL.

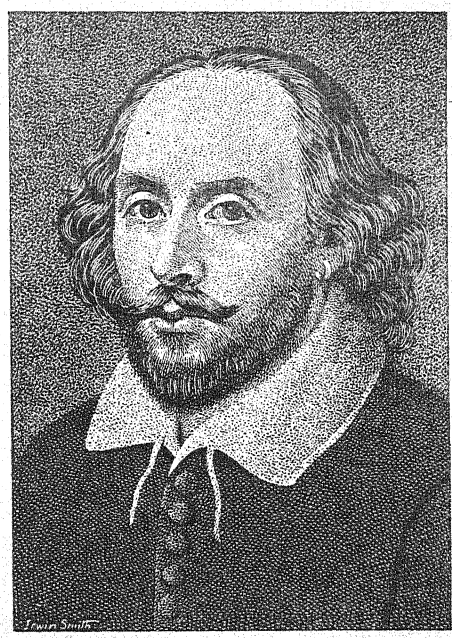
The effect was stunning. Nobody would even drive past the property, land values plummeted, his neighbours tried to bribe him into taking the signs down.

Finally four men drove up in a black car labelled "Ontario Department of Health." They were too terrified to get out of the car, but they cruised about with a Geiger counter stuck out of the window.

Eventually they asked Mowat what was going on.

"My dear sirs," the writer said, "you've obviously spent too much time studying engineering and not enough studying English. All those signs say is that, if you walk on my property stark naked on a sunny day, you'll get a sunburn." —Cathy Breslin

All the World's His Stage



"Every age and every man finds a reflection in Shakespeare's universal mirror"

NEVER IN the nearly 400 years since their creator was born have Shakespeare's characters spoken to so many, or meant so much. Along the brooding battlements of Yugoslavia's 12th-century Lourijenac fortress, the ghost of Hamlet's father spurs his son's revenge; deep in Soviet Russia, at Tashkent, the jealous Moor strangles the blameless Desdemona. Halfway round the world, black-jeaned Australian actors tour the outback by bus, with a crown and a sword or two as their props. This year, tribesmen in Southern Rhodesia will play *Macbeth,* costumed as Zulu warriors in animal tails and feathers.

In the theatres, tents and schoolrooms of every land, wherever the sun sets and curtains rise—in the Queen's English and in tender or rough translation—Shakespeare's

people speak to man from mankind's heart. Nowhere do they seem more at home than at the three Stratfords—in England, Canada and the United States.

Stratford-upon-Avon, where the season opened in April, is at the age of 80 the oldest continuing Shakespeare stage. It receives a million ticket requests annually and is forced to turn down three out of five. Canada's Stratford, in Ontario, started in 1953, has lured more than a million theatre-goers for a box-office gross of £1,400,000 (Rs. 2 crores). In the United States, Stratford, Connecticut, had over 175,000 ticket queuers for the 1960 season. To judge by the traffic rush to the Stratfords, today's audiences agree with Maurice Morgann, who wrote of Shakespeare in 1777: "It is safer to say that we are possessed by him than that we possess him."

What possesses the modern Shakespeare fan? Above all, it is the chance to get away from modern drama that often represents little more than introverted self-communion, from little plays about miserable little people. In Shakespeare, he sees characters probed in Freudian depth, without the jargon. Instead of words that splosh over the footlights like dead tennis balls, he hears language that surges like the sea. The modern stage bleats with special pleadings; Shakespeare never sermonizes—his "largesse universal like the sun" showers on saint and sinner, fool and sage, king and commoner. To modern playwrights, man is puny; to Shakespeare, who knew all his faults, man was nevertheless "the paragon of animals." To an Age of Anxiety, he incarnates the courage, humour and fortitude that have always seen men through the dark nights of the soul; to a burnt-out drama he is the ever-renewing fire in the ashes. Immortal, he became a myth; miraculously, he was once a man.

Great gaps in our knowledge of Shakespeare's life have encouraged the strange game of pseudo-scholarship designed to show that Shakespeare did not really write the plays —that he was a "cover" for Sir Francis Bacon or Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford; or Christopher Marlowe; or Sir Walter Ralegh; or Queen Elizabeth; or even the Bard's wife, Anne Hathaway. Amateur cryptographers have thought they found hidden codes in Shakespeare's writing, pointing to the true authors.

Underlying all this is a peculiar kind of snobbery—the idea that a man of simple origins and education could not have been so great a genius.

These theories have been refuted in many ways, but the strongest refutation, apart from the historical record, is the plays themselves; the style is the man—the unmistakable code in which life and work meet.

Young Will had a far better family background, and probably far



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better schooling, than the anti-Shakespearian theorists usually concede. The Shakespeares were Warwickshire farmers, but Will's father, ambitious John, moved to Stratford and became a glover. He was one of the town's official ale-tasters, and donned the scarlet robes of high bailiff, or mayor, when Will was four. The boy presumably went to King's School in Stratford—no doubt unwillingly, since the schools of the day consisted of Latin drill, long hours (7 a.m. to 5 p.m., often longer in summer) and Spartan discipline.

Touring companies of actors played in Stratford. Attracted by their glamour, Shakespeare, while still in his 20's, left for London and joined an acting company. As actor and playwright, Will was a quick success. He wrote speedily—his editors noted that his manuscripts were scarcely ever blotted. Plots to Shakespeare were like pots to Merlin: any borrowed tub, from Holinshed's *Chronicles* to Plutarch's *Lives,* would do to mix the magic in. Londoners worshipped him.

The city whose temper Shakespeare had caught was in a ferment. After the defeat of the Spanish Armada (1588), England ruled the waves, and the Elizabethan was agog at the sheer wonderment of himself: "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god!"

Dazzled by life, the Elizabethan was none the less on familiar terms with death. Plagues riddled London. The Elizabethans lived dangerously, and while they lived, they were asmile with daring. Shakespeare held a magnifying glass to the spirit of his age, and set the Globe Theatre blazing with his Muse of Fire.

Every age since has attempted to press Shakespeare into a contemporary mould. A history of changing Shakespearian fashions, as T. S. Eliot has pointed out, is a history of Western civilization. Orson Welles dressed his Caesar in quasi-Fascist uniform. Moscow has staged *Hamlet* as an army plot against the King. In London's Mermaid Theatre, *Henry V* was performed in modern battledress.

Some of the gimmick productions are offensive, but they do not necessarily violate the author's spirit. They are possible only because Shakespeare is timeless. He says everything. Protestants, Catholics and agnostics claim him. So do aristocrats and egalitarians, optimists and pessimists. He is loved by the pure in heart, and delights those who feel that "a dirty mind is a continual feast."

What does Shakespeare say to an era that feels that the times are out of joint? He does not renounce the world or wallow in self-pity. He is the poet of this worldliness; he celebrates love, food, drink, music,

Skilled hands working with the touch of steel—steel weaving in and out of fabric, making a pattern or sewing together, steel fashions the clothes we wear. Fine needle to giant machinery in modern cloth mills, much of the textile industry's equipment is shaped from steel—tons of steel are required to produce the fabrics which clothe our millions. Soon we shall know abundance in an even greater measure—the finest textile at a price all can afford. Soon all this will be ours as there is a little more steel for each of us.

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friendship, conversation and the changing, changeless beauties of nature. Shakespeare's mature man distils his experiences into common sense and uncommon wisdom.

Yet man is also the "quintessence of dust," and "men must endure their going hence even as their coming hither." Shakespeare's tragic hero is called upon to face the unfaceable, to die with no hope of reward. As he meets his fate, the audience feels, "There, but for the grace of God, goes a better man than I." What links the audience movingly with the tragic hero is the quality that essentially separates them: nobility.

In the hands of lesser playwrights that nobility often rests on the splendour of the language; but beautiful lines alone may rest no farther than the ear. Shakespeare speaks to the soul. He speaks in metaphor, which relates world to self, thing to thing, in the endless chain of being. Shakespeare could do anything he wanted with language; the way he talks of a thing conjures up the thing itself. He packed worlds into monosyllables. "To be, or not to be" is man's largest question put in man's smallest and simplest words.

Shakespeare's breath-taking change of pace carries a man to the brink of eternity and then restores him to common humanity. On seeing Cordelia's body, the grief-stricken Lear cries, "Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life and thou no breath at all?" In the extremity of human despair ("Thou'lt come no more") he utters his towering, fivefold "Never, never, never, never, never!" Then the dam of his unbearable anguish breaks with the homely request, "Pray you undo this button." No one but Shakespeare would have dared put those two lines together.

Shakespeare survives because the next to the last word can be said about him—but not the last word. His creations are as opaque as life's; his characters remain inexhaustibly baffling. Next to Jesus, Napoleon, and Shakespeare himself, Hamlet has been written about more than has any other man. Yet all one knows for certain is that being Hamlet is Hamlet's tragedy—as being himself is every man's. Every age, and every man in his seven ages, finds a reflection in Shakespeare's universal mirror. The passion and the poetry echo in the corridors of the mind and, truer than "the infancy of truth," will go on echoing to the last of time.

A PRIEST was urged to play golf for exercise, but he gave up just as his game was getting good. "I thought it was time to stop," he explained, "when I found myself using the interlocking grip on the chalice."

—Bishop Fulton Sheen

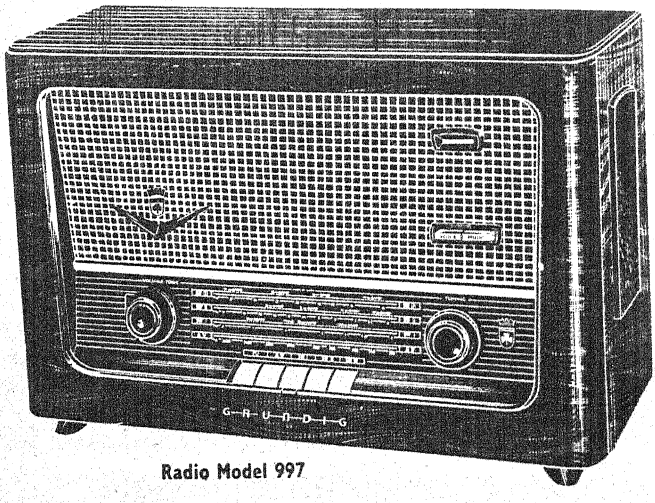


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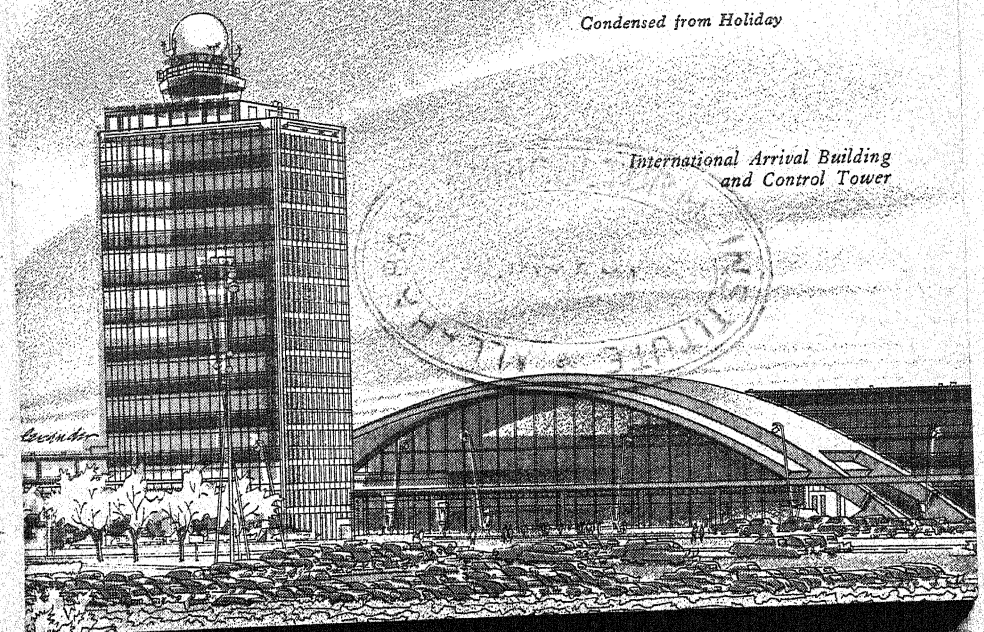
By Joe McCarthy

NOWADAYS MORE people cross the North Atlantic by plane than by ship; on some summer nights as many as 8,000 men, women and children may be in the sky over the ocean. Nearly all of them are flying into or out of Idlewild, the New York International Airport where a gigantic new circle of buildings called Terminal City is capable of loading and unloading 140 planes simultaneously.

Things were very different when Pan American World Airways first started flying out of Idlewild in July 1948.

"The office was a phone box in the ladies' room," Jack Ranaghan of Pan American recalled recently. "There was nothing on the field except a couple of hangars and one small cinder-block building that served as a combined terminal, cargo and operations station. The rest was just sand and dust. I remember a French girl

Condensed from Holiday



International Arrival Building and Control Tower

getting out of a plane from Paris and saying, heartbroken, 'Is *this* the America I've heard so much about?' "

Since then Idlewild, under the operation of the Port of New York Authority, has grown to cover 4,900 acres, much of it filled-in swamp, on the south shore of Long Island. In its centre, the glittering Terminal City necklace of airline terminals encircles 655 acres of elaborately landscaped areas, lagoons and fountains, ten miles of curving roadways and parking space for 6,000 cars.

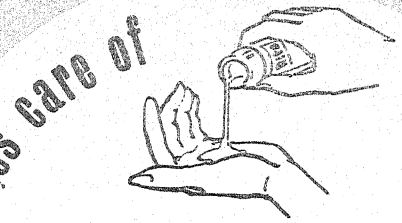
Pan American's new ten-million-dollar terminal, designed for the Boeing 707 jets that can fly from New York to Paris between lunch and dinner, is shaped like an umbrella, with a four-acre circular cantilever roof that extends far beyond the glass walls of the terminal itself. Departing and arriving planes park under the roof. This eliminates three previous bugbears—the long walk to the assembly gate, the dash through rain and puddles from gate to plane and the steep climb up the boarding ramp. Buses and taxis unload passengers on to a ramp, also under the roof, on the second floor of the terminal. From the same level, the passengers walk across a gangplank into the plane. Unlike the Pan American phone box of 1948, the new Pan Am terminal has no door. The main entrance is protected from the elements by a curtain of temperate air, 100 feet wide and two feet thick, flowing from vents in the ceiling to a grille in the threshold. The velocity of the moving air doesn't bother the traveller but it is guaranteed to keep out insects.

Next to Pan American is the International Arrival Building, whose two wings house the departure stations of the foreign-flag airlines, and form a single structure 11 blocks long. The I.A.B., like all the new terminals, is designed to keep the flow of incoming passengers separated from those who are leaving. Immediately to the east of the I.A.B. is the Trans World Airlines terminal scheduled for completion this year—a dramatic conception of architect Eero Saarinen which will have the shape of a giant bird in flight.

Other depots are being built along the rim of Terminal City's circle by the large internal airlines —American, United, Eastern and Northwest. Eastern's terminal, with underground tunnels for moving baggage and an underground pipeline for fuelling planes, will be the largest ever built for a single airline's use. Idlewild expects to handle more than 12 million passengers, four million of them overseas travellers, by 1965.

Although each passenger today has an average of three or four relatives or friends to greet him or to see him off, the huge I.A.B. never seems crowded or noisy. This is a big change from the confusion prevailing over the last ten years when the whole of Idlewild's passenger

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operations were jammed into the so-called Temporary Airlines Terminal. "That building was so crowded it's a wonder passengers ended up on the right planes," an airline man remarked.

Some didn't. One family with three children boarded the wrong plane and flatly refused to get out. Finally the airline solved the problem by moving the other passengers to another plane.

"Anything you can think of has happened here," says Captain Richard Brady, officer in charge of Idlewild's police and fire-fighting force.

Stowaways are found less frequently on aircraft than on ships because there are few places on a plane where they can hide safely. A few years ago, however, a Brazilian boy made not one, but two, trips from Rio de Janeiro to Idlewild in the front nose-wheel socket of a DC-7. Nobody can work out how he survived the flights without freezing to death. On the first trip, he was quickly spotted at Idlewild when he was seen barefoot among the arriving passengers. Sent back to Brazil, he did it again. This time a California couple, impressed by his determination, legally adopted him.

In past years the police were often called upon to catch wild animals that had escaped from the air-cargo terminal. Twelve rhesus monkeys were once found climbing the control tower. Another time, in a crowd waiting to greet Trygve Lie, a former airport manager noticed a chimpanzee. The manager took the chimp by the hand and led it back to the cargo terminal. Animal problems have now been taken over by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which has built a 250,000-dollar animal hotel at Idlewild with horse stalls, kennels, outdoor runs and temperature-controlled areas. Rates range from four dollars a day for lions and tigers to five cents a day for parakeets.

The airlines take pains to keep customers happy, but it is difficult to hold up a flight. Airport officials remember only one plane in the last decade being recalled from the runway to pick up a passenger, and that was at the request of the White House, when the U.S. Secretary of the Army was hurrying to Europe on an emergency mission.

The cost of an airliner and the expense of maintaining it are so great that most foreign airlines do not keep a spare plane at Idlewild for emergency use. The same plane that arrives in the morning makes the flight back that evening, and if it develops engine trouble the passengers must wait until it is put right. This keeps business booming all hours of the night at Idlewild's attractive new 320-room International Hotel, where delayed passengers are housed and fed at the airline's expense if the repair work takes some time.

In the office of Colonel Vincent

Carson, airport manager, are a red telephone and a short-wave radio. There are 11 red telephones in key points at Idlewild, connected with a special line from the control tower that is used only when a pilot radios that he is bringing his plane in for what may be a crash landing. When his red phone rings, Colonel Carson picks it up and listens. No one speaks except the man in the tower and the officer at the fire station.

If the emergency does not seem serious, the tower calls for a 32 alert, which sends two fire-fighting trucks and an ambulance to the landing runway. If the alert is 33, all the Port Authority's police become firemen, all Idlewild's fire trucks speed to the runway and the fire brigade at nearby Jamaica is summoned.

Colonel Carson has greater maintenance, traffic and security problems than many mayors of large cities.

"Idlewild is a round-the-clock operation," he says. "If a light goes out on a runway or taxiway at midnight, it has to be fixed immediately. And we have 1,000 runway lights and 2,000 taxiway lights, not to mention some 4,000 miles of underground high-tension wires."

The airport's worst maintenance problem is snow. "The thing that kills us is the wind that whips across the airport from Jamaica Bay," Jack Poll, assistant manager in charge of maintenance, says. "As soon as we get a road clear, it fills in again. It takes as much as 12 hours to clear a runway. The Air Force is working on a piece of equipment that aims to clear a runway in 30 minutes. We hope they manage it."

Idlewild has one of the most powerful central-heating and refrigeration plants in the world. When Terminal City was being planned, no one could find a place to hide the heating plant. Thomas Sullivan, then the Port Authority's chief of aviation planning, put forward the idea of making the heating plant an attractive feature of Terminal City's central plaza. The plant's inner works are painted in an assortment of gay colours—bright blue pipes for chilled air-conditioning water, red ones for hot water, black for gas, yellow for fuel oil, and so on—and all this is displayed in a glass building facing the lagoon and the Fountain of Liberty. When it is lit up at night, the heating plant steals the show.

No one can foresee how much air travel will grow during the next ten years, but many new things at Idlewild may begin to seem inadequate sooner than we think. The parking sites, so large that finding a car is often a harrowing experience, may have to be expanded. A short while ago, at Pan American's giant new hangar, a group of mechanics were looking at a shining model of a jet engine revolving slowly in a glass display case.

"By the time we find out how this thing works," one of them said, "we'll be going into rockets."

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Fiction Feature

The Girl Who Would Always Have Everything

An unusual short story set in a North American college

By William Brandon

Dr. Todentanz elevated himself a time or two on his toes and fixed his eyes on the lecture-room ceiling. "To the superior intellect," he said, "the mass man is always utterly predictable. That is a basic principle of my teaching."

The psychology class opened notebooks and 30 sweatered backs bent to scribble.

Dr. Todentanz was thinking, as he often did, that the undergraduates represented the mass man—and he himself, naturally, the superior intellect. He entertained himself by

establishing, even this early in the term, the utter predictability of each student. The two boys and the blonde girl in the centre of the front row, for example: there was a pattern to be read at a glance.

The girl was extraordinarily pretty, with a nice smile and sea-blue eyes. Her skirt and cardigan had probably cost more than an associate professor earned in six weeks. She was the young who would inherit the earth and find it delightful. Dr. Todentanz thought of her, almost without irony, as The Girl Who Would Always Have Everything.

The young man on her right was a "big-man" type, club president, football star, and the owner of a yellow sports car. Dr. Todentanz mentally named him Big Pupil. Big Pupil obviously wished to promote a close acquaintance with The Girl, and it was utterly predictable that, being Big Pupil, he would manage this small matter with ease and dispatch.

The lanky student on her left was also deep in dreams of her, Dr. Todentanz had observed, but he was a grim lad, grinding out the last year of his scholarship, hopelessly distant from the glamorous life of the other two. He was travelling under the added handicap, Dr. Todentanz happened to know, of a war orphan he had quixotically adopted in France, a little girl now nine years old and attending the elementary school operated by the university's College of Education. To support this rather absurd responsibility he worked in the college staff restaurant and in a local laundry. Dr. Todentanz gave him the title of Earnest Quixote.

Earnest Quixote would sooner or later attempt some stumbling overture towards The Girl Who Would Always Have Everything, but it would fail. It would win him nothing but embarrassment, and afterwards Big Pupil and The Girl would laugh about it together.

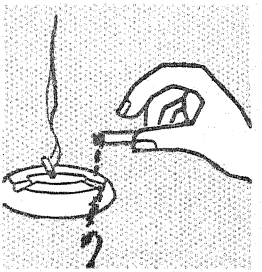
As the first weeks of the term passed, Dr. Todentanz was pleased to see his predictions working out with their usual accuracy.

Big Pupil seized his opportunity to shine in the eyes of The Girl on an occasion when the professor had turned a remark of hers with a witty reply. The class guffawed, and Dr. Todentanz got lost in a lengthy pause of self-appreciation. The silence stretched on—until Big Pupil said impulsively, "Am I writing too fast for you, Professor?"

Dr. Todentanz forgave him because he understood Big Pupil's intention of presenting himself, by that wisecrack, as the gallant defender of The Girl. He was not surprised to see them later walking under the elms, holding hands.

Earnest Quixote was some time longer in building up to his forlorn pitch. It was an extravagant gesture, dramatic in a desperate way and unhappily corny, much as Dr. Todentanz had anticipated.

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It took place on the afternoon that the psychology class spent in an elementary school, studying the children there. A fourth-form teacher, asking her charges to tell the people what they wanted most in all the world, called upon the dark-eyed little girl, Jeanne, who was Earnest Quixote's child of charity. It developed that Jeanne did not want a puppy or kitten or even a bicycle—which last Dr. Todentanz knew to be a red-hot lie, as Jeanne had often admired his own bike longingly.

The teacher said, "Then won't you tell us what it is you do want, dear? There must be something you secretly wish for."

"I want a mother to go with my father," Jeanne said. She pointed at Earnest Quixote. "That's my father there—only not really, but he's sort of my father, and he's very nice."

Earnest Quixote turned red.

"I see," the teacher said. "And you want a mother, too."

"I want one awfully badly," Jeanne said. "A nice one. Maybe one like her." This time Jeanne pointed at The Girl.

The class giggled.

"She looks as if she'd go well with my father," Jeanne said.

The class howled happily and Dr. Todentanz declared the day's session at an end.

Earnest Quixote, wretched with embarrassment, went to The Girl and said, "Look, shall I drop dead or something?"

"Well, no," The Girl said, smiling, "but it's nice of you to offer." She was not captivated or offended but only amused—all as Dr. Todentanz had foreseen.

But the professor was intrigued enough by the little girl's part in this patently put-up job to look for her later in the school grounds. He found her starting to ride away on a shiny new bicycle.

"Ah," Dr. Todentanz said, "a present!"

"I just got it today," Jeanne said. "That's why I said I didn't want a bicycle, because now I've got one."

Dr. Todentanz saw Earnest Quixote and The Girl Who Would Always Have Everything on a bench near by. Earnest Quixote was talking with great seriousness. Now the lame apology, Dr. Todentanz thought, the embarrassed silence, and then consignment to outer darkness, as far as The Girl was concerned.

"Could it be," Dr. Todentanz suggested craftily, "that somebody gave you that bicycle for saying what you said today about wanting a mother?"

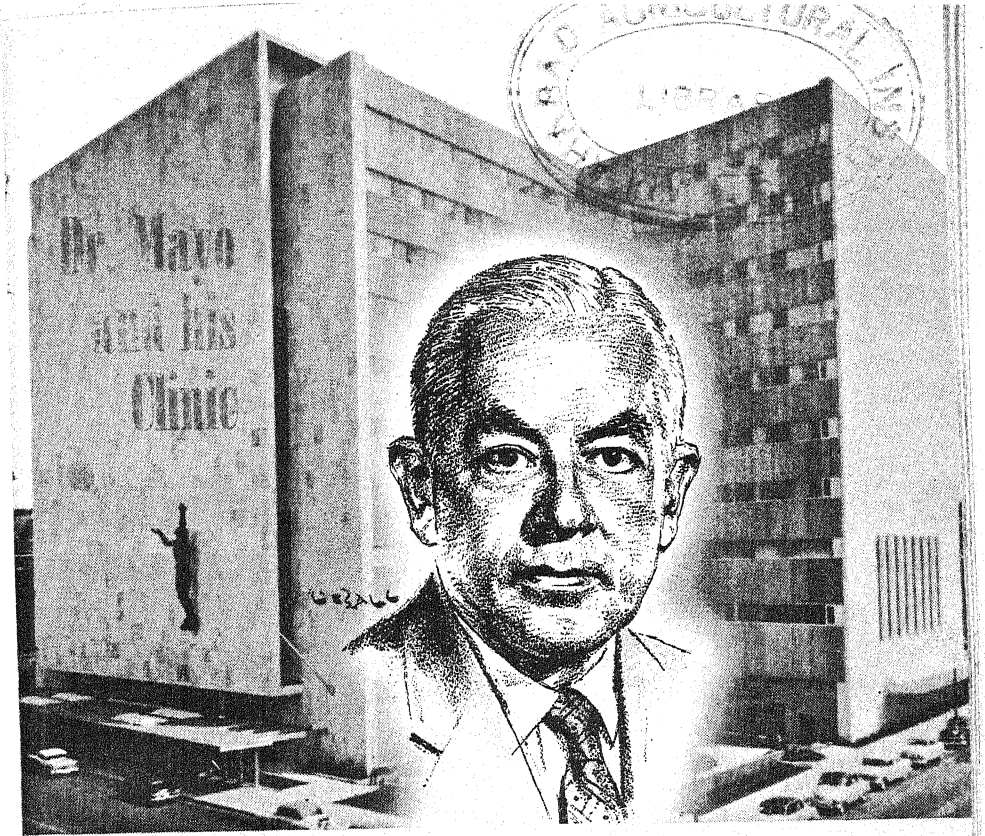
"I'm not supposed to tell," Jeanne said.

"But it was a gift from someone, eh?"

"Well, yes."

Dr. Todentanz indicated Earnest Quixote on the bench. "Him?"

"Oh, goodness, no," Jeanne said, astonished at his unworldliness. "Her."



Portrait of the warm-hearted surgeon whose family have carried into the fourth generation their dedication to a world-famous hospital

By Victor Cohn

SICK and unhappy patient at the Mayo Clinic, with none of her family within reach, was frightened when the surgeon gave his verdict: "You need an operation immediately."

"But I'll be all alone," she said.

He patted her hand. "No, you won't," he said. "I'll be with you."

She was comforted by his warm sympathy—and by the knowledge that her doctor was an outstanding one, at a place where outstanding doctors are the No. 1 stock in trade. His name is Dr. Charles Mayo. Hundreds of patients call him "Chuck." A trim man with white hair and a smile that breaks like a

sunrise, he is the third generation of medical Mayos in Rochester, Minnesota: grandson of Dr. W. W. Mayo, a pioneer country doctor; son of "Doctor Charlie" and nephew of "Doctor Will," the two brothers who in the early years of this century made the Mayo Clinic famous.

The clinic is today more than ever the world's biggest private medical practice, and the largest graduate training centre for medical specialists. There are some 900 doctors: a staff of 348 M.D.'s and other professional men such as biochemists and physiologists; plus 575 "fellows" (or "residents"), who are all M.D.'s studying for specialists' degrees. Patients have come in greater numbers almost every year: paupers and millionaires, politicians and desert sheikhs. More than 166,000 registered last year. Built in a former cornfield, the original clinic has now stretched into a spectacular set of aluminium-and-marble buildings.

Yet the simple origins of this renowned institution are not forgotten. Over the desk of today's Dr. Mayo is an old, framed prescription, headed: Dr. W. W. MAYO—OFFICE OVER POOLE'S DRUG STORE. It is a prescription for a tonic: "Black cherry bark, prickly ash, angelica root, bloodroot, sulphur and brandy —use ½ wine glass."

"Grandfather started all this," says Dr. Mayo.

Born in England in an age of guess-and-pray doctors, William Worrall Mayo believed in scientific doctoring. In his Minnesota frontier office during the 1800's he used a crude microscope. At a bedside he boiled urine in a teaspoon and tested it for sugar and albumin.

His sons, Will and Charlie, had to sweep his surgery before school and learn to put on plaster casts and bandages. They peeped through the door at kitchen-table operations, and soon found themselves called in to assist by heating instruments in the fireplace. Once W. W. was removing a huge ovarian tumour—a daring operation then—when a doctor giving the anaesthetic fainted. W. W. kicked a box towards the table and told his younger son, Charlie, "You stand on this and give the anaesthetic." The family story places Charlie's age at ten. "We were reared in medicine," Will Mayo later said, "as a farmer's boy is reared in farming."

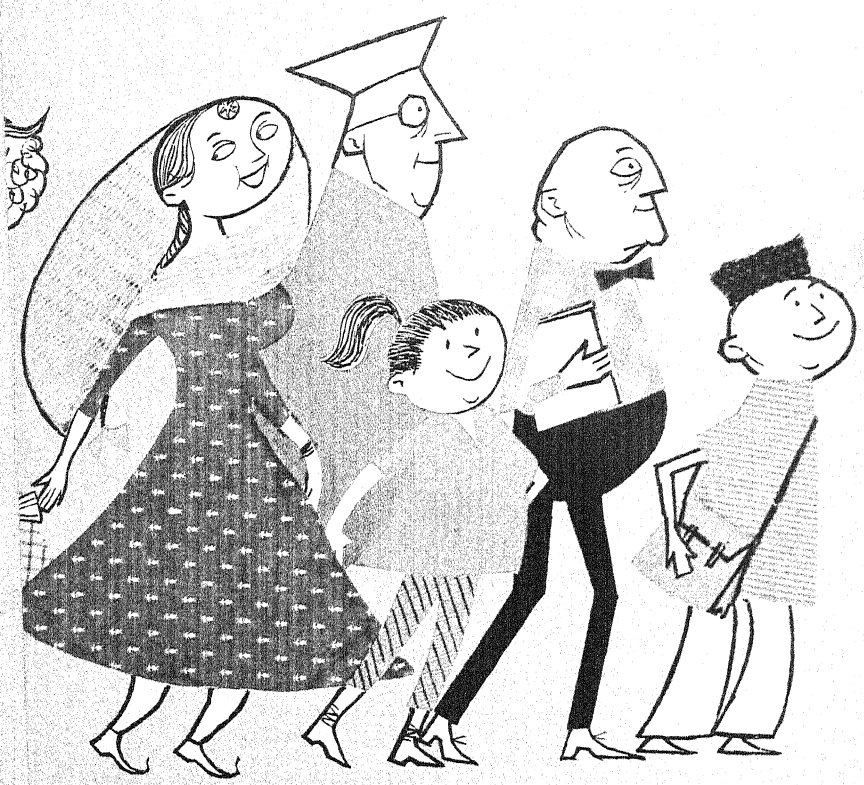
Both Charlie and Will became inspired surgeons. As their work piled up they took in partners, thus permitting specialization and the application of group knowledge to a single patient. They originated private group medicine—that is, teamwork by a voluntary association of medical specialists. Their fame, and their clinic, continued to grow until both brothers died in 1939, within two months of each other.

The present Dr. Chuck, born in 1898, grew up, like his father and uncle, in an atmosphere of medicine. His mother was Rochester's first trained nurse and anaesthetist. "No

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one ever told me what I ought to do," he recalls, but he never even thought of being anything but a doctor.

As a student at the University of Pennsylvania Medical School, young Chuck met a lovely 19-year-old Philadelphia art student named Alice Plank. His mother invited Alice for a visit and explained to her that Chuck would soon be at the clinic. "Before you really decide whether to marry him, I want you to know what you're getting into. The clinic must always come first. Then your husband. Then your children."

Alice and Chuck were married in 1927, and he started as a surgical fellow at the Mayo Foundation for Medical Education and Research, which had been established as an arm of the University of Minnesota. Everybody was watching him now, and he knew it. Some patients were tougher than the doctors. He still remembers one of the first patients he interviewed, an old fellow of about 70 who thought all his questions were irrelevant nonsense. When the old gentleman learned that his interviewer was one of the Mayos, in fact Dr. Charlie's son, "he looked me over and said, 'Well, I've seen a lot of smart fathers who had dumb sons.'"

By 1931 he was first assistant to Dr. E. Starr Judd. Then one morning, without notice, he found his own name on the operating list. "They had 13 cases for me that first day. My God, I was scared."

But he operated, and has continued to do so ever since. During those earlier years he still had his father and Uncle Will to advise him on how to handle his patients. "Father was always dropping some hint. One woman had lost her voice; nothing helped, and the doctors here thought it was psychological. So Father had her put under light anaesthesia, and as she was waking up he scratched her throat. She got her voice back. When she was ready to go home, Father told her what the 'operation' had been. 'Doctor Mayo,' she said, 'I think that is a very silly operation.' Father replied, 'Yes, but we always do silly operations for silly diseases.'"

Chuck Mayo is not the boss or "chief surgeon," but simply one of many at the clinic. An outstanding general surgeon, over the years he has also become a leading specialist in surgery of the colon. With nerve and persistence, in the face of contrary expert opinion, he helped to pioneer a more successful, gentler, single-stage surgery on the cancer-prone loops of human intestine, where a two-stage operation had been the standard. He edits a leading medical journal: *Postgraduate Medicine*. He is a member of the board of governors of the Mayo Clinic, and chairman of the board of the Mayo Association, the nonprofit organization which owns all clinic properties. With his clinic colleagues he holds university professorial rank, and he himself teaches

four fellows. But most of all Chuck Mayo is known as a warm-hearted doctor, in a day when doctors are widely accused of becoming coldly impersonal.

To follow Dr. Charles Mayo on his daily rounds is to feel the human warmth and understanding—commodities more reliable than medical miracles—which have helped this clinic to grow. On a typical day he rises at 6.25 a.m. and drives to Rochester Methodist Hospital, where he operates. He goes down the wards to visit patients awaiting surgery.

At 7.30 he puts on his white overalls and goes to the operating theatre. By the time he is scrubbed and masked he expects his assistants to have his first patient ready. This time it is a woman with a little lump in her neck, a goitre or enlarged thyroid gland. As he stands over the table his stubby protruding nose, bushy white eyebrows and antique-type half spectacles—made like that because they get less steamed up during surgery—suggest that Santa Claus is operating.

"Don't worry about a thing," says Dr. Mayo to the patient. Then he explains, "You're going to remain conscious. We're not going to hurt you."

The surgery starts: he makes a two-inch incision in her neck; he begins to see the swollen thyroid gland, shiny and dark purple-blue; he cuts away the offending tissue, leaving most of the thyroid. The specimen is sent on a metal dish to a pathologist down the hall. Nine minutes later a messenger comes to the door with a slip of yellow paper. The swelling is malignant.

No word is spoken to alarm the conscious patient, but now Dr. Mayo enlarges the incision. His first assistant across the table helps. Two pairs of hands probe, snip, tie off blood-vessels, probe, snip, tie, a bit at a time. In surgery there is not much fast, drastic cutting, but mostly just this bit-by-bit paring.

At 8.52 Dr. Mayo snips out most of the thyroid gland. This cancer case—caught early—is almost certainly one for the "win" column.

Dr. Mayo works steadily, with two crews in two operating theatres. After the thyroid case he goes into the next room to perform a stomach operation. His assistants there have already opened up the patient. When this operation is over, he leaves them to close up while he moves on to the next case, an intestinal obstruction.

The "morning" of any Mayo Clinic surgeon may consist of six to 12 operations, and rarely ends before 2 p.m. or later. Dr. Mayo at 62 is all action. He pauses only for a bottle of pop, though he lets his crews stop for lunch, one at a time, while he continues operating. "I get keyed up and want to get done," he says. Later, with his assistants, he makes a bedside tour to see all his patients, and finally he leaves the hospital to walk to his surgery near by.

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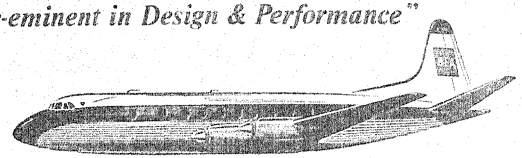
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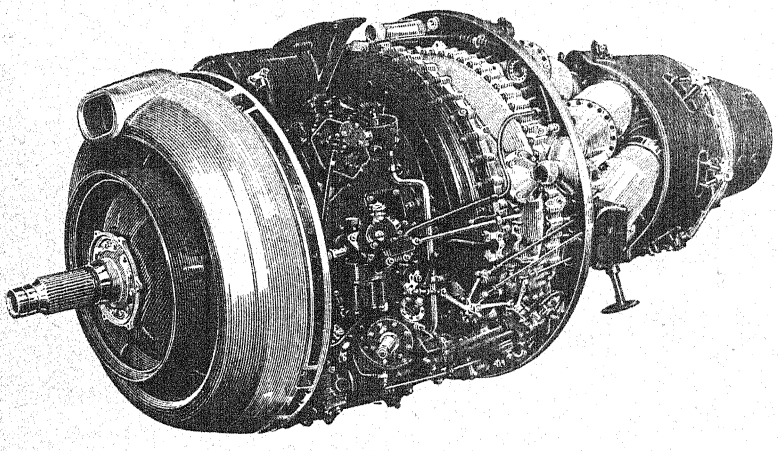
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His surgical assistants are all M.D.'s, the four fellows whom Mayo is teaching. "Two of us stay with him each day," says the fellow who is his first assistant. "When he examines a patient, I usually make an examination too. I'm next-in-charge of our hospital cases. One of our 'seconds' stays in the hospital all night, and if the least thing goes wrong, calls me. If it's serious, I call Doctor Mayo."

"I never let a first assistant do anything unless I'd let him operate on me," says Dr. Chuck. "I never take on a first assistant who hasn't got a feeling for people.

"At night if I'm worried about a patient I may just get in my car and go down to the hospital—and if I find my first assistant there, worried and hanging about, too, I know he's all right."

Dr. Chuck's home is Mayowood, 1,600 acres of dairy farm and trees, with a massive old house on the crest of a hill overlooking the Zumbro River. He turns up almost daily with one to five guests, to be wined and dined and often put up for the night. But after dinner he often excuses himself around 9 or 9.30, no matter who is there. "I have to sleep if I'm going to operate," he explains. Then he may go up and watch television for an hour so as to unwind before going to bed—or he may start thinking about a patient, and dash to the hospital. For he remains a doctor 24 hours a day.

His mother used to tell his father, "Leave your patients in the hospital, don't bring them home."

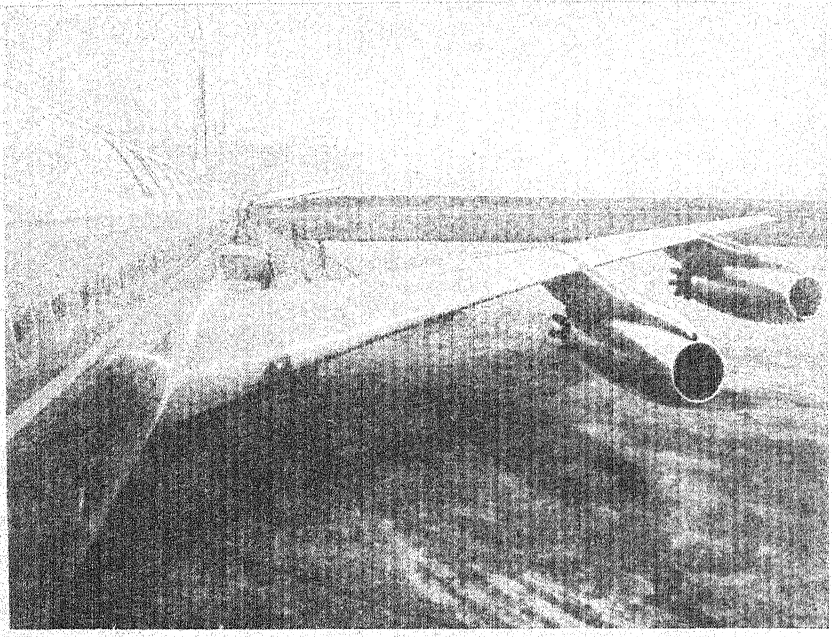
"But I don't think any good surgeon ever just leaves 'em in the hospital," Chuck says. "I don't want to be operated on by anyone who forgets me once he gets home."

The Mayo Clinic, he may add, needs personal doctoring all the more as it grows and grows. It is still often called the "Supreme Court of the Sick," a name it acquired years ago. Today's clinic doctors deprecate this sort of praise and say, "There are many fine medical centres now." But they still cherish the early Mayo ideals, and the Mayo tradition.

As part of that tradition, Chuck gets great pleasure out of having another young Mayo around the clinic: his son, Charlie, 30, a 1958 University of Pennsylvania medical graduate who is now a surgery fellow. In his office Chuck points to the old prescription hanging over his desk and to a bottle filled with red fluid. "Charlie made up some of my grandfather's tonic prescription for my birthday. It tastes just about like a Manhattan cocktail."

A MAN I know has solved his lawn-mowing problem. Several loads of green pebbles are spread out where his lawn used to be. In the centre is a large star made of white pebbles. On the star rests a gilded lawn mower.

—Contributed by N. N.



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Laughter the best medicine

A YOUNG doctor who had instructed a class of women in first aid for several weeks resolved to put his teaching to a practical test. As he stood on the platform he suddenly paused, staggered and then fell to the floor. A wave of horror ran through the class. Some women gave faint screams, some rose and sank back to their seats again; but nobody came to the rescue of the prostrate doctor. After a few moments he got to his feet and soundly berated his students for their lack of enterprise. "What use is my teaching," he demanded, "if you can't tackle a simple fainting spell?"

His star pupil rose from her front seat with an injured air. "But, doctor," she exclaimed, "we thought it was a *real* faint!" —Contributed by Dan Bennett

A FAMILY who had just moved into a new neighbourhood was anxious to make a good impression. But the neighbours seemed cold and made no overtures of welcome. The mother of the brood was overjoyed when finally her youngest son ran in and announced happily, "Mummy, the lady down the road asked my name today!"

"Oh, how nice!" exclaimed the mother enthusiastically. "And then what did she do?"

"Then she gave it to the policeman," the boy said. —A. W. Stinson

TAXI DRIVERS were the subject of a lengthy diatribe by two women sharing a cab. "The outlandish prices these cab-drivers get," the first remarked.

"Yes," said the second. "And they must make a small fortune on tips."

Then, addressing the cabby, she enquired imperiously, "Where is the ash-tray? Why is there no ash-tray in this cab?" The driver shrugged his shoulders. "Just drop the ashes on the carpet," he suggested nonchalantly. "I have a cleaning woman who comes in three days a week." —Peter Lind Hayes

OVERHEARD: "I went out with the boys last night and didn't get home until four this morning. When my wife met me at the door—Boy, did I give her a good listening to!"

—Contributed by G. S.

APPARENTLY my son telephoned his friend at the wrong time. "Johnny can't talk to you now," explained small Margaret over the phone. "He's busy getting ready for school. He's eating his porridge. Grandmother is combing his hair. Sister is under the table putting his galoshes on. Mother is getting his books together. 'Bye, now. I've got to hold the door open. The school bus is coming." —V. T.

MANY HOUSEHOLD chores fell to a llow recently when his wife went to e hospital to take delivery of a new ıild. One of the wife's parting comıents was: "Be sure to clean the ɔldfish."

The dutiful husband reported that took him 15 minutes to capture the sh and place them in a glass—where e scrubbed them with a toothbrush.

"They're certainly hard to hold," he bserved. —S. A.

THE BRIDE was anything but a tidy ıousekeeper. It bothered her no end ıntil one evening her husband called rom the hall somewhat dismayed: 'Darling," he shouted, "where's the lust on this table? I had a phone number written on it." —*M.S.*

SCOTSMAN to wife departing for shopping trip with their little boy: "And dinna forget to take little Donal's glasses off when he's na lookin' at onything." —*The Irish Digest*

THE SHIP was sinking; the passengers were crowding to the lifeboats. An heroic officer stood on the foredeck and called out above the noise, "Women, children, and people on the 'go now, pay later' plan first!"

—Jack Sterling

TWO MEN stopped their car outside a village pub and went in for a drink. They asked the proprietor whether anyone in the village had a black cat with a white ring around its neck.

"Yes," he said. "There's one in a cottage up the road."

"Is it a very, very big cat?" asked the driver.

"No, just a kitten."

"Well, is there a very big black dog with a white ring around the neck?"

"No, no dog," said the proprietor.

The driver turned to his friend. "There," he said, "it *was* the vicar we ran over!" —Gilbert Harding

A MEDICAL-school class was asked to name five reasons why mother's milk is better for babies than cow's milk. One student wrote:

1. It's faster.
2. It's cleaner.
3. It's safer; the cat can't get it.
4. Easier to handle when travelling.
5. Comes in more attractive containers.

A FARMER in the drought country was able to survive only because a kindly storekeeper gave him unlimited credit. Then came good fortune: plenty of rain and steadily rising prices for the farmer's crops. He paid back his entire debt—but then the storekeeper never set eyes on him for a solid year.

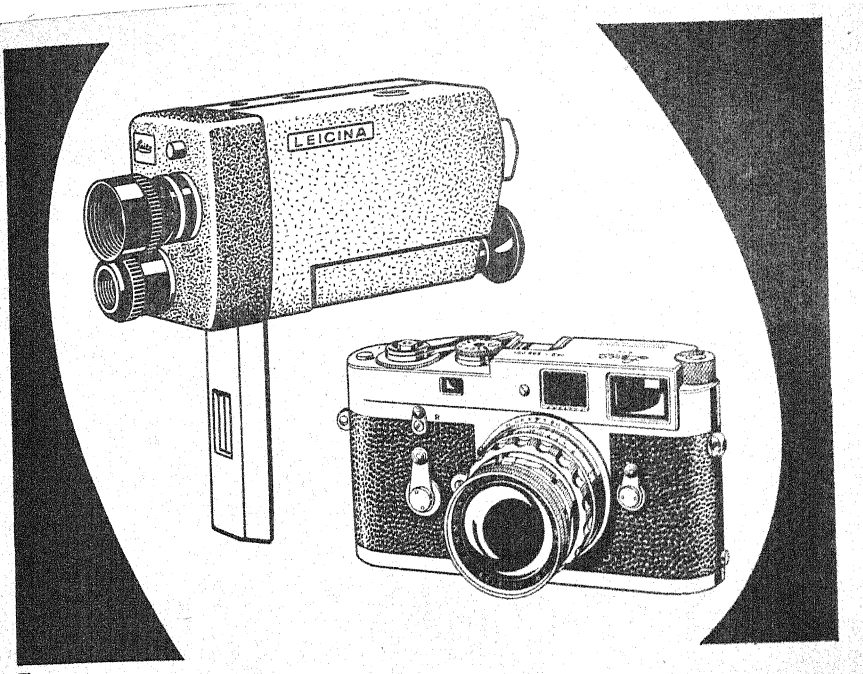
The next time they met, the farmer was driving a shiny new car, and he and his four sons were dressed fit to kill. "How come you now shop elsewhere," asked the storekeeper reproachfully, "after I carried you on my books for so many lean years?"

The farmer all but wept. "Goshamighty, Tom," he mourned, "I didn't realize you sold for cash!"

—Bennett Cerf

BREATHLESS scientist, to returning spaceman: "Is there any life on Mars?"

Spaceman: "Well, there's a little on Saturday night, but it's awfully dead for the rest of the week." —*T.E.*



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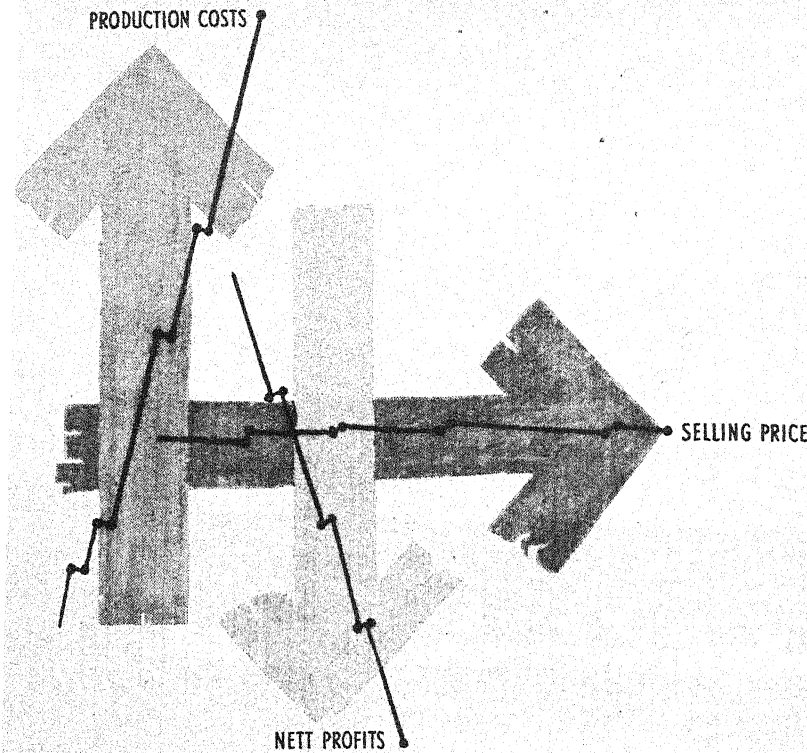
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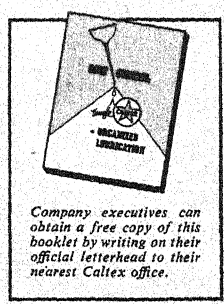


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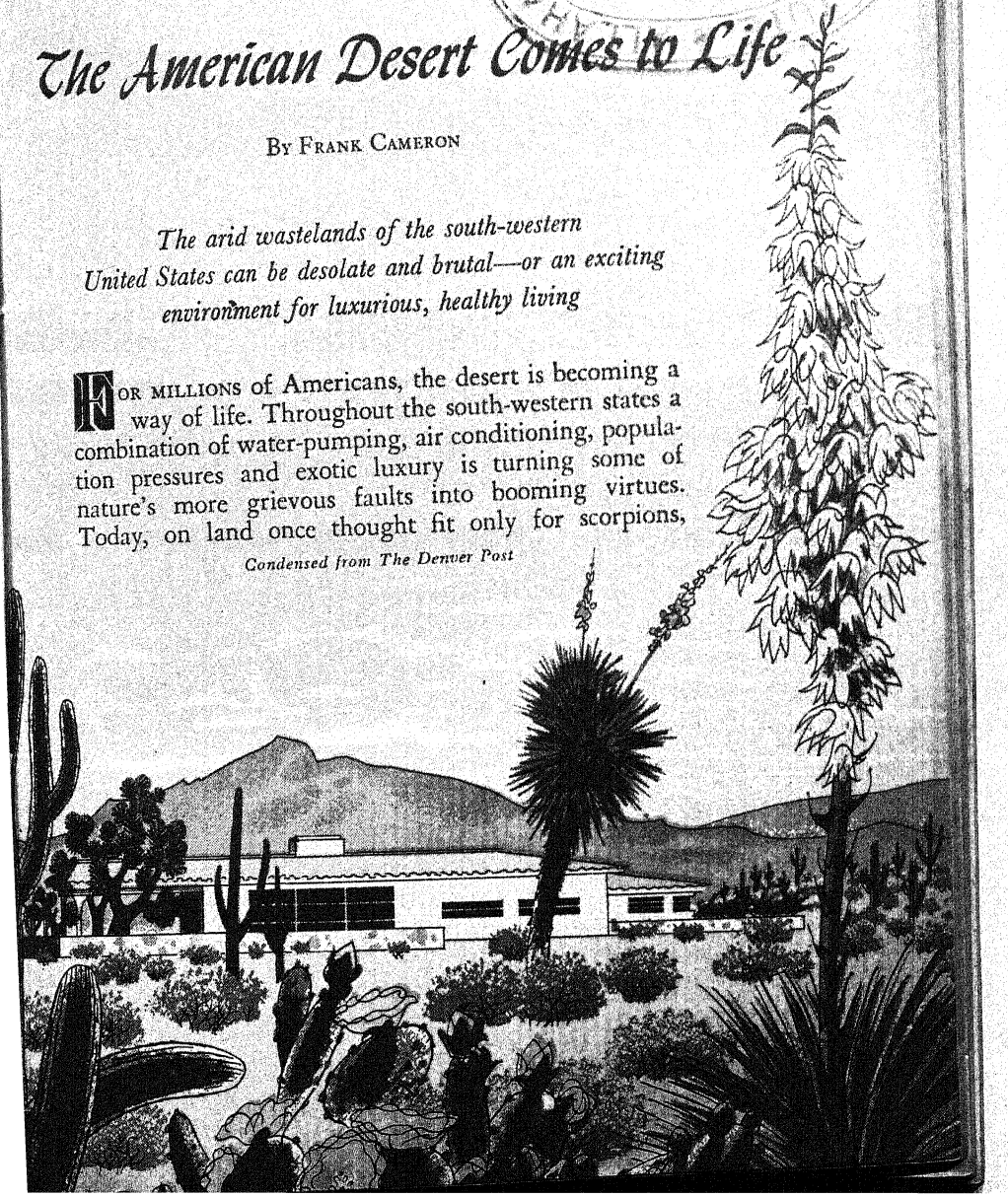
The American Desert Comes to Life

By Frank Cameron

The arid wastelands of the south-western United States can be desolate and brutal—or an exciting environment for luxurious, healthy living

For millions of Americans, the desert is becoming a way of life. Throughout the south-western states a combination of water-pumping, air conditioning, population pressures and exotic luxury is turning some of nature's more grievous faults into booming virtues. Today, on land once thought fit only for scorpions,

Condensed from The Denver Post



blossom huge developments bearing such names as Siesta Hills, Stardust Skies, Rancho Mirage.

Phoenix, Arizona, for example, has grown by 300,000 residents and about 100,000 houses and flats in the past ten years. In Indio, business centre of California's sun-rich Coachella Valley, commercial building sky-rocketed from 650,000 dollars in 1958 to more than two million dollars in 1959—a tidy gain for an isolated town of 10,000. In Palm Springs, near Indio, it is possible to take a Swirlpool bath in the sybaritic splendours of the "world's most beautiful bathhouse"; in Phoenix, you can spend your "privileged years" in a new community planned exclusively for the retired and semi-retired; in Albuquerque, one may bask in winter warmth in the first office building ever heated by solar energy.

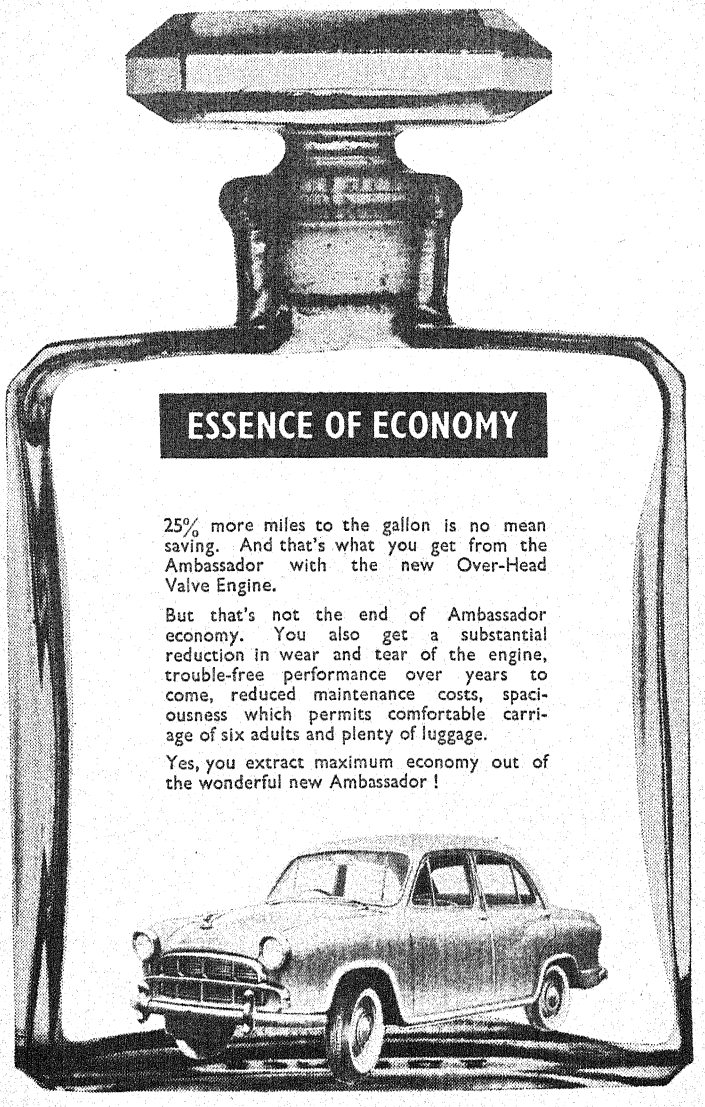
More significantly, Americans are learning to like their deserts with what amounts almost to a passion. An old Southwestern saying has it that you'll never leave the desert if you stay long enough to wear out one pair of shoes. Why? Desert dwellers have a dozen answers: sun, clean air, open spaces, easy access to recreation, friendly people, moderate fuel and clothing bills, somewhat cheaper building, since houses can be put up without basements and a car shelter serves as a garage. In addition to these practical reasons, there are aesthetic ones, such as the desert's fierce and desolate beauty.

What is a desert? Generally speaking, it is any land outside the polar regions which receives less than ten inches of rain annually. Hot though the desert often is during the middle of a summer day—sometimes a scorching 120 degrees—it gives up its heat readily and can be cool, even cold at night. Air conditioning in the Southwestern deserts is now almost universal and, as every desert dweller has discovered, 100 degrees of their dry heat is considerably more comfortable than 85 humid degrees.

America's new look at her deserts dates from the Second World War when the military—chiefly the Air Force—found that the Southwest offered not only plenty of space but a dependable sun that allowed them to test aircraft (and, later, missiles) all the year round. Manufacturers followed the military, and the swiftly-developing electronics industry discovered that low desert humidity gave more accurate control over sensitive products. The newcomers adjusted, and found the desert climate healthful. (Labour turnover and absenteeism are well below the national average.)

The taste for desert living is, however, a cultivated one. The reaction of many newcomers upon arrival is, "How long before we can leave?"

Three years ago Tom Drummond, manager of a desert test site for an aircraft firm, moved his wife and 12-year-old daughter from the north to Lancaster in California's



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Mojave Desert. The wide, glass-panelled doors of their new house were undeniably attractive, but they looked out on miles of space, empty except for tumbleweed and Joshua trees. "I'm stranded," Mrs. Drummond thought unhappily, and began counting the days until they could escape.

Fortunately the Drummonds were able to make several trips back to the New York area; and when they contrasted its noise, crowds and dirt with the clean, sun-drenched desert, the Mojave began to take on a new charm. Today Mrs. Drummond says, "I'm not sure I could live back there again. Now I try to explain the desert's attractions to other wives who feel as I once felt. The desert really grows on you."

The buyer of a new desert house is likely to get more for his money than he would in Los Angeles or Philadelphia. In a representative development on the treeless outskirts of Tucson, homes of pumice block, mission stone or adobe bricks imported from Mexico begin at 13,825 dollars. For 650 dollars down and 115 dollars a month (including tax and insurance), the purchaser gets a four-bedroom, two-bath house that includes a stereophonic sound system, an electric range and separate oven.

New Mexicans refer to desert life as "patio living"; the travel brochures call it "sun living". In Arizona the executive level has "ranch living", which consists of a family spread with one or more of these adjuncts to the good life: a swimming pool, putting green, badminton court, stables whose doors face the wide open spaces. Palm Springs has what it calls "fairways living" —for golfers whose homes adjoin any of the 11 courses in the area.

One of the world's most amazing pieces of desert real estate is California's Coachella Valley. About 50 miles long and averaging 12 miles wide, this valley has, with the help of man's diligent hand, become a marvellously productive garden dramatically ringed by ochre-coloured mountains. Once sear wasteland, it today produces an annual 30 million dollars' worth of grapes, dates, grapefruit and at least 35 other varieties of produce on a year-round schedule.

At the lower end of the valley, 232 feet below sea-level, lies the strange Salton Sea—the result, largely, of several epic overflowings of the Colorado River. It is called the "world's fastest body of water" because boat owners claim that their engines run better this far below sea-level.

Boating, water ski-ing, swimming and fishing have produced a Salton Sea boom; towns are springing up in an area once so empty that an isolated petrol station had the look of a metropolis.

The fascination the desert exerts on its residents is a compound of climate, geography, flora and fauna,



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all of which share a common element of drama seldom found in the earth's more prosaic regions. Nothing has yet topped the majesty of the Grand Canyon in Arizona. No other city in the United States has the ephemeral glitter of Las Vegas. Few animals are as unrelievedly ugly as the Gila monster. And no plant is as grotesque as the giant cactus called the saguaro, which grows almost forest-thick in the Saguaro National Monument near Tucson.

Desert dwellers' personal pride in such phenomena reaches a particular pitch when the desert is in flower. Once and sometimes twice a year, large areas are briefly transformed by an astonishing variety and colour of blooms. This rich, exotic flower show came to the attention of many people through Walt Disney's film *The Living Desert*. The fragile beauty with which even the ugliest plants blossom is a source of wonder and delight.

With all its wild charm, a brooding element of danger hangs over the desert. Death Valley was so called because of the fate of some gold prospectors who failed to survive its crossing. There are still many areas of the Southwest where it is unwise for the uninitiated to stray from marked roads. It is commonly believed that a man stranded in the desert without water can walk two nights, or about 36 miles, and survive an additional two or three days by resting during the day —if shade can be found.

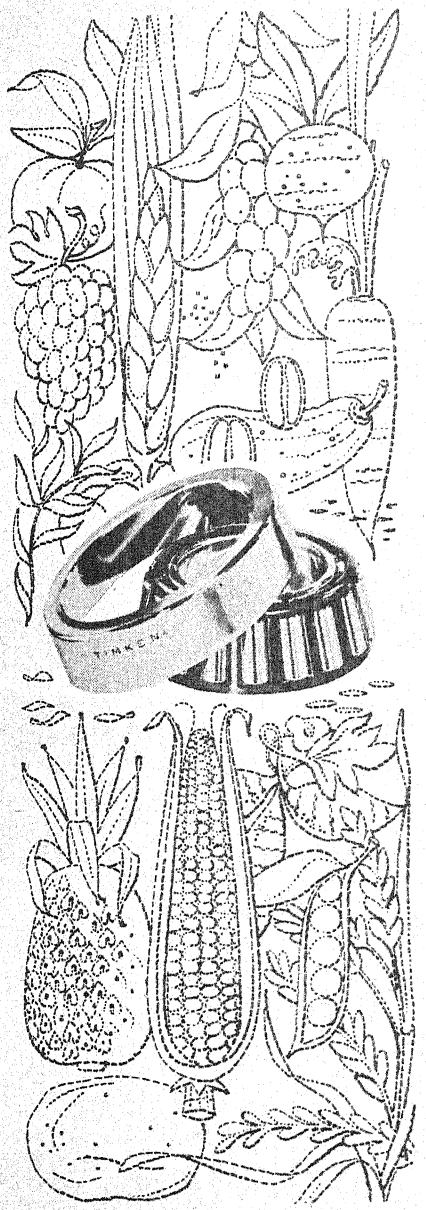
Yet, despite the heat, the dust storms and the loneliness, the American desert as a place to live is coming into its own. In addition to the practical and aesthetic reasons, desert-living converts offer mystical reasons as well. One enthusiast says of New Mexico, "It's different, like going into a church is different."

O Husband Mine

BREAKFAST, my love, with me gaily.
Make it apparent what pleasure,
What joy you consider it daily
To commune with a wife who's a treasure.

Let love be a flame that burns brightly
Instead of a flickering taper.
Dear heart, converse with me lightly—
Or pass me some part of that paper!

—May Richstone



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My Uncle Pepe

All women will love this story—and all men should read it!

By Benjamin Reguera Fernandez, as told to Jean Muir

Every day at five, which is the end of the afternoon in Madrid, my Uncle Pepe used to take me walking in the Retiro. He would proceed along the tree-shaded walk, very sedate and erect, his paunch cutting the breeze before him; and every now and then, as is the custom among the Spaniards, he would compliment some passing woman. This was always done with dignity and stateliness, a simple *"Ah, bonita!"* dropped into the sunny afternoon, for after all my uncle was a man of station. Yet the words were spoken with feeling.

Sometimes we would stop at the Prado art museum and then my

uncle would seek out the paintings of Goya. He would stand in front of the *Nude Maja,* his hands clasped behind his back, rocking a little on his heels. Or perhaps he would choose the lovely ladies under their sun-dappled parasol, with their tiny feet and their wealth of colour. And my uncle would hum a little to himself, happily.

It always seemed to me that these visits left him with a great sense of well-being. As we strolled homewards through the afternoon crowds, he was almost sure to murmur his admiring words into some passing woman's ear.

I was 12 years old and growing, perhaps, more observant of women myself before I noticed that there was a strangeness about this custom of his.

One day I glanced up when I heard him say, *"Guapa!"* to a woman hurrying by.

"But, *Tío* Pepe!" I cried. "That woman was not beautiful at all!"

I turned round and looked after her. Certainly not beautiful. Quite the contrary.

My uncle glanced at me and blew a little through his moustache, but he made no comment. Then suddenly I realized the truth: none of the women my Uncle Pepe had complimented were beautiful. Without exception they had been quite ill-favoured.

To me this was a shocking discovery. I admired my uncle very much. But since he had proved so poor a judge of women, how then could I trust his judgement in other things?

We continued our walk in an embarrassed silence, until we had reached a certain small café and settled ourselves at a table under the green-and-red awning. There my uncle's cognac was brought to him, and to me the chocolate crested with whipped cream.

With the cognac, Uncle Pepe appeared to relax. "My child," he said, setting down his glass. "Are you aware that at one time I was an artist?"

This was something I certainly had not known. In fact, to me it was incredible. I always thought of him in connexion with his big house in Avenida Felipe Segundo, with the flourishing soap business which took so charmingly little of his time, and with the ponderous car in which he occasionally went bowling into the country for a day's sport with a shotgun.

"Perhaps," my uncle said judiciously, "I exaggerate when I say I was an artist. Let us say, instead, that there was a period of three years when I turned my back upon my family and its soap, when I rented a shelter of sorts in a part of town unknown to you, and there painted with fury and an empty stomach. Would you believe it? There was a moment when I seriously considered stealing a *panecillo* off a baker's cart."

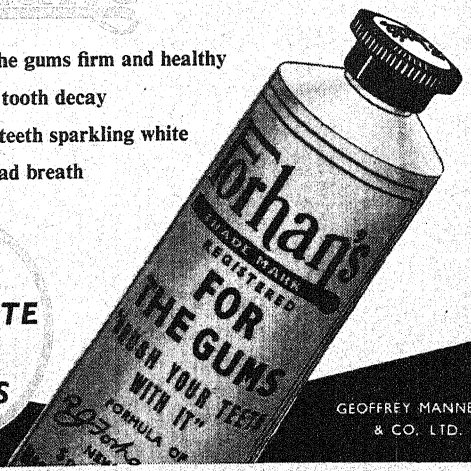
My uncle stroked his moustache,

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which had the suspicion of a smile below it. "But to be honest, my boy, I do not remember this period with sadness. I had a friend. A dancer. La Florencia. Perhaps you have heard the name?" He looked at me hopefully and then his face fell. "No, of course not. At your age. Still, let me tell you, there was a time when Madrid rang with that name.

"You understand, this was not such a woman as the dancers are today," he said, and his nostrils delicately indicated his disparagement. "This was a woman of true bravura and of a great beauty. She had that line of back and hips which the women of Spain alone possess, and the long eyes whose gaze can rock a man's heart."

My uncle was becoming very intense. "And the fire!" he cried. "Well," he said and shrugged, "either it is there or it is not. I tried desperately to catch that fire and beauty in paint. Desperately and, finally, in despair. Because, my boy, it was not in me. Slowly I came to realize this. The drawing was creditable. The colour good. But that which is beyond, that which lifts a man's soul and which, without understanding it, we call beauty, this evaded me.

"Florencia was not conscious of it. To be frank, La Florencia knew little of painting—her art was all in the dance, which is the rhythm of the blood. Paint her with a pretty face, with a rose in her teeth, and she would cry, 'Magnificent!' But I myself knew. And finally, in a naked moment of the soul, in the most honest moment of my life, I destroyed my pictures. I tore them from their frames and shoved them into the stove. Florencia turned on me in great anger. 'You will go back to your family,' she cried. 'You will smother yourself in soap and you will marry some woman they pick out for you.' "

My Uncle Pepe lifted his shoulders and let them fall again. "It happened very much as Florencia prophesied. I returned home, where I was received gladly. A place was made for me in the soap business, and I did indeed marry a woman acceptable in every way to my family." Uncle Pepe hesitated. "You do not remember your Aunt Teresa? An admirable woman and beautiful, too. I have the greatest respect for her memory. We prospered, as you know.

"But here was a strange thing. I could no longer go to the Prado. I could not face the futility of my own soul which confronted me there, on those walls aglow with beauty, with the works of the great ones. I could no longer look at a Goya, my child, and still respect myself. They showed me too plainly what I lacked.

"Of Florencia I lost track. I heard she had gone to South America. It was only after years that I again had news of her.

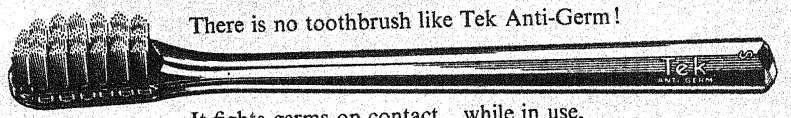
"She had been very ill. She was

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back in Madrid, passing through on the way to her childhood home in the north.

"Clearly, for the sake of my youth, I must call. I expected that there would be a change. There had been the wasting illness, the passage of years. Still, I steeled myself and with a bunch of the yellow roses of Sevilla which she loved, I went to her hotel. It was more dreadful than I had feared. Ah, my poor Florencia.

" 'You should not have come,' she cried when she saw me, and her hands fluttered as if she wanted to hide her poor face. 'I don't want you to remember me like this.'

"What could a Spaniard, a man of gallantry, do? 'But, my Florencia,' I said, 'to me you are more beautiful than ever.' And because the words came straight from the pity of my heart, the Mother of Mercies lent them the ring of truth. Then something very like a miracle happened. For an instant, summoned up by the words, all the beauty came flooding back. The blinding beauty. I was speechless before it.

"That was the great experience of my life.

"My Florencia returned to her home. I have never seen her again. But my life after that was different. Now I go walking every day in the Retiro and sometimes, when I see a woman coming towards me, I know the moment has arrived. As she passes—perhaps an awkward young girl, a poor unfavoured one without hope; perhaps a weary little woman who has forgotten or one whose bones hint of past beauty, blurred by disaster—then I speak. And sometimes (rarely, it is true, but how unforgettable!) when I say into an ear, 'You are beautiful,' I see again that indescribable beauty touching the face. It lasts only for a moment, but for that moment it is of an unbelievable radiance.

"Now once again I go to the Prado. I stand with confidence among the spirits of the great ones and I am not ashamed. There, among those glowing pictures, we meet as equals, Goya and I. For I, too, am a creator of beauty."

Inside Stories

GIVING a show for the inmates of Dartmoor Prison, singer-comedian Ken Dodd was not altogether surprised when his audience requested him to sing "The Key." —*UPI*

A MAN who broke into a clubhouse and robbed the cigarette machine signed the guest book: "Burglar." —*Time*

"I place economy among the first and most important of virtues, and public debt as the greatest of dangers to be feared. To preserve our independence, we must not let our rulers load us with public debt. If we run into such debts, we must be taxed in our meat and drink, in our necessities and in our comforts, in our labour and in our amusements. If we can prevent the Government from wasting the labour of the people, under the pretence of caring for them, they will be happy." —Thomas Jefferson



Drawing by Osbert Lancaster

Parkinson's Second Law

By C. Northcote Parkinson

Thomas Jefferson's prophetic words cannot be quoted too often. For wasting the labours of the people, "under the pretence of caring for them," is exactly what our governments do.

Contemplating astronomic figures of public revenue along with the fantastic spectacle of governmental extravagance, the embittered taxpayer begins to regard taxation as theft. That is where he is tempted to go wrong, for taxation as such is vital to civilization. The *proper amount* of the revenue, however, is a problem of proportion. Between the point where the citizen gives nothing and the point where the state takes all, there is, somewhere, the golden mean.

History tells us that governments of the more remote past have tended to exact about ten per cent of the people's income. Tax-demands above that level have often driven people to emigrate. An early example is to be found in the *Book of Exodus*. Pharaoh taxed the Israelites in terms of service. At some unspecified point in raising the assessment, the Israelites judged that the time had come to go elsewhere.

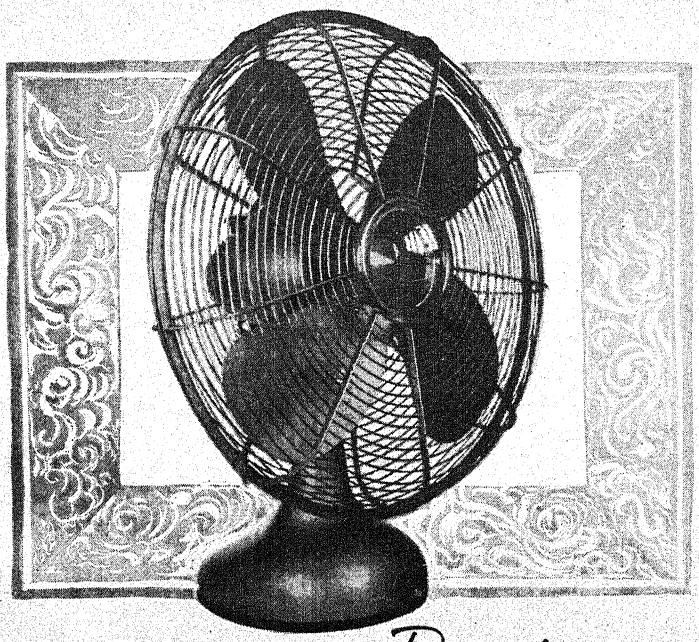
Condensed from "The Law and the Profits," © 1960 by C. Northcote Parkinson and published by John Murray, London

Within the rigid frontiers of modern nationalism, however, the taxpayer is captive. When there is nowhere to go, when taxation elsewhere is just as bad, the barrier at ten per cent is removed and taxes will rise to a new maximum. Countries which have recently exceeded the bounds of safety are (in order of extravagance) Britain, France, New Zealand, Japan and the United States. Of the taxation precipice, 36 per cent (for most countries) represents the brink, beyond which lies disaster, complete and final, though not always immediate. In Britain, taxes amounting to 40 per cent of the national income have been paid without protest for a number of years.

With a high rate of taxation when the Second World War began, a longer period of war and cities heavily damaged by bombing, the British would have been financially crippled in any case. Matters have been made infinitely worse by the Conservatives on the one hand trying to save what remained of the Empire, and the Labour Party on the other building a Socialist Utopia. No country in the world could have afforded both, and it is doubtful whether Britain could afford either. During the war the standard rate of income tax had risen to 10*s.* in the pound (or 50 per cent); surtax imposed on incomes over £2,000 was scaled so that those of £10,000 and over were being taxed at 19*s.* 6*d.* in the pound, a rate stopping just short of total confiscation; and death duties reached over 65 per cent of the largest estates. This colossal burden was not much reduced when the war came to an end. Moreover, a variety of other taxes, direct and indirect, was added—purchase tax, the national health and insurance contributions, and the greatly increased local rates. There have been some tax concessions of late, with the standard rate of income tax reduced to 7*s.* 9*d.* in 1959; but the 1959–60 Budget was still, with the exception of the Budgets for 1955 to 1958, the heaviest ever laid in peacetime on the long-suffering public.

This tax situation created anomalies at either end of the scale. It was noticed in the Department of Inland Revenue that a certain great landowner was failing to collect his rents; some farmers paid him, others refrained. "My Lord Duke," said the tax authorities, "you must collect your rents." To this he replied tersely, "Collect them yourselves." The cost of collection came

PROFESSOR C. NORTHCOTE PARKINSON, author of the deadly, best-selling analysis of bureaucracy, *Parkinson's Law*, has been a War Office staff officer and Raffles Professor of History at the University of Malaya. Educated at York, Cambridge and London, he has held lecturing appointments at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, and Liverpool University. He has written several works of military and economic history, the latest being a study of *British Intervention in Malaya 1867–1877*. Professor Parkinson now lives in Guernsey, in the Channel Islands.



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to more than the rent (after tax) was worth. This is an extreme case, but there is obvious danger of the same inertia spreading right down through industry. For while Viscount Chandos could complain that his actual emoluments as a director of Imperial Chemicals were a little over one-third of the new office boy's net weekly pay, the workman could also complain that the £2 he was paid for overtime on Saturday was 26*s*. by the time he received it.

Such taxation has its origin in war when no one pauses to question what the country can afford. Wasteful war should, in theory, give place to the husbandry of peace. But people are often prone to think that the effort to save the country from conquest can be prolonged so as to save it from all economic and social ills. There is an undeniable appeal in this idea of using the national effort to make war on poverty and squalor, turning sword-blades into industrial shares and building homes fit for heroes. The only unwelcome feature is the final bill presented to the nation.

It is a matter of common knowledge that an individual's expenditure rises to meet income. But whereas the individual's expenses rise to meet an income level which is *known*, government expenditure rises towards a maximum that has never been defined, towards a ceiling that is not there. Were any of us to adopt the methods of public finance in our private affairs, we should ignore the total of our income and consider only what we should like to spend. We might decide on a second car, an extension of the home, a motor launch as well as a yacht, a house in the country, and a holiday in Bermuda. All these, we should tell ourselves, are essential. It would remain only to adjust our income to cover these bare necessities.

By contrast, a government which applied the methods of individual finance to public expenditure would begin by estimating what its actual revenue should be. Ministers should not begin by ascertaining what the departments need, but what the country can afford. Given so much to spend, how much should be allocated to what? A government which decided on this novel approach would be responsible for a revolution in public finance.

Such a revolution is overdue. For the first result of a high rate of peacetime taxation is to reduce a country's influence in world affairs. The British Empire collapsed more suddenly and completely than any undefeated empire of the past—an example of what excessive taxation can bring about and in how short a time, for the farewell empire is the logical sequel to the welfare state.

Nor will rival powers, noticing the high level of taxation today in countries like Britain and France, fail to conclude that neither will ever fight again except in defending its frontiers.



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The second effect of high taxation is the loss of individual freedom. For freedom is founded upon the ownership of property. It cannot exist where the rulers own everything, nor even when they concede some limited right of tenure. The taxation which is intended to promote equality, the taxation which exceeds the real public need and, above all, the tax which is so graduated as to prevent the accumulation of private capital, is inconsistent with freedom.

Some would answer that the working classes have willingly traded freedom for security. But it is a question whether the current security is really very secure. To retain any sort of position in the world in which other countries have larger populations, richer resources, wider territories, the British must rely chiefly upon experience, integrity, enterprise, knowledge and skill.

These are the very assets which the tax system destroys.

Sensible Solutions

THE FIRE brigade in Rheinfeld, Germany, is having trouble recruiting volunteers. However, when there is a fire, dozens of citizens come out to watch. The mayor has therefore ordered the police to make a list of all male spectators at each fire. Every man whose name appears three times on the lists will be automatically called out as a volunteer fireman.

—D. S.

ONE TYPEWRITER manufacturer offers a special key to be added to the normal keyboard. When you're not sure of the next letter in a word you push the special one and it types a neat blur. Result: No more misspelt words.

—Cedric Adams

ON A LARGELY unexplored island in the Pacific the natives have a custom of greeting that cannot be surpassed. When a man meets someone he hasn't seen for a long time, he uses his own name in the greeting instead of his friend's. For example, if a chief named Brown meets another named Yardley, he would say, "Hello there, Brown," to which Yardley would reply, "Glad to see you again, Yardley."

Thus they reveal their names without the social hysteria of trying to remember.

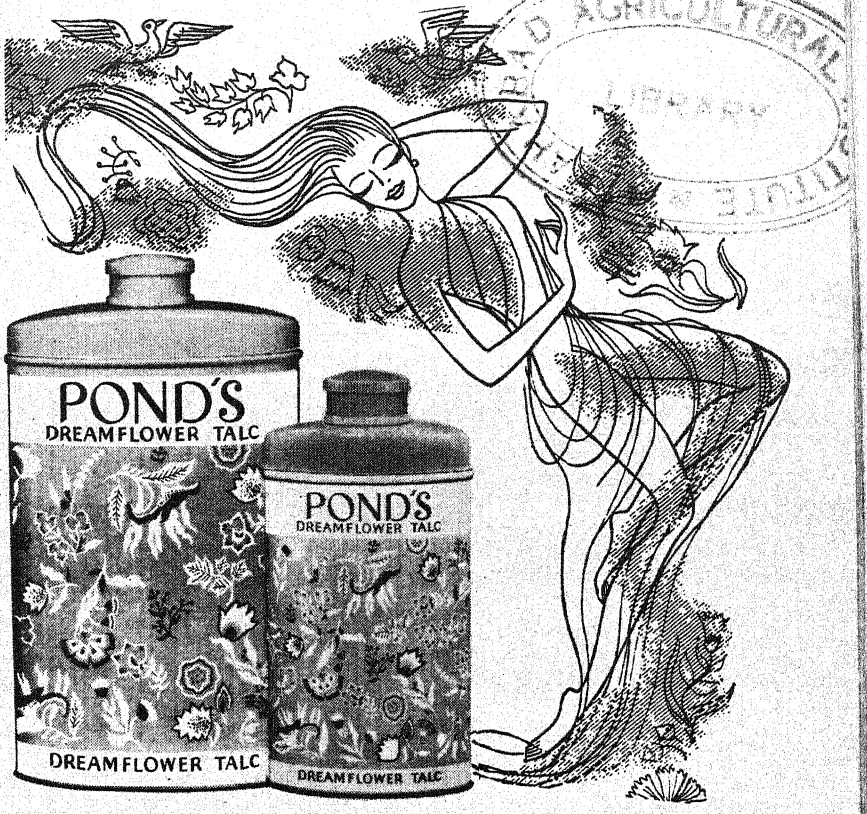
—J. B.

A BOON to the family budget is a new organization called Charge Accounts Anonymous. The founder explains: "CAA is based on Alcoholics Anonymous. When a woman is tempted to go out and charge things to her account, she phones another member. A friend comes to talk to her about how much extra a charge account might cost her. Usually the tempted one abandons the shopping spree. It gives the girls a chance to get together to talk, and it makes the men happy."

—*N.W.*

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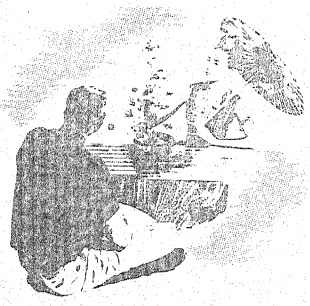
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LIFE'S LIKE THAT

A WOMAN whose husband is an engineer moved from one part of the country to another soon after she became pregnant. In a few months they were transferred back, at which time she went to her former doctor for a check-up. The receptionist asked if the doctor had ever delivered a baby for her. You can imagine the reaction of the entire waiting-room when the woman innocently replied, "No, but he started this one."—MRS. B. E. WATSON

HER NEW puppy was a roly-poly mass of black curls, and when people stopped to admire him she explained that he was a French poodle and his name was Pierre. Expecting that the dog would have a pedigree, one woman asked, "But what's the *rest* of his name?"

The answer, in a surprised tone of voice: "What do you think? Shapiro —same as me." —MRS. NELSON COPP

AFTER we boarded the plane the steps were rolled away and the entrance door closed. We waited for the engines to start, but nothing happened. There was a commotion as a stewardess walked briskly down the aisle from the cockpit, opened the rear door and shouted, "We have no captain!"

Several minutes later a harassed, perspiring pilot made his appearance, and the passengers gave him a round of applause. As soon as we were airborne a voice came over the loudspeaker, "Ladies and gentlemen, this is your captain speaking—thanks for waiting!" —G. F. V.

A WEATHERMAN was showing his wife a picture taken by a space satellite at an altitude of 450 miles.

"When this particular shot was taken," he explained, "I was out reading the rain gauge, and as near as I can reckon it the camera was passing right over my head."

His wife studied the picture. "Good Lord, George," she exclaimed, "you're going bald!" —RAY WARD

WHILE at a business conference, I had to make an urgent telephone call. Since all the boxes in the hotel foyer were occupied, I stood by one to wait. The one I chose contained an elderly gentleman who was munching a sandwich and sipping a soft drink during pauses in his conversation. My impatience was apparent to him because he looked at me apologetically and, in a few seconds, emerged from the box.

"I'm very sorry," he said. "But, you see, I was having dinner with my wife. I haven't missed it in 15 years at home, and I don't intend to let a few miles of separation spoil my record."

—STEPHEN HAMLETT

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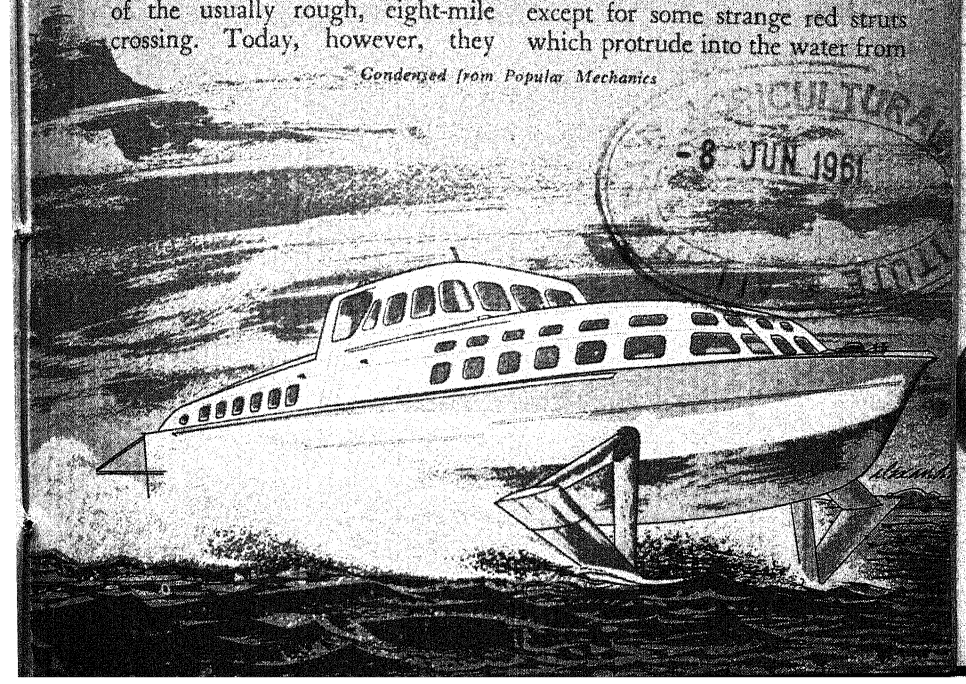
Newest Thing in Ships—
The Hydrofoil

These high-speed vessels that "fly" in the water may well be the greatest advance in naval architecture since steam took over from sail

By C. Lester Walker

Passengers ferrying across the Strait of Messina, separating Italy from Sicily, had until recently to endure nearly an hour of the usually rough, eight-mile crossing. Today, however, they cross in about 15 minutes in a new kind of ferryboat: a trim, 68-foot craft which looks like a small-scale, smoothly streamlined ocean liner—except for some strange red struts which protrude into the water from

Condensed from Popular Mechanics



-8 JUN 1961

ıer bow and stern. The boat is the *Freccia del Sole (Arrow of the Sun)*, which now skims over the Strait with her 75 passengers at speeds of up to 45 miles an hour.

The *Freccia* is a hydrofoil—a craft that travels through the water on wings. The wings, called "foils" because of their resemblance to the aerofoils, or wings, of an aircraft, create lift for a boat by deflecting water flowing over their surfaces in the same way that an aircraft's wings deflect air. Rising clear of the sea, the hull does not have to fight the big wave that a conventional surface craft makes in front of itself. So, with the same engine, it can go twice as fast as the conventional type. Marine engineers predict that, eventually, hydrofoils will be able to *treble* hull-in-water speeds.

What this could mean to ocean-going vessels is spectacular. In 50 years naval architects have been able to raise the speed of big ships only by about a dozen miles an hour. "Now the speed barrier has been shattered almost overnight," a distinguished marine engineer said to me recently. "Hydrofoils will bring us liners which will do 100 miles an hour."

Enrico Forlanini, an Italian professor of engineering, originated the hydrofoil at the turn of the century. In 1905, by putting airlift-type foils on a boat on Lake Maggiore, he lifted it clear of the water and "flew" it at 40 miles an hour. Fourteen years later Alexander Graham Bell introduced the hydrofoil to Nova Scotia waters. Powered by twin aircraft engines, his boat smashed all existing watercraft speed records. Bell died a few years later, and not until the Second World War was the hydrofoil idea heard from again in any important way.

Then Hanns von Schertel, a German naval architect who had studied under Forlanini, began designing hydrofoils for the German Navy. Before British bombing ended his experiments, von Schertel produced craft capable of 50 knots. In 1952 he became affiliated with a Swiss ship-designing firm, Supramar A.G., on Lake Lucerne. Most of the hydrofoils in commercial operation today are based on von Schertel-Supramar designs.

There are now some 25 ship-sized hydrofoils in action—for example, in the Adriatic, on Swiss and Italian lakes, and between southern Italy and Sicily. Probably the biggest and newest is Russian, carrying 100 passengers between ports on the Volga. But an experimental hydrofoil being built for the U.S. Maritime Administration by the Grumman Aircraft Company is the first designed for open-sea operation.

"She'll have a hull shaped like an amphibious aircraft, and be built of heavy sheet aluminium," says William Carl, head of the company's hydrofoil research affiliate. "She'll be 104 feet long, capable of carrying 150 passengers and make about 75

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iles an hour. She could do New ork to Bermuda in eight hours, ding five feet above the water."

"How seaworthy will she be if ıe meets waves ten feet high?" I ıked.

"Usually she'll keep going," Carl ıid. "Especially if the high waves, rest to crest, are long waves. She'll :ontour' them, like a car going up nd down little hills. A sister ship f the *Freccia del Sole,* designed to un on her foils in seas no higher han four feet, ran into 16-foot vaves in the Caribbean and kept going."

"What about hurricane-size waves, 35 to 40 feet high?"

"Then the hydrofoil just sits on her hull," said Carl, "and rides out the storm as a traditional ship would do. But she's better off because of her foils; they damp out about 80 per cent of her rock and roll."

"Suppose this hydrofoil, going full tilt, hits some floating obstacle?" I asked.

"We've run hydrofoil test craft through all sorts of debris—branches, crates, coconuts, fish. The foils either toss the stuff aside or break it in pieces. If a hydrofoil hits a big object, a safety device comes into play. In our ship there are shearing points, bars of metal which break at a predetermined stress right where the struts join the hull. These shear pins break off and prevent any major injury to either the hull or the strut structure, and let the ship drop safely to the water, like a seaplane landing."

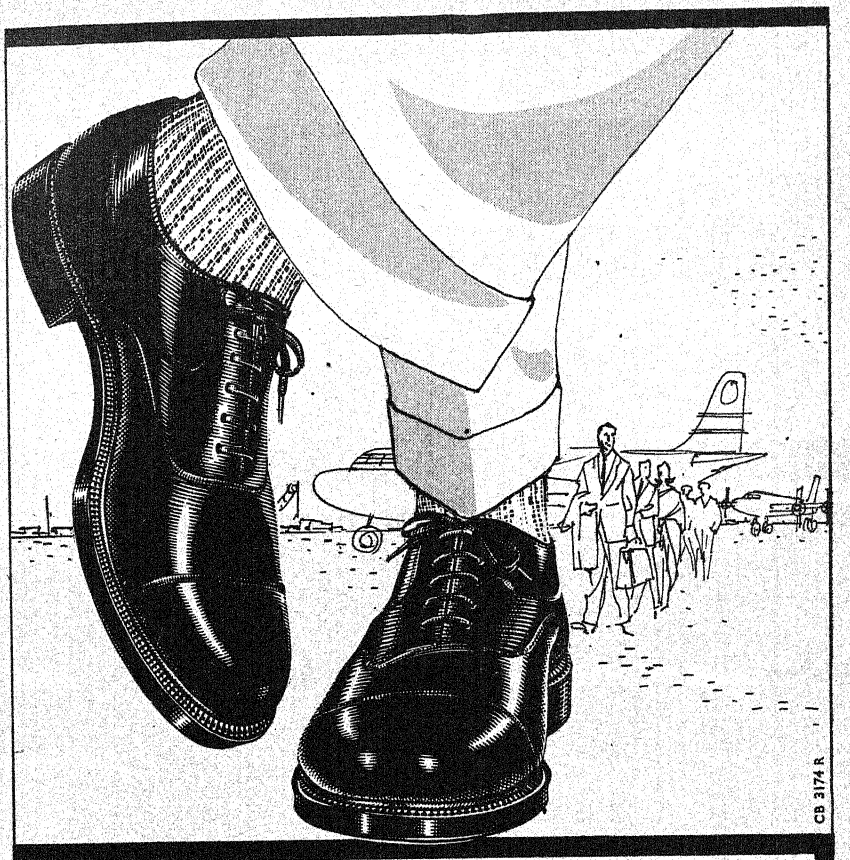
Along coastal routes the hydrofoil may be able to carry passengers and cargo faster and cheaper than rail or road transport. It should star as a transporter of fruit and vegetables, its speed making cargo refrigeration unnecessary. And it promises a new kind of rapid-transit aid to seacoast and inland-waterway towns plagued with commuter problems.

Hydrofoil experts believe that the craft will be crossing the Atlantic "sooner than you think." As conceived, such vessels would be less luxurious than present-day ships. They would have sleeping-car-type compartments instead of cabins, no ballrooms, no swimming pools. But they would leave New York in the morning and arrive in Liverpool the next day before noon. And the crossing would cost less than aboard a conventional ship or an aircraft.

The U.S. Navy began experimenting with the hydrofoil in 1947, and now says that the new craft has brought the solution to the most troublesome naval problem: how to trump the atom-powered submarine.

These subs can outrun and out-manoeuvre any present anti-submarine surface vessel. Faster conventional destroyers or high-speed torpedo boats are not the answer, for in rough water they would be shaken or battered to pieces.

"We needed speed in all sea conditions for anti-submarine warfare,"

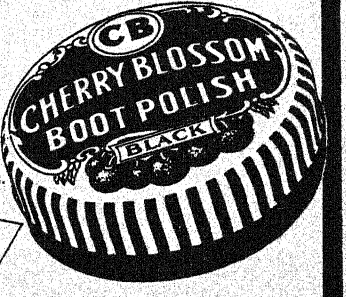


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said an admiral recently. "We found it in the hydrofoil."

I rode in an experimental navy hydrofoil at a research centre on Great South Bay, Long Island. The boat was only 23 feet long, and a rough sea was slapping the pier as I climbed aboard. The test operator pushed the stainless-steel foils, which swung up over the boat's sides and down into the water, where they clicked as they locked in place. As our gas-turbine engine (with an extra-long propeller shaft) propelled us into the waves, our bow lifted rapidly on the front foil, then our stern on the tail foil. Within ten seconds we were riding high above the whitecaps, as smoothly as though we were skating on ice!

"She'll do 60," said the operator. "And watch her turn." He put the wheel over hard, and the hydrofoil spun round almost as if she were pivoting. "The hydrofoil can outtwist any of the new subs," he yelled at me. "And notice: she doesn't skid on turns like other speedboats. Her foils check sideslip."

Boeing, the aircraft manufacturer, is building the U.S. Navy's first PC (H) (patrol craft, hydrofoil) now. She will be 115 feet long and displace 110 tons. Still bigger hydrofoils are in the planning stage. Hydrofoil destroyers, for example, may go to 500 tons in size, to more than 100 miles an hour in speed.

Hydrofoils have been found to function excellently on small pleasure craft ranging from eight-foot outboards to cabin cruisers. Several American boat-building firms are now manufacturing hydrofoils and reporting brisk sales.

Some of these companies sell hydrofoil kits with which a motorboat owner can convert his old boat into a hydrofoil speedster. The foils are made of aluminium or fibreglass, and are easily mounted. Used with a long-shafted propeller, which the motor manufacturers supply, many of these foils can double a boat's speed. Prices range from 200 dollars to 500, depending on the boat's size.

With all their superiorities, hydrofoil craft have certain limitations. In a fast-following, directly astern sea, some hydrofoils will occasionally "stall"—that is, refuse to stay up on their foils. Small craft can have trouble with seaweed reducing their foil lift. The larger hydrofoil vessels, because they are technically and scientifically much more complex than conventional ships, are more expensive to build, size for size. And there is a probable limit to how big the hydrofoil ship can be; as it grows larger, the foils and struts tend to become too long and too heavy to be practicable.

"But this doesn't matter," say hydrofoil enthusiasts. "For the hydrofoil will more than make up for its lack of size by its speed."

A well-known ship designer said recently, "The hydrofoil—watch it. It may well be the greatest advance in naval architecture since steam took over from sail."



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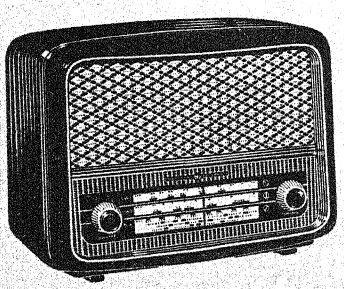
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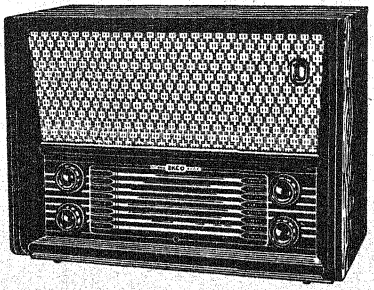
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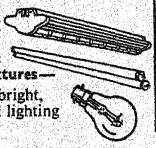
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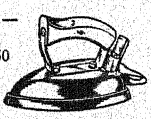
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The Strange Story of Jonny

By Mira Rothenberg

This article, by the young therapist who is helping to unlock Jonny's self-created prison, is the story of the dedicated work of one individual with another—the kind of work vitally needed in the treatment of mental illness

He was one of the smallest baby boys ever to survive in the United States, weighing a pound and a half at birth in 1950. Five and a half months in the womb, three and a half months in the incubator. Then, at five pounds, he was out in our world. He was not a beautiful baby, nor one easy to love. His hair was singed a bright orange from the heat of the incubator, his skin shrivelled and burned chocolate brown. As time went on, Jonny became no more

human; he never cried, laughed, smiled or cooed. He didn't learn to focus his eyes or hold his head up; if there was a sound in the room he didn't hear it; and he could not bear any physical touch—if he was held he would refuse his bottle.

Until he was five, Jonny was either wheeled in a pram or carried about. When he did walk, he was like a drunkard, reeling for a few steps, and then falling on all fours to the floor and crawling. And so he existed—tenaciously holding on to life, yet not taking part in it.

When he was two, Jonny's parents began a pilgrimage which left them helpless, hopeless and almost destitute. Along the way, a well-known medical authority said that Jonny had a degenerate hearing nerve. Later he was given a hearing aid and treated as a deaf mute. Several attempts were made to enrol him in schools for deaf children. Usually he was turned down. When he was accepted, it was only to be expelled after a short time because "something else besides deafness is wrong with him."

In 1953 Jonny's parents took him to a large medical centre. Specialists there made an intensive search for the "something else." X-rays were taken of Jonny's skull, legs and body to find out whether a deformity prevented him from walking. His bones were perfect. A child psychiatrist told the parents that he believed there was no brain injury, and from him they heard for the first time of the possibility of autism —a symptom of serious mental disturbance. Since little was known about the illness, the suggestion they received most often was "commit him and forget about him."

But the parents refused to give up. And their reasoning was based on the child's behaviour. It seemed strange to them that this dumb, badly co-ordinated child could use his fingers well enough to draw meaningful pictures; that he knew the alphabet and could spell out his name with blocks; that he could manipulate complex puzzles and stand a coin up on its side.

At the suggestion of a young psychiatrist, Jonny's mother phoned me in January 1957. I will always remember that first interview.

I've never seen so strangely ugly a child. The boy didn't exactly walk but dragged himself in, his legs, feet, hands and arms seeming to get in one another's way, making every step an effort almost beyond description. His eyes were out of focus and his head was constantly swaying either forward or backwards or pivoting on his neck like a bobbing balloon. He looked nowhere and made no sound. The "no expression" on his face, as if nothing, no one—not even himself—existed, was frightening. Every now and then his arms would shoot up into the air and then his hands would flap up and down like the broken wings of a bird that had forgotten, by some terrible misfortune, how to

fly. From time to time he would form fists with these hands and hit himself in the face.

In the utter silence of the room I could almost hear the child's need, his terror and his unasked questions: "Will you love me? Will you know the truth? Will you see the lie?"

I looked at him hard and in that moment I felt that I *knew*. I put a record on the player and let Jonny watch it spin. Supposedly he heard nothing. When he was completely absorbed in the record, I suddenly said in a calm, natural tone, "That's enough, Jonny. Turn off the record player." Jonny turned round with arms akimbo, faced me and shook his head quite angrily, motioning a "No" before he was aware of what he was doing. Then, realizing that he had given his secret away, he put his hands over his ears as if to shut out any sound, and his face expressed a strange combination of terror and relief.

From that point on, the fact was established that Jonny could hear, that the lie, his secret, was out. His deafness was simply a means of shutting out the world when he didn't like what was going on there. It was clear, too, that the relationship between us was to be a real one, an honest one, that I loved him enough, understood him well enough to know him beyond his defences, into his shell; that I would protect him not only against the outside but against himself. Somehow I also took away from him to some extent the magic that he had created, the terrible power to deceive and so "control" the world.

After that first session I saw Jonny for four and then six hours a week. Gradually he made more and more mistakes with his "non-hearing"—first with me, then at home and finally with strangers.

Almost parallel with his trust in me, his walking began to improve. We went out into the street and then to the park. He got there partly walking, partly dragged or carried by me. As soon as I felt he was getting stronger I refused to carry him when he fell and sometimes let him crawl for 75 yards. This phase didn't last long, since it was neither profitable nor comfortable. Within a few months Jonny walked like any other boy of his age.

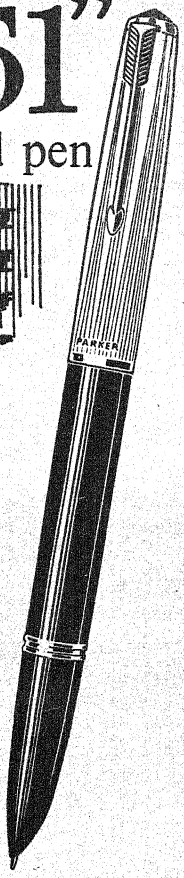
One afternoon at my house he fell into a deep sleep for about 15 minutes. As he slept I noticed him making sucking motions with his mouth and reaching out his hands. I got a baby's bottle, filled it with milk and when he awoke I put the teat in his mouth. He stayed at rest sucking on the bottle. As he sucked I put his head on my lap and began to stroke it. For the first time he consciously allowed himself to be touched. Soon I was able to take him on my lap, kiss him and cuddle him and he seemed to enjoy it.

From the first, I was struck by Jonny's tremendous preoccupation with lights; the brighter the light,

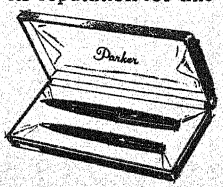
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the greater his need to get close to it. He would crawl right under a lamp, stare directly into the bulbs, then his hands would flap in his winglike motion, his body would become firmer and his face would be contorted as if in some superhuman effort. Without blinking, he could look up at lights of blinding intensity; he could touch hot bulbs without burning himself or feeling pain.

Then suddenly his relationship to the bulbs changed. He began to feel their heat and scream when he touched them and squint when looking into them. The lights were beginning to have a different meaning for him. For a long time I was mystified by his behaviour. Then I began to think of the warmth of the electrically-lit incubator. Perhaps to Jonny the lights were a symbol of warmth, possibly of life itself. As he became able to accept the more real warmth of his relationship with me, his family and others, he began to give up the fake warmth of the "mother lamps."

However, as his fascination with lights began to have meaning to me I felt it should be pursued further. I decided that the way to do this was to give him an incubator. I had an idea that this might help him to move forward a bit more, but I also knew there was a real danger that it could push him back. I discussed the risk with his parents and they made the decision.

His father built a replica of Jonny's incubator and brought it to my house. In it we put a doll of the same size as Jonny when he was an incubator baby.

When Jonny first saw it his whole body began to tremble and his face turned green. Then came the decisive moment. He seemed to reel back but instead, within a split second, he turned and looked straight at me with his eyes completely in focus for the first time. On his face was a look of anguish and accusation that said, "How could you do it to me?"

It took all my strength to remember that I had been brutal only for his good. Within a few minutes he seemed to have become a different child. No longer was his face blank. It expressed feelings. For the first time I saw Jonny integrated, intact emotionally and physically. I knew then that this part of the battle was won.

Each day, as Jonny investigated the incubator, played with the "baby," washed it, spanked it, his face revealed more feeling. The bottomless detachment was disappearing. He also began to make more sounds—as if he were trying to communicate with or about it. This usually silent child became so audible that I stopped worrying about whether his vocal chords were defective.

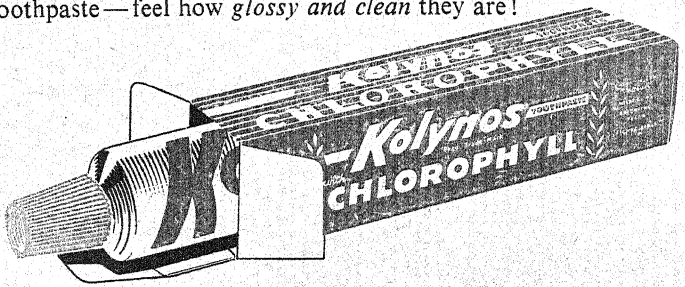
As I listened it became clear to me that, among other things, he wanted to escape responsibility for using or hearing his own voice just as he had

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tried earlier to avoid the responsibility of hearing others. So I put a recorder next to the incubator and all the sounds he made were captured on tape. When I played the recordings his first reaction was shock, which he expressed by covering his ears with his hands. But Jonny is enthralled by all mechanical gadgets. After a while the fascination was too much, and he began deliberately to record his own sounds and listen to them. Gradually his sounds became more varied, including one day, "mama."

The recorder became the means of telling Jonny things too painful for him to hear directly. It was in this fashion that he wept for the first time. This came about through his relationship with the puppy he was given when he overcame his earlier fear of dogs. After some weeks his pet fell ill and died. As I told him the puppy was dead, I could almost see him "turning off" his hearing to look at me blankly. However, I had taken the precaution of turning on the tape recorder. Later in the day I unexpectedly turned it on and Jonny, caught relaxed and unawares, heard of the death of his dog. Then, for the first time in the two years I had known him, he broke down and sobbed bitterly. After this it became possible for him to cry when he was hurt. And with daring to cry, he began to dare to laugh, often heartily and with a mischievous sense of humour.

Jonny is now ten years old, and he has gone a long way. He hears now most of the time, walks well, jumps, runs, swims, rides a bicycle, paints, draws, puts together his hi-fi sets, uses all kinds of power tools, and builds. He cries when hurt, laughs when happy, loves and evokes love in others. He is altogether a very bright child. Above all, today he is alive.

But he still has a long way to go. He still does not speak, though he once said, "I can't," and has been heard talking in his sleep. Until he does talk, he will not be well. It will take many long hours and perhaps years.

Children like Jonny, whether we call them schizophrenic, autistic or seriously disturbed emotionally, are not very different from other children. They need, they want, they hurt, they fear, they love, they hate and die just like all of us. The difference is in how they defend themselves against their terrors and their wants. We withdraw a little when we are hurt and cry a bit. They withdraw all the way so that the awful hurt can never happen again. They are just one big tearless sob, living inside a shell, hardly partaking of the life around them.

All work with such children must be based on an understanding deep enough to see, beyond their defences, the self that they are hiding.

Then they can begin to trust and hopefully to come out on this new bridge of trust from their private world to reality.

Continued from page 28

SPIRITUAL THERAPY:

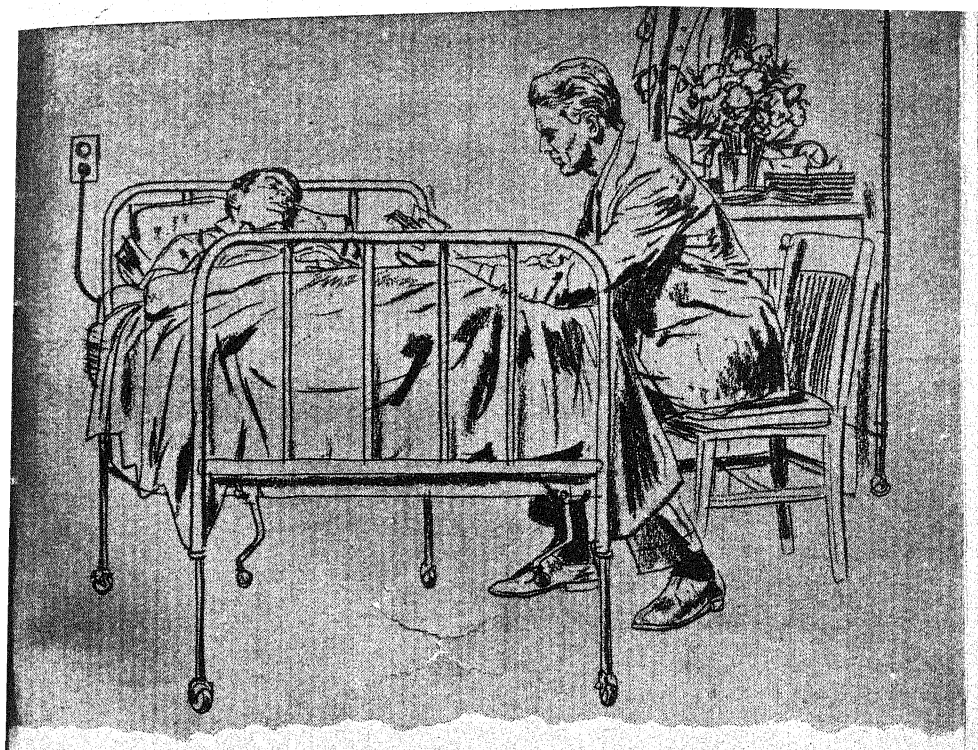
Modern Medicine's Newest Ally

By Clarence Hall

medical students on the work of the chaplain as a member of the healing team.

But effective counselling methods were developed only by painfully slow trial and error, and there were haunting cases of failure. For example, the man with cirrhosis of the liver brought on by alcoholism. "In our first interview it became plain that one of this man's basic troubles was an exceedingly complicated marital situation. In my eagerness to help, I brought him along too fast —leading him to confide things which, though willingly told at the time, he was later ashamed of. He refused to see me again. His cirrhosis was corrected, but he left the hospital to drink himself to death." Today Dick Young says wistfully, "I can't help feeling that if I had known then what I know now, he might have been saved."

The first hurdle was winning the patient's complete confidence. "There's a difference between people voluntarily coming to see you, and you going, uninvited, to see them." If he tried to elicit information too quickly, as in the case of the man with cirrhosis, patients tended to tell more than they realized, later regretted it and froze up on the next



visit. Moreover, when he passed on pertinent information to the doctor —people will often tell a minister things they don't tell their doctor —the patient felt his confidence had been betrayed. Young learned that it was wise to ask the patient, "Do you mind if I share what you've told me with your doctor?"

Stalking the Real Problem

One of the first things Young discovered was that "an individual rarely states the real nature of his problem in a first encounter."

The deception is not intentional. Filled with fear, anxiety, guilt or humiliation, our subconscious minds provide all kinds of ingenious excuses for behaving as we do.

"The symptom itself is so pressing, its side effects so devastating," says Young, "that it blocks out the condition that caused it. Even if patients have insight into the real problem, they don't know how to handle it. Slowly, gradually, they must be led to see the real problem and draw upon resources, both inside and outside themselves, to solve it."

There was, for example, the man whose *stated* problem, after an apparent heart attack, was: "I'm scared to death to drive my car. Yet I

must; I'm a travelling salesman." Counselling revealed that his *real* problem was a fear of having to violate his conscience by drinking with customers who expected liquid entertainment. When he accepted the necessity of boldly standing up for his beliefs, the problem faded; he won the respect of his customers and became one of the most successful salesmen in his large firm.

Then there was the patient whose chest pains and heart palpitation were, he was sure, caused by "business tensions." A medical check-up showed no heart disorder. Only when, in talking to Dick Young, he mentioned his hostility to his in-laws who lived next door and, he said, "hem me in and criticize me all the time," did he come to see that the real trouble was unwillingness to face his own personality defects.

"When this man got his hoarded resentments out into the open, he began to see why his in-laws reacted to him as they did. He went home to establish a more mature relationship with them—and his cardiac symptoms never reappeared."

As Young pioneered the techniques of getting beyond symptoms to the root of the trouble, he came to see that three factors were of paramount importance. These were "relating," "accepting" and "listening." "Relating" required that the counsellor should convince the patient that he was sharing his experience with someone who understood and cared, who perhaps could see his situation more objectively than he himself could, and who wanted, more than anything else in the world, to help. "Accepting" demanded that the counsellor should show no evidence of moral disapproval, no matter how distasteful the patient's revelations. "Listening" ("the heart of all effective counselling," Young says) had to be "active, reassuring, interpretative."

The most delicate part of the counselling process, Young found, came when the story was all out, the catharsis complete. Having fully unburdened themselves—which might take many hours, or even weeks—patients tended to feel an overwhelming sense of relief. It was sometimes difficult to convince them that this was not a cure, but was merely the first step back to health.

To a woman who came with a marriage problem and, after what seemed like full ventilation of her disrupted home situation, exclaimed, "Oh, I feel so relieved; now I'm cured!" Dick Young said gently, "Tell me, *what are you cured of?*" The woman stammered, "Why, as I've talked, I've resolved not to nag my husband any longer, but just accept him and his failings."

Young said, "Is that all? Then we need to talk some more." Slowly she began to see that her husband's "failings" were largely reactions against her own determination to alter him, her unwillingness to accept him as a person. "When she saw *that,* and was ready to begin

work on herself, she *was* cured. And so, in time, was her sick marriage."

Giving a patient insight into his real problem was sometimes enough. Often it wasn't. Some patients had to be jolted into action by what Dick Young calls his "shock therapy." To a man whose problem was a secret affair with his secretary, but who dallied over breaking it off, he said tartly, "You're wasting my time. You know what you must do. Make a decision one way or another, and stick to it." The man did, and his health and marriage were saved.

He was no less blunt with a brawny troublemaker who, facing a serious operation, was obviously covering up his fears by profane bluster that upset nurses and other patients—and hoisted his own temperature to hazardous levels. To him Dick Young said pointedly, "Why do you think it's necessary to throw your weight about? You're just scared, and you know it." Surprised, the big man discarded his bluster. Tears came into his eyes. "You're right, chaplain. Will you pray for me while I'm on the operating table?" Young promised; the man was on the table for five hours, but came through well. "Today," Young says, "he is one of my best friends."

Who Treats What

THE LINE of demarcation between psychiatry and spiritual counselling is fixed in neither theory nor practice. "We meet in the middle of the individual's emotions," Young defines it tersely. But this unmarked boundary has never affected his warm co-operation with the hospital psychiatric staff. When he found himself baffled by a patient's symptoms, Young would drop into the office of Dr. Angus Randolph, then resident psychiatrist, describe the case and conclude frankly, "I can't make any sense of it at all. Do you see a pattern here?"

The close working relationship that developed soon proved its value to both men. The psychiatric clinic was swamped with a mass of cases. Young's presence enabled the staff to weed out those who were more in need of a trained minister's counselling than of full-dress psychiatric treatment, and thereby to concentrate on the most serious cases. Young in turn would sometimes uncover deep-seated psychopathic tendencies in the course of routine marriage counselling; by referring the victims immediately to the psychiatric staff he materially increased their chances of recovery.

One case in particular illustrates the insight Young developed as the result of such co-operation. An attractive student nurse came into his office one afternoon in a state of acute depression. "I was doing well in my work until recently," she told him, "when I started crying over little things that I would never have noticed before. I can't concentrate. My marks are going down. I don't know what's come over me."

As his questioning revealed that here were no romantic entanglements, none of the commonplace personal or parental abrasions that generally underlie problems of this kind, Young began to suspect that a much deeper conflict lay at the heart of the girl's symptoms. To explore this possibility he shifted his enquiries into broader perspective.

Counselling that proceeds on the simple basis of single question-and-answer is fruitless. To get to the core of a patient's problems the counsellor must fire a barrage of three or four related questions at once; the very order in which the patient elects to answer them may provide significant clues to the experienced therapist.

"Tell me something about your background," Young requested. "Are your parents living? How many children are there in the family? Which one were you closest to?"

The girl had hardly begun to describe her home life before she paused momentarily, a barely perceptible flicker of emotion crossing her face. "My parents had four children," she said, and then hurriedly, "but one of them died. My mother worked——"

"Just a minute," Young interrupted. "You say one of the children is dead. Would you tell me how it happened?"

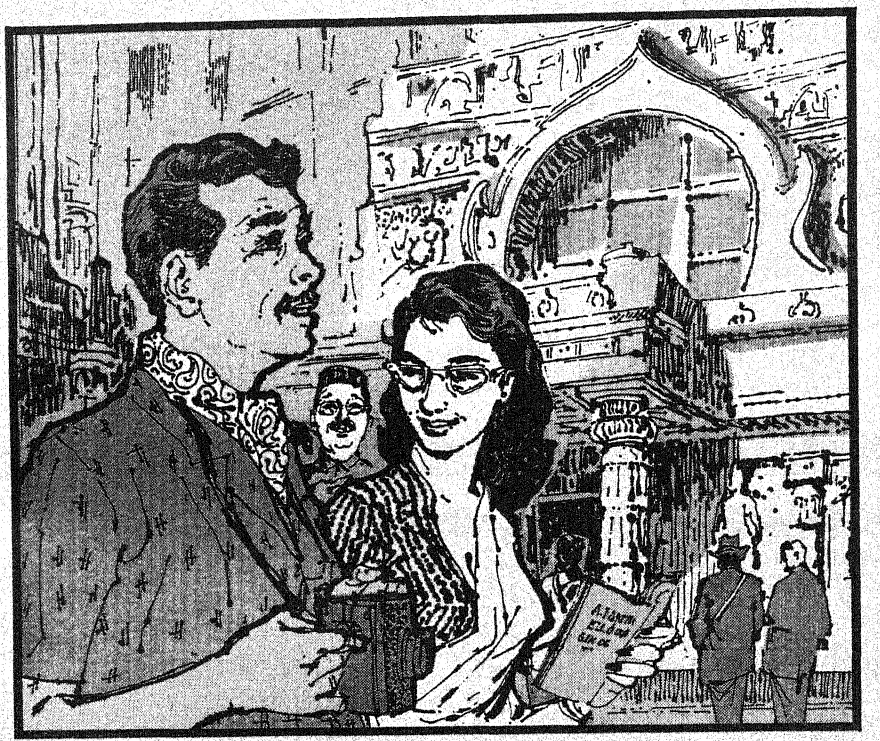
The nurse winced; here surely was the hidden wound. But what had kept it from healing?

Gradually the clues began to emerge. As a teenager, the nurse had had to assume most of the responsibility for her baby brother while her mother worked. "I almost came to feel that Billy was my own child," she confessed. One spring day she had seen the boy reaching out from the bank of a pond to pick a water lily. Terrified, she had snatched him up and spanked him. "If you had fallen in we would have had to dig a deep dark hole and cover you up with earth," she had said, in a childish effort to make him understand how dangerous the water was.

Three days later, following his mother across the street, the boy had been struck by a car and killed. The young girl had had to watch the grim fulfilment of the threat she had depicted so precisely only a few days before. She was too shocked to tell anyone about it, too shocked even to cry.

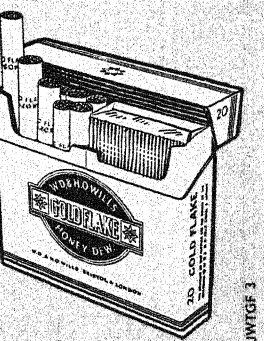
Young knew that something must have subsequently set in motion the grief which she had been unable to release on that terrible day. Gently he asked, "Had you formed any emotional attachment to a patient here in the hospital who died recently, perhaps just before your crying spells developed?"

She had, to an elderly woman. Her overwhelming subconscious need to release her grief had seized upon this subsequent, otherwise unconnected death, though in a confused and indirect fashion. As the



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strange link dawned upon her she dropped her head on her knees and sobbed uncontrollably, venting the pent-up anguish that had been festering for four years.

"Go ahead and cry," Young reassured her. "I'd cry too." His calm, understanding acceptance of her outburst was a greater balm than any sedative in the medicine chest.

But the next step Young took was, in the long run, the most important of all. Once the girl's tears had washed her emotional dross away he suggested that she should take an entirely fresh look at her relationship with her brother. "I'll bet there were times when you wanted to do things at school and you couldn't because you had to come home and care for him," he suggested. "You were saddled with too much responsibility for a 15-year-old, and at times you must have resented it."

Drawing upon all the technical psychological knowledge he had acquired, as well as his own profound understanding of the human heart, he then led the young nurse to see, as she reviewed a series of long-forgotten incidents, how her resentments had grown beneath the surface, how they had been transformed into a deep sense of guilt upon her brother's death. He explained that such divided emotions are common to all normal relationships, and that she therefore had nothing to be ashamed of. "You loved your little brother far more than you resented him," he concluded.

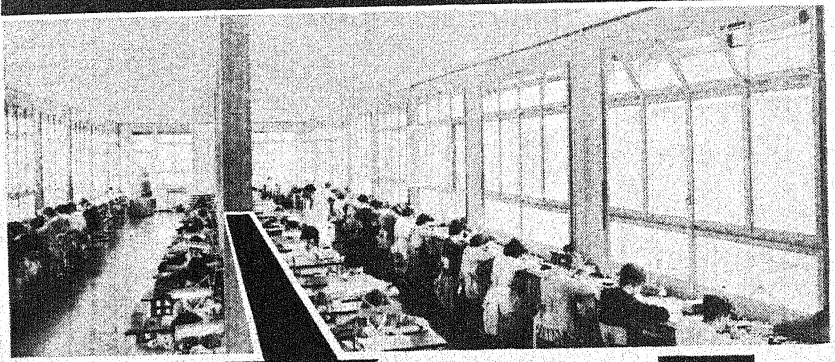
In this instance, Young's therapy went beyond the cure of mere physical symptoms. The girl achieved a measure of mature self-knowledge that would be of inestimable value for the rest of her life. "What kind of work could possibly provide greater rewards?" Young asks in summing up the case.

Young Launches a School

In 1947, following the plan he'd had in mind from the beginning, Young decided that it was time to pass on to others what he had learnt, and launched his School of Pastoral Care. The hospital backed the project with enthusiasm and, from a first pilot class of eight carefully selected students, enrolment has steadily increased year by year.

To reach the largest possible number of ministers, training is now provided at several different levels. Ten resident posts of a year's duration are offered annually, five of them salaried and limited to Baptists only, the other five open to all denominations. Trainees in this programme rank with the hospital's resident assistant doctors and surgeons, and each year two of them are given a further year of resident training. Recurrent six-week courses for pastors are also offered from September to May, and eight-week summer courses for seminary students. Some 500 ministers clinically trained by Young are now applying their insight in 15 countries, including India, Nigeria,

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Dick Young is deeply convinced that pastoral care of the sick is so delicate an art that no seminary should graduate ministers without it. He says, "A medical doctor is not permitted to go directly from the classroom to practise medicine; he must have a year of supervised clinical experience. How much more should this principle apply to the training of physicians of the soul!"

All classes are limited to ten people, and lectures are kept to a minimum. "Skill in intensive counselling does not come from reading a book or hearing a lecture," Dick Young says. "It comes by exposing yourself to the hurt of humanity." His staff and students made 70,000 such "exposures" last year alone. Brought face to face with people in their most agonized moments, seminarians find the experience both humbling and spiritually challenging.

He tells of one seminary graduate who swept grandly into the school and annoyed everyone with his attitude of superiority. "He had a degree in psychology, knew psychiatry's jargon, could quote from every authority on pastoral counselling—yet had never met a really troubled person face to face." After putting up patiently with the young man's lofty theological theory, laced with Freudian lingo, Young said quietly,

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Young himself never uses the complex technical language of psychiatry, although he knows it well. "I'm convinced you don't really understand something," he says, "unless you can talk to *anybody* about it." And he tells his students, "You're being trained to become not second-class psychiatrists, but ministers of the grace of God, *practical* theologians. No pat answers or stereotyped solutions will do for people whose problems are as personal as their thumb prints."

In his view, a simple prayer and an exhortation to read the Bible and think positively may be a superficial panacea but seldom a cure. When a young pastor taking part-time clinical training jubilantly reported that he had healed a broken marriage, Young asked how he had done it. "Oh, I got the pair down on their knees together, prayed with them, and then got them to kiss and make it up." Next week when the student returned, Young asked him, "How are your reunited couple getting on?" Crestfallen, the young pastor replied, "They're not. They separated that same day."

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Pastoral care that is mostly exhortation, says Young, is "placing a truth down over a trouble, not pulling it out by the roots; sooner or later the emotional problem will blow the lid off."

Sending his students into the rooms and wards, he tells them, "If you know anything about man's heartbreak and God's love, here's the place to apply that understanding. Up on those floors you won't hear what the poets call the music of the spheres. You'll hear what Wordsworth called the 'still, sad music of humanity.' Absorb it—until it breaks your heart!"

To test their absorbing ability he requires full written reports of interviews with patients. These "verbatims" are studied by the staff, discussed in class, subjected to piercing analysis. To measure growth in "receptive and reflective" listening, Young submits each student to a scientific "listening test" at the start and conclusion of his course.

"What you learn here," Young tells his trainees, "will be as useful in a parish as in the chaplaincy. Every church, every community, is full of people with problems. Clinical training will make you better ministers—wherever you are called to serve."

"Thy Sins Be Forgiven"

DEALING with guilt feelings—the sense of having sinned against oneself, against some other person, against God—is perhaps the major problem in Young's School of Pastoral Care.

Nowhere is modern psychiatry undergoing so sharp a revision of thought as in its approach to these morbid symptoms. The theory used to be: dredge up your guilt feelings, talk about them, look at them in the light of day—and they'll go away. "The trouble was," says one prominent psychoanalyst, "that for many they didn't go away. I discovered that it takes more than just uncovering guilt as the psychogenic factor in illness; there must be an assurance of forgiveness. For such patients I now engage the help of a minister."

Before this attitude became widespread, doctors often resented Young delving into guilt feelings. Anxious to keep their patients relaxed, their blood pressure down, they feared anything that would make the patients even temporarily more tense.

To one such doctor, Young said bluntly, "The medical profession must learn that a chaplain's role itself arouses guilt. He doesn't have to say a word; his very presence does it. A patient often has to get worse emotionally before he can get better physically and spiritually. Peace of mind is no more possible to a man harbouring real guilt than is bodily health to a man with a hidden cancer. I'd no sooner try to create spiritual tranquillity in the admittedly guilty—even for so excellent a reason as to keep his blood pressure down—than you

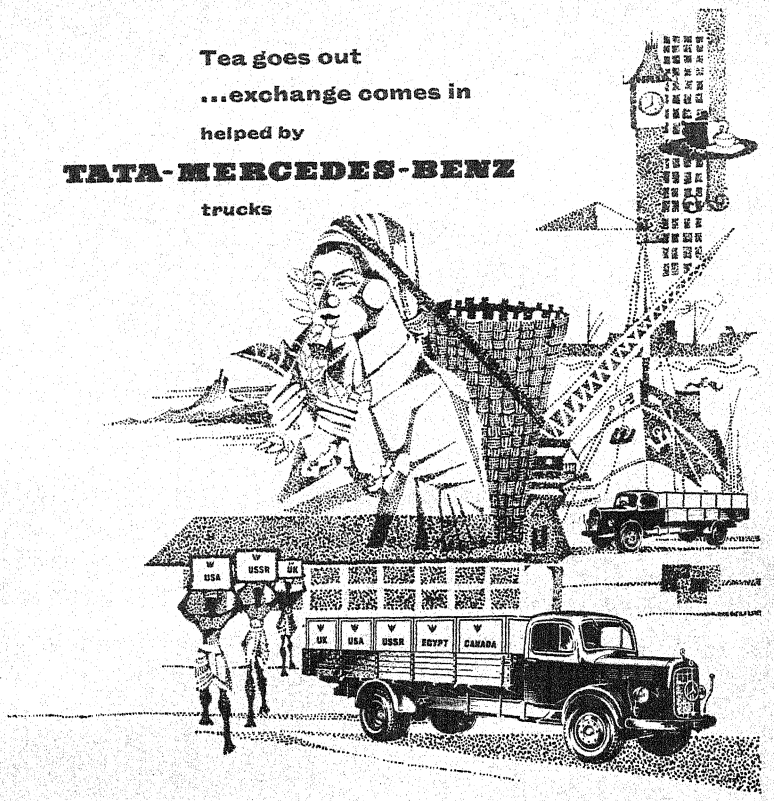
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would slap sticking-plaster on a festering boil!"

A case in point was that of Tom Arnold,* a puzzler to the whole gastro-enterology section of the hospital. For over a year the 43-year-old businessman had been treated for severe and repeated relapses of ulcerative colitis. Now Tom was back with his most acute attack—one that might easily prove fatal.

Dick Young was called in. "Something's troubling this man," said the gastro-intestinal specialist, "that neither the psychiatrist nor I have been able to discover. He has admitted mental and emotional stress over a divorce two years ago, plus various business worries. And he's had the best help psychiatry can give in handling such anxieties. But I suspect we've both been treating symptoms. Maybe you can uncover the real cause."

For hours Young sat by Tom's bedside, skilfully leading him to talk about his problems. Finally Tom blurted out, "There's something else I haven't told you; I've got to get it off my chest." And out came the details of an affair he was having with a married woman. "Only yesterday," he said, "her husband found out. Last night I got this attack. There must be some connexion. What can I do?"

The chaplain replied, "You've diagnosed your own case; you can write your own prescription. Isn't it that you must break off this affair, confess, and ask forgiveness of the two people you've wronged and of the God whose laws you've violated? You can be well only when you're ready to take that medicine. Are you?"

Tom Arnold was ready—and did. In the five years since, he has had no recurrence of colitis.

Guilt feelings take many forms, produce many complications. Even when no actual wrong has been done, merely dallying with the temptation to transgress our own moral standards can induce degenerative symptoms.

Such was the curious case of Everett Barton, brought in with a paralysed right arm. A neurologist could find nothing physically wrong. His motor responses, even in the affected member, were perfect. The doctor said, "You have what we call functional paralysis. Will you see one of our psychiatrists?"

Barton flared. "Of course not, I'm not mad. It's my arm. You're a specialist—cure it!"

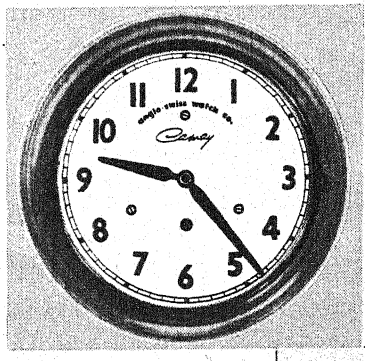
The neurologist shrugged. "We'll try." Back in his office he called the School of Pastoral Care. Within the hour Dick Young casually stopped at Barton's bedside, introduced himself. "Glad to see you, chaplain," said Barton. "I'm pretty active in the Church myself; financial secretary. Easy job for me, though; I'm an accountant by trade."

Young deftly led the conversation round to the difficulties of relating

* Real names of patients mentioned here are changed, for obvious reasons.

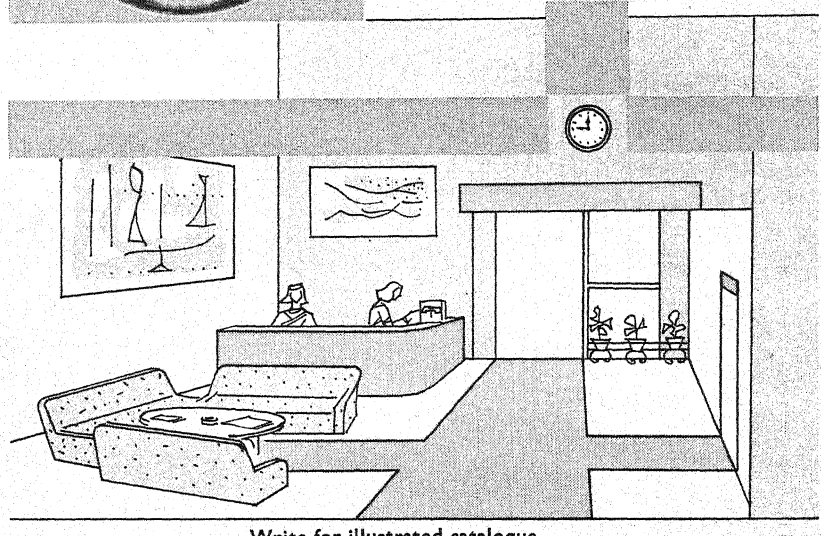
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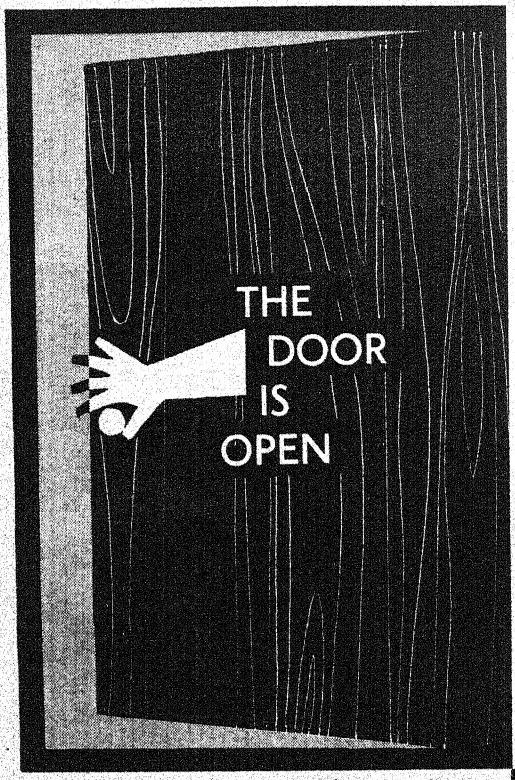
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one's Christian faith to the realistic demands of secular work. Barton responded, "Don't I know it! I've been with one firm for 20 years. Only the other day my employer asked me to fiddle the firm's accounts—for income-tax purposes. When I objected, he hinted that he could get another book-keeper. But this arm trouble developed before I could get started."

"Think there's any connexion?" Young asked.

"How could there be?" Barton demanded.

Young explained: "A man's conscience is a powerful thing; may it not be that yours resolved this moral problem by making it physically impossible for you to obey your employer?"

Barton nodded thoughtfully. "But what can I do?" he asked. "I'm getting on in years, and jobs aren't plentiful."

"We all have to make our own decisions," Young replied. "But I have a notion that if you follow your conscience your paralysis will disappear."

The next day Barton went home, explained to his employer why he couldn't be a party to dishonesty—and almost immediately regained the use of his arm. Instead of being given the sack, he got a rise. Said his employer, "That conscience of yours taught us both a lesson!"

In Dick Young's view, the Bible is the perfect casebook in this area of psychotherapy. God is described as one "who forgiveth all thine iniquities and healeth all thy diseases." Says Young, "Note the sequence there! Christ invariably addressed His prescription for healing to the spiritual, first. To the palsied man asking only for physical help, He said, 'Son, thy *sins* be forgiven thee' —and the palsy disappeared. Knowing that a healed body with a sin-guilty soul would soon relapse, He said to the paralytic healed at the Bethesda pool, 'Sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee.'

"It's as true today as it was when that Book was written: the most powerful force in the universe is Christian love."

Allaying Morbid Fears

JUST AS the sound application of religious insights can be used to cure the sick, so religious misconceptions and distortions can often contribute to illness. The view of God as vengeful, vindictive, spying on human frailty in order to punish us—an image sometimes invoked by parents in an unthinking effort to "discipline" their children—underlies a common pattern of neurotic guilt feelings. When any injury or illness strikes, victims of such garbled teachings quickly conclude, "It's God's punishment for something I've done!"

Closely allied is the morbid fear of having committed an "unpardonable sin." Although, according to Young, "Nine out of ten people who use this phrase can't define what

they mean by it to save their lives," the obsession can be emotionally devastating. Gripped by an overwhelming sense of despair, such patients frequently adopt what psychologists call a "death wish." Restoring their will to live, a task for which the clerical members of the healing team are uniquely suited, can often mean the difference between life and death.

Says Dr. Eben Alexander, neurosurgeon and chief of professional services at the hospital, "Every doctor knows from bitter experience that when a patient says, 'Doctor, I'm going to die,' the chances are that, no matter how minor the procedure or how skilful the treatment, the patient *will* die." Except in emergency cases where delay would be fatal, Dr. Alexander refuses to operate until such a patient's outlook can be changed. "But," he says, "our chaplains can often achieve that change."

Sometimes, the analysis of religious symptoms attendant upon physical illness can lead to the solution of otherwise baffling cases. Such was the problem of a woman admitted to the hospital with a crippling functional disorder which defied ordinary medical diagnosis. Interviewed by a chaplain, she confided in hopeless tones, "I've lost my relationship to God."

As the counsellor carefully reviewed the history of her religious maladjustment, signs of a closely related underlying problem gradually emerged. After her marriage, the woman had moved back to her father's farm with her husband. There they had become embroiled in a bitter dispute over crop management, and as a result she had not spoken to her father for over a year. As time passed, her depression over this alienation grew so intense that she became unable to pray. Convinced that she was isolated from God, she had fallen victim to the illness which brought her to the hospital. With these facts at their disposal, the chaplain and the psychiatric staff, working in conjunction, were able to restore the woman's sense of emotional and religious harmony, and as a result her physical symptoms rapidly improved.

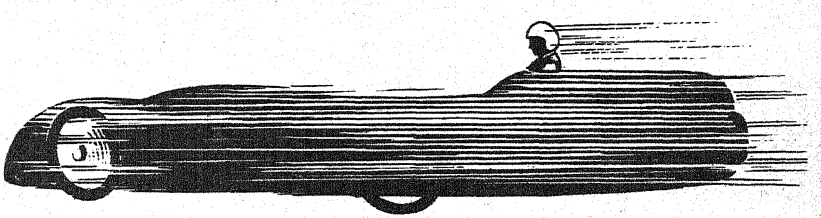
Of course, not all the problems the School of Pastoral Care deals with call for "theological answers." "We do not throw the Bible at everyone," says Young.

There are, for example, patients who, consciously or unconsciously, *use* their illnesses to escape from some intolerable situation, to secure affection not given to them in health, to gain sympathy for their "martyrdom." Confounding medical wisdom by refusing to get well, such people make up a large proportion of the chronically ill who, according to medical surveys, consume from one-half to three-quarters of busy doctors' and nurses' time.

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brought to the hospital—each time with a different malady. "Every germ in the neighbourhood seems to hit me," she reported. Dick Young discovered that she and her husband lived next door to her mother—a dominating, over-protective woman who, ever since her daughter's girlhood bout of rheumatic fever, had insisted on running her life. "Why am I such a weakling?" the girl wailed. Young replied, "Move to the other side of the town." She did, over three years ago—and hasn't been back to the hospital since.

The characteristic attitude of the martyr type—an exaggerated sense of "duty"—can often induce hypertension. Such was the case of a woman in her middle fifties, whose excessively high blood pressure, resisting all medication, puzzled cardiac specialists. Dick Young took over, gradually getting the patient to talk at length about her family. The story that came out: she had been the eldest child of a large family. When she was 14, her mother died, saying, "Dear, now you must take my place." For years she kept her promise, refusing to marry until all the others had homes of their own. Even after her own marriage she felt responsible, spending herself endlessly for those who no longer needed her.

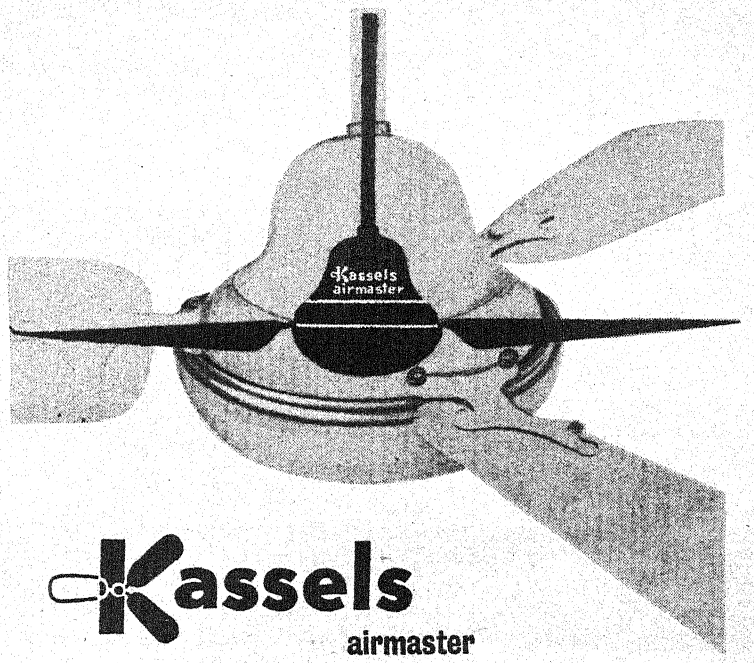
At the end of the long recital, Young said, "Your family must be grateful to you for sacrificing your own interests to mother them through the years." The woman's glow of pleasure faded a little when he added, "But isn't it wonderful that they are now all happily able to care for themselves and you are free at last?" Then understanding swept over her face. "I'm *not* responsible any more, am I? How silly I've been! They would probably be happier if I gave up interfering, wouldn't they?"

Says her doctor, "Almost immediately her blood pressure sank to nearly normal—and stayed there. Her whole life was altered. She's now leading an active, full existence —without the artificial burden she had refused to let go until Dick Young led her to see what she was doing to herself and the others."

Stories of similar healing achievements are legion. But Dick Young would be the last to claim that spiritual therapy invariably cures all people of their ills—much less solves all the problems that cause them. Many take years to work out. The important thing is, he says, that we should gain insight into our real trouble and identify our resources for handling it.

The Growth of Outpatient Counselling

ONE MUCH-APPRECIATED function of Young's counselling staff is serving the needs of anxious relatives. "In times of crisis no doctor, however sympathetic, can give much time to a patient's family," says Dr. Alexander, "though they certainly deserve all the information



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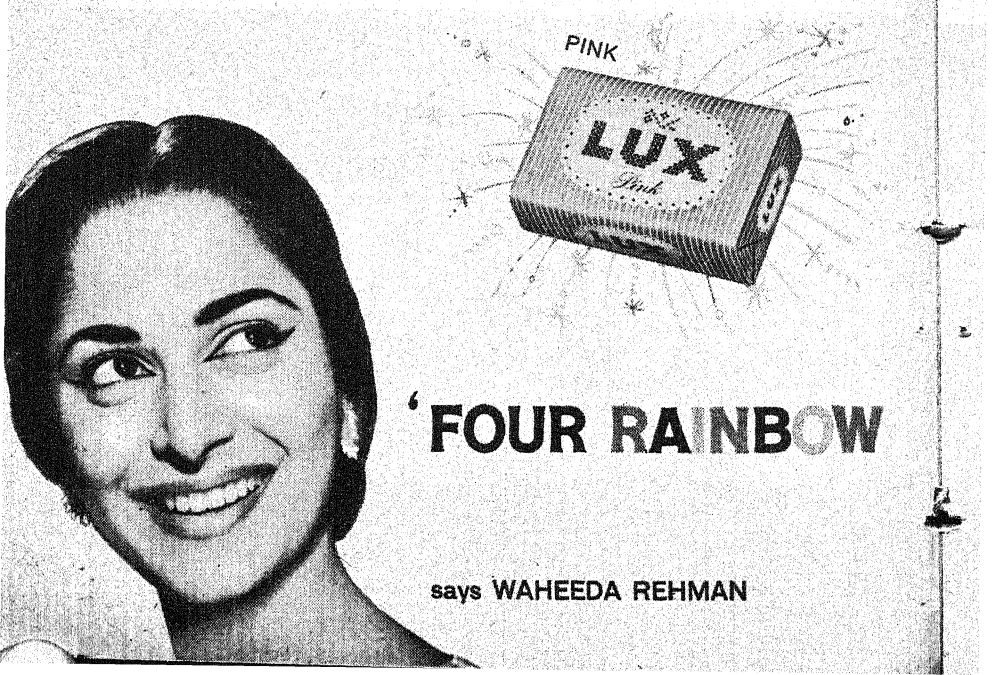
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available. Almost every hospital has had sad experiences with relatives nearly berserk with anxiety and frustration. But we have not had one such incident since the chaplains took over."

A dramatic instance of this service occurred after a tragic school fire in 1957 in which one child and one teacher died, and seven children were seriously burned. As soon as news of the fire became known, the medical staff mobilized swiftly to receive the young victims being rushed by ambulances from the scene, a little hamlet 50 miles away. As swiftly, Dick Young deployed his force of 21 ministers; some were stationed at the hospital entrance to meet the parents; others stayed in the operating theatre and wards to keep advised of each young patient's condition; still others were assigned as messengers to relay such progress reports.

When the parents arrived, frantic and in a state of shock, they were met by ministers who explained why they could not see their children at once, were taken to the homelike waiting-room where piped-in chimes played comforting hymns. For hours the efficient service operated, calming the parents, providing them with refreshments, consolation, confidence—and regular reports from the doctors. Not a single case of hysteria developed.



Another particularly fruitful adjunct to the centre's healing facilities is the "outpatient counselling service." This service enables the hospital to follow a patient into his home and community, where his troubles were bred in the first place.

Outpatient counselling was not a part of Young's original plan at North Carolina Baptist Hospital. But many patients requested that the chaplain should talk with members of their families, or returned for additional counselling after being discharged from the hospital. Patients told friends, who began to call for appointments, and pastors frequently referred members of their congregation to this service. By 1953 the demand for outpatient counselling was so great the hospital administrator agreed to provide additional personnel to handle it.

A glance at the appointments calendar for a typical week indicates the broad range of problems dealt with: a man from a near-by town came because he had been unable to control his drinking for eight years after his father's death. The mother of a retarded child feared having any more children, but her husband insisted that he wanted a son. A young engineer came because his fear of failure had become so acute that it was seriously hampering his work. A couple brought in their 14-year-old daughter because she had



been expelled from two schools; helping the girl led to counselling with both her parents.

The outpatient service handles over 4,500 visits a year from men and women suffering from kindred difficulties. Many come from more than 100 miles away for each session; almost half come from outside Winston-Salem.

In addition, "extended care" is supplied by the network of pastors (237 in North Carolina alone) who have taken clinical training under Young and who now give concentrated pastoral attention to ex-patients and their families. Hundreds of doctors, many trained at the Bowman Gray School of Medicine, stand ready to join with these pastors in applying the healing-team approach to keeping discharged patients well.

Hospital administrator Reid Holmes credits the work of the outpatient pastoral counselling clinic with "an amazingly effective job of preventive medicine." Evidence of its value is the hospital's strikingly low record of chronic or "repeat" patients. "This pastoral-care programme," says Holmes flatly, "is the finest thing we do."

The Beckoning Future

THE SPREAD of the healing-team concept is almost as impressive as its practice at the Baptist medical centre in Winston-Salem. Although Young's school is unique in holding equal status with the centre's schools of medicine and nursing, 63 other U.S. hospitals now offer clergymen some form of clinical training in pastoral care of the sick.

Dick Young himself has done much to disseminate interest in the movement. With his associates, he writes voluminously on the subject in books, medical journals and church publications. In addition, he regularly conducts, with the aid of the hospital medical staff, three-day "pastoral-care institutes" for ministers unable to take his standard courses. A recent one drew 350 clergymen. He also conducts one-day workshops at ministerial conferences. Everywhere he goes he encourages ministers to join in "volunteer chaplaincy" programmes for their local hospitals.

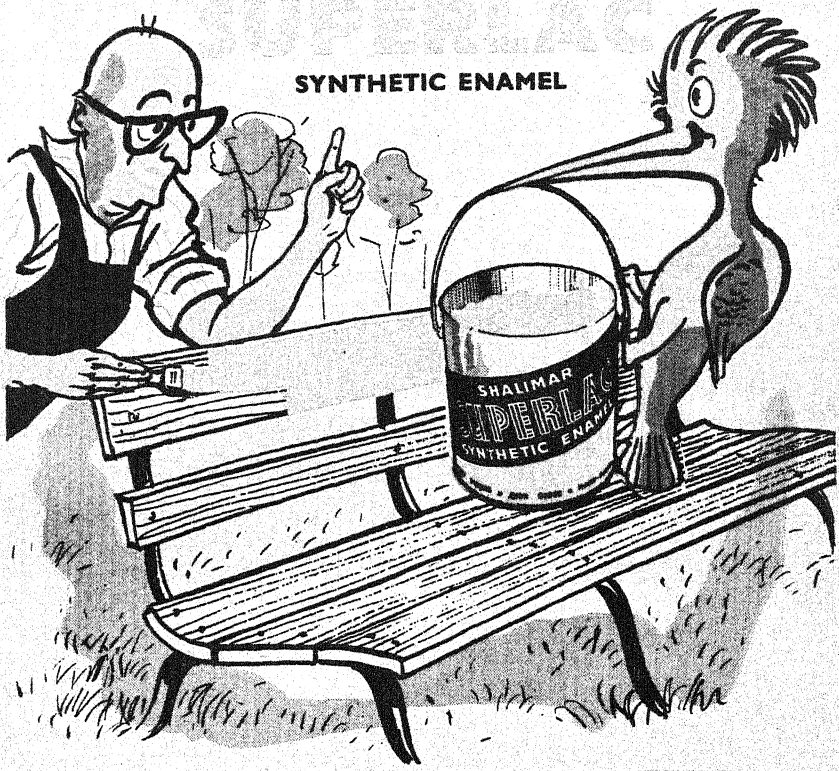
Graduates of his School of Pastoral Care return to their parishes to promote doctor-minister get-togethers on a community-wide basis. You can hear hundreds of stories of successful co-operation. A prominent doctor proudly told me, "Men of the two professions—some of whom for years were scarcely on speaking terms—are realizing at last how closely allied their disciplines are." Speaking to the Texas Medical Association, its president, Dr. Milford Rouse, said, "the most fundamental of all partnerships in medicine is with the ministry."

To Dick Young, this modern alliance is new in practice but not in concept. "Almost two dozen centuries ago," he says with a wry grin

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creasing his lean face, "the author of the *Charmides* dialogue wrote that 'if the head and the body are to be well, you must begin by curing the soul; that is the first thing.' We're just catching up with Plato!"

Psychiatry, too, is moving gradually towards similar co-operation with religion. Sparked off by a serious desire for mutual understanding of each other's disciplines, more than a dozen top-level meetings between clergymen of all faiths and psychiatrists of all schools were held during the past three years alone. "The greatest discovery of modern psychiatry is the soul," says one prominent psychiatrist, "not as just another name for the mind, but as an area in its own right, affecting both mind and body for good or ill."

The well-known British psychiatrist, Dr. J. A. Hadfield, maintains, "As a student of psychotherapy who, as such, has no concern with theology, I am convinced that the Christian religion is one of the most potent influences we possess for producing that harmony and confidence of soul needed to bring health to a large proportion of nervous patients." After 30 years of experience, Freud's great disciple Jung confessed that among all his patients over 35, "not one has been really healed who did not regain his religious outlook."

Dick Young summarized the modern practice of comprehensive healing as follows:

The *doctor* says, "Here is a body that is ill. I will address myself to that illness, and with the latest drugs and surgical techniques I will make this body well."

The *psychiatrist* says, "Here is a mind with an anxiety that has made the patient physically and mentally ill. By analysis I will help him to gain insight into his problem, and by drawing upon his own resources he can help to heal himself."

The *minister* says, "Here is an immortal soul, whose sick body and disturbed mind have defeated him as a person. By giving him love and understanding, and by pointing him towards resources outside himself, I will help him to get beyond his body-mind disorders to their underlying cause: his sense of disharmony with himself, his fellows and his God."

Together all members of the healing team say, "Here is a man who is body, mind and soul. His whole health is the sum of the health of the three. Only by working together, each in his own speciality, can we heal the whole man."

Dick Young finds it intriguing that this modern move towards co-operation comes more enthusiastically from leaders in the medical field than from those in the religious. "In inviting clergymen to join doctors in their total approach to the total person," he says, "medical science is affording the Church its greatest opportunity since Christ commanded His disciples to 'preach the gospel and heal the sick.'" THE END



Van Gogh: from a self-portrait

THE TORTURED SOUL of Vincent van Gogh

From "Lust for Life"

BY IRVING STONE

When, in 1890, Vincent van Gogh first found peace, only seven men gathered at his funeral; when, a few years ago, the Tate Gallery in London closed the first comprehensive exhibition of his paintings and drawings, a record number of 157,000 people had viewed the collection, and many more had finally to be turned away. For his entire life's work as an artist, van Gogh received less than £50 (Rs. 650); in July 1957 a single painting of his was sold in Paris for £31,000 (over Rs. 4 lakhs), and appraisals of the total value of his paintings and drawings range between £3 and £4 million (Rs. 4–5 crores).

Vincent van Gogh's paintings are among the most widely reproduced of any artist of any age. In them people of all countries recognize a warmth and essential goodness that reflects the passion for life which gripped their creator. "I want to paint humanity, *humanity, and again humanity!" Vincent once cried in defiance of conventionalized romantic art. And it is this universal quality of penetrating love—love for people, for nature, for the ordinary things of daily life—that gives greatness to his work and makes his tortured life one of the immortal stories of the world.*

The Tortured Soul of Vincent van Gogh

"SOME PEOPLE have all the luck. Look at this fellow—his uncle is half owner of all the Goupil Galleries in Paris, Berlin, Brussels, The Hague and Amsterdam, and they say the old man means to leave him the business. Another uncle owns big art shops in Brussels, and another the biggest firm in Holland. Why, the van Goghs are the greatest family of picture dealers in Europe. One day our red-headed friend will practically control Continental Art!"

The year was 1875, and his fellow clerks in Goupil's, of London, were speaking of Vincent van Gogh, almost 22, regarded as a most promising young man, though a bit eccentric. But Vincent himself had suddenly lost all delight in selling pictures. He was in love for the first time, and his love had been scorned.

The night when he had told Ursula, awkwardly, that he wanted her for his wife, she had looked at him with wide eyes. "Your wife! Why, that's impossible! I'm engaged. My fiancé is in Wales." She wrenched away from him, then turned and

"Lust for Life," by Irving Stone, is published by The Bodley Head, London

spoke in a whisper that struck him like a shout—"Red-headed fool!"

The blow stunned Vincent. And pain, curiously, made him both sensitive to pain in others and intolerant of the cheap and blatantly successful. "How can a man spend his life selling bad pictures to stupid people!" His sales dropped off until he was of no value whatever to the gallery. After a month, he calmly announced that he was through with the art business.

He became a curate in a Methodist school, to which came students from the slums of Victorian London. In their homes Vincent first saw real destitution; families herded into cold, barren rooms, shivering in rags, illness staring from their eyes.

One Sunday he was sent to preach at an important church, before a large and critical congregation. There, his fervour, his heavy-handed power, his penetrating eyes all had a tremendous effect. As his listeners crowded to shake his hand, he was thinking, if only he could lay this triumph at Ursula's feet, and share it with her! Tramping through the drenching rain he found her house all lit up, and carriages standing outside. Then Ursula and a tall man were framed in the doorway, and the crowd surged out, laughing, throwing rice . . . Vincent trudged back in the downpour, collected his belongings, and left England for ever.

He soon realized his unfitness for a clerical education. Night and day the question racked him: Did he want to become a clever gentleman clergyman? What about his ideal of personal service to the poor, the sick, the downtrodden? "I want," he argued, "to do God's practical work *—now, not five years from now!"*

"Vincent, why don't you go to the Borinage?" said a friend. "It's a coal region in Belgium, where the miners work always in danger from gas, explosion, or flood, at wages hardly enough to keep body and soul together. Their homes are tumbledown huts, and most of the year their families are shivering with cold or fever. These people need men like you, Vincent. And the Committee on Evangelization will give you a formal appointment."

VINCENT went. And shortly there was not a hut in the village where he had not brought food and comfort, nursed the sick, and prayed with the miserable. Around the miners' huts were a few dead trees and ash dumps; and over all, the tall chimneys spread black smoke 24 hours a day. The miners were small people with hunched-in shoulders and bony limbs: "Blackjaws," they were called, for soap was to them an impossible luxury. Until they die, the Borains never completely get the coal dust off their faces. By day the village seemed deserted: half a mile underground was the labyrinth city in which the population spent its waking hours from childhood until death. Not one

miner had ten francs put away. Often Vincent would give away his own few francs.

When Vincent came back to his room one day, nearly insane from the grief and suffering about him, he looked at his own comfortable bed, its clean sheets and pillows; he surveyed his complete wardrobe. He had more food in one meal than the miners had in a week. Suddenly he felt himself a hypocritical liar and coward, preaching the virtues of poverty, but living in comfort and plenty. He packed up his extra clothes to give to the neediest; he moved into a shanty with no window, its floor the native earth, and swept by icy blasts. Now he was living like the miners, eating the same food, sleeping in the identical bed. He even rubbed coal dust on his face, to look like everyone else. At last he was one of them, and had won the right to bring them the Word of God.

February that year was bitter. Absorbed in collecting coal, preparing hot drinks and medicines, Vincent never found time to open his Bible. The Word had become a luxury the miners could not afford. As the cold abated, fever set in to take its place. Spending most of his salary on others, his vitality sapped by starvation rations, Vincent went round with a fever, his eyes two fire holes in their sockets; his nerves were jumpy, his cheeks hollow—but his chin stuck out as firmly as ever.

Then came the day when Vincent saw black figures scurrying excitedly away from the hoist building. "An accident! They're trapped!" Frightened women and children came running, some crying hysterically, others staring ahead, wide-eyed. A group appeared carrying three children wrapped in blankets, terribly burned: two girls of about nine and a boy of ten. All three were unconscious, the hair and skin burnt off every exposed part. Inside a cabin, Vincent undressed the first child. "Oil, oil, quick, and bandages!" The mother brought a little oil, then stood staring. "We have nothing for a bandage," she blubbered. Vincent grabbed off his coat, tore his shirt and undershirt into strips, and bandaged the child from head to foot; he did the same with the second girl. When he reached the boy, he had to cut up his woollen drawers for bandages.

At the mine, volunteer crews worked for 12 days without stopping. Since no coal had been brought up, no wages had been paid, and though now the village had not one centime, the miners struck. Vincent spent his next 50 francs on food, but soon there was nothing left, and the miners watched their families starve.

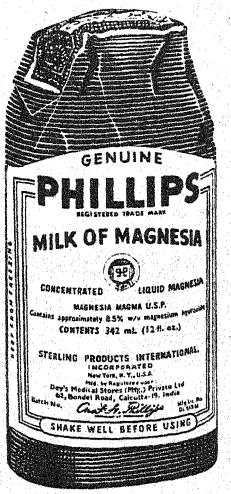
Just then the Committee on Evangelization, declaring Vincent's conduct "undignified and disgraceful," cut off his salary and forbade him to preach. And the mining company announced that if the men did not return to work at once the mine

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would be shut down permanently. A group came to Vincent: "What shall we do? You are the only man we trust. If you tell us to go back, we will. If you tell us to starve, we will do that." Vincent pleaded with the manager, but in the end, defeated, he had to tell the miners to go back. From that moment he felt that he could never preach to them again. God had turned a deaf ear to the miners, and Vincent had been unable to soften Him.

He had lost God and had lost himself. But months later, something came to life within Vincent: there must be some good in him; he was not altogether a fool and a wastrel—some contribution he could surely make to the world. But what? Sitting at the mine gate, he began sketching the miners as they emerged. That evening as he copied his rough studies, he realized that he was homesick for the world of pictures.

After that he was busy; again he entered the huts—with paper and crayon instead of a Bible. He sketched the children playing on the floor, the wife bending over the stove, or the family at supper. And he was happy. Not even serving God had brought such sheer ecstasy as creative art. Once, when for 11 days he had not one centime and lived off a few borrowed loaves, he did not complain, even to himself. What was the hunger of his belly, when his spirit was well fed?

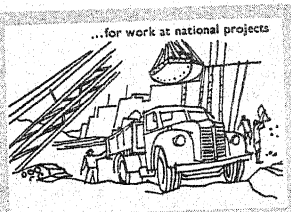
Again months passed, and then illness overtook him. He went to bed despondent, hollow-cheeked, fever in the bottomless pools of his green-black eyes. And there his brother Theo, arriving unannounced, found him. Theo, though only 23, was already a successful art dealer in Paris, with all the social amenities; Vincent was unwashed and unkempt, his coarse, red beard splashed all over his face. Theo was stricken with horror, for Vincent was to him the most important person in the world. Now Vincent needed him; he must be taken out of this hole, put on his feet . . . "Look here, Vincent, if you've really found your life's work, let's form a partnership. You supply the work, and I'll supply the funds. You can live where you like: Paris, Amsterdam, or The Hague. I don't care if it takes you years."

Hence it was that Vincent settled in The Hague as a pupil of Anton Mauve, a recognized painter. For his 14-francs-a-month "studio" he bought a kitchen table, two chairs and a blanket; he slept on the floor. But models were expensive, and if the 100 francs Theo sent each month were late, Vincent was sometimes left penniless. Was he to be hungry all his life? Was there never to be a moment of comfort or peace for him anywhere? And beside the pain of hunger stood always the pain of aloneness. Nowhere could he turn for companionship, for a friendly

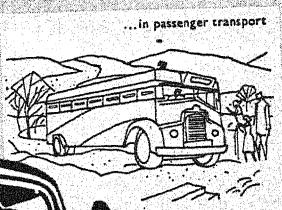
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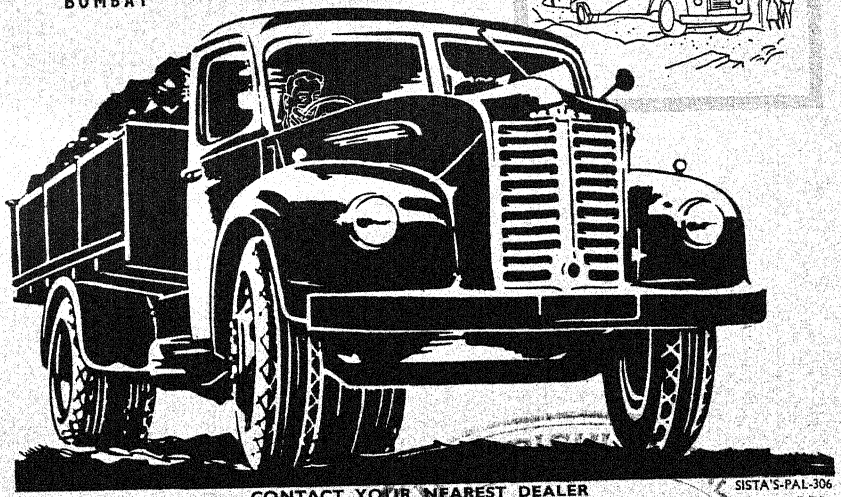
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word. One night he was sitting in a working-man's café, when the waiter spoke roughly to a woman at the next table: "More wine?"

"Haven't a sou," she replied.

Vincent turned. "Won't you have a glass with me?"

She was not young, not beautiful, but faded, with melancholy eyes—one over whom life had passed. "What do you do?" she asked.

"I'm a painter."

"Oh. That's a hell of a life too, isn't it? I'm a laundress except when I'm not strong enough——"

"And then?"

"Then back to the streets. Got to earn food for the kids."

"How many have you?"

"Five. I'm carrying another now." She produced the butt of a cigar and lit it.

They were silent—talked—and again were silent. Finally Vincent asked, "Will you let me come with you? I'm very much alone."

When Vincent awoke next morning, not alone, but with a fellow creature beside him, the world looked more friendly. He was grateful to Christine.

After a little she came every day to pose for him; then, gradually, to do his cooking, his washing and mending. For it all he gave her a franc a day.

But she was not a good housekeeper; she often flew into rages and

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used the vilest of words. Often both his money and his food ran out a week before Theo's money was due.

Vincent's first order came from his uncle, Cornelius van Gogh, wealthy art dealer. Twelve drawings, at two-francs-fifty each! And if these turned out well, 12 more—views of Amsterdam! Vincent was intoxicated with success.

In due time he sent off the 12 drawings, but he had to wait for his 30 francs. Meantime disapproval hit him from all sides. "You are forgetting that you are a van Gogh. You have been seen in questionable places and in the most questionable company." "Well, well, van Gogh, it's all over the town that you've taken a mistress—a hag at that!" And this in a letter from his uncle: "Vincent: Have just heard of your disgraceful conduct. Kindly cancel my order for drawings. C. V. G."

His whole fate now rested with Theo. Vincent wrote long letters, explaining, insisting that he intended to marry Christine, begging Theo not to desert him. In the end, Theo promised to continue his help, Vincent agreeing not to marry until he began to earn money.

Vincent worked with a new peace in his heart. In the Borinage he had slaved for God; here he had a new religion: that the figure of a labourer or a bit of sand, sea and sky were subjects so difficult, yet so

TINOPAL girl





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beautiful, that he could worthily devote his life to expressing their hidden poetry. The summer went well, for he left the house at dawn, to be gone until the light failed. But when winter forced him to work at home, things became difficult. He still rose at five to do the housework so that Christine would be free to pose, but she had different ideas. "I'm not a model no more," she protested. Then she would flare into fits of temper. "That's all you took me in for! So you could save money! I'm just a servant to you!" Finally he had to hire models, and so increased the number of days they were without food.

As winter slipped into spring, Vincent's circumstances grew worse. At last he wrote to Theo that he intended to sever his connexions with Christine. The answer was an extra 100 francs and a strong approval. Christine went with him to the station. Then, later, this note: "Dear Theo: I have gone to Arles. Put some paintings on the wall so that you won't forget me. With a handshake in thought, Vincent."

THE COLOUR of the southern countryside made Vincent run a hand over his bewildered eyes. The relentless, profound blue of the skies, the burning lemon-yellow of the sun, the blood-red of the soil, the rose of the orchards—how could he paint such incredible colourings? But every morning he rose before dawn, and every night he returned with a finished canvas. All his years of labour were expressing themselves now in a great burst of triumphal energy. And somehow, each canvas was a glowing, brilliant transcription of nature. Of personal life, he had none. He was a blind painting mechanism, working because he had to. One thing only was his life: the ability to create.

Though the fierce sun struck him blind, he never wore a hat. At night his head felt as if encased in a ball of fire. The Arlesiens, seeing him dashing about hatless, chin forward, his head red as raw meat, a feverish excitement in his eyes, gave him a name: "Fou-roux!" "Red-headed madman?" said Vincent. "Perhaps, but what can I do?"

When sleep would not come one night, Vincent went into the Maison de Tolerance. A girl slid into the next chair, smiling at him. "I'm Rachel," she said.

Vincent saw a plump face, wide, vacant blue eyes, and coiled-up black hair. "You're pretty, Rachel."

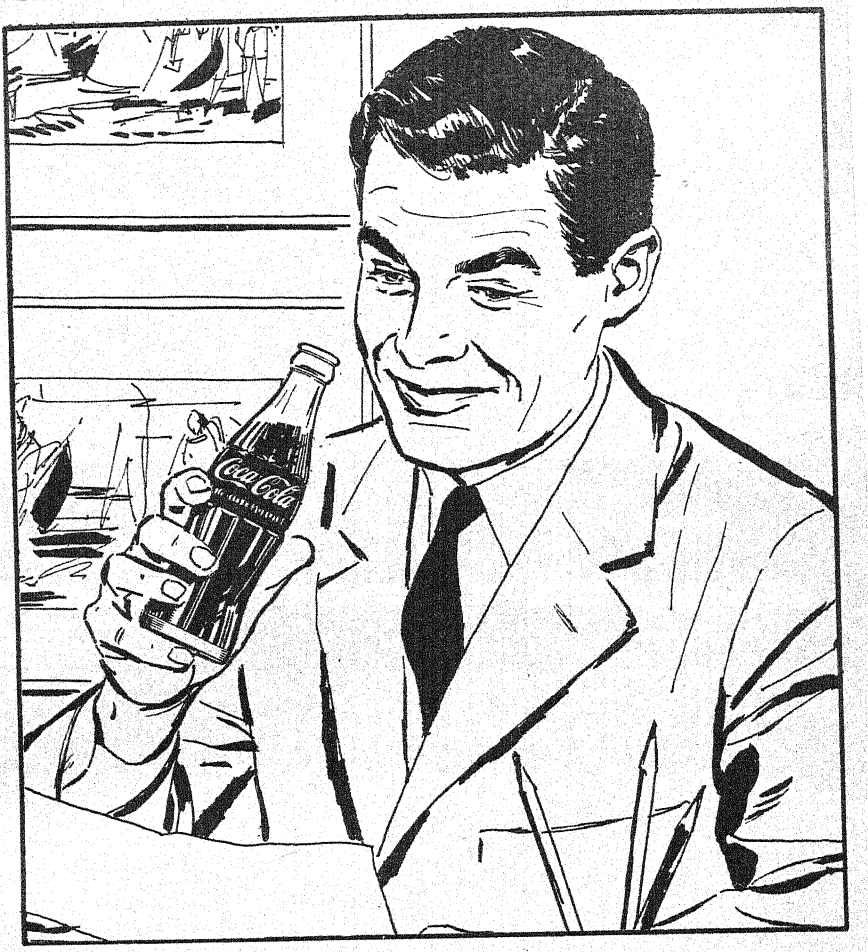
She smiled, and took his hand. "I like the men to like me. That makes it nicer, don't you think?"

When he was leaving, she kissed him on the ear. "Funny little ears," she cried, "just like a puppy's. Will you come to see me every night?"

"Not every night, Rachel. For one thing, I haven't the money."

"Then will you give me your ear? I'd like to have it to play with. Don't forget to send it."

All that summer he painted like a



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steam engine, until he was nearly dead with work. But again his money ran out, and for four days he lived on 23 cups of coffee and a loaf of bread. Then he found his yellow house, and fell desperately in love with it. A whole house, with red tile floors and whitewashed walls that caught the clean, bright sun, and all for 15 francs a month! And it was large enough for two men: how marvellous it would be to have his old artist friend Gauguin here! And Theo must always come for his holidays!

Gauguin arrived, and the meeting was hearty and boisterous, but the moment they were settled in the house, though they both worked like fiends, they began to disagree. By day they battled with their flaming palettes, but by night they battled with each other's strident egos. They resorted to absinth to quieten their nerves, but it only excited them the more. Glutted with sun, colour and absinth, they lacerated each other with rages more and more violent. One night in a café, Vincent flung his glass at Gauguin's head. Gauguin dodged, picked Vincent up, and carried him home to bed.

He was quiet for several days. Then after a moody, depressed supper, Gauguin left the house without speaking. Behind him he heard a well-known step, short, quick, irregular, and Vincent rushed at him, an open razor in his hand. Gauguin turned. Vincent stopped, glaring, then ran towards the house. Gauguin spent the night at the hotel.

Not long afterwards Vincent, his head bound in thick bandages, climbed the hill to the Maison de Tolerance and asked for Rachel. "Oh, it's you, Fou-roux! Are you coming up with me?"

"No, but here's your souvenir."

"How nice! What is it?"

"Open, and you'll see."

She unwrapped the bundle and stared in horror at a right ear, dripping blood. She fell down in a dead faint on the flagstones.

When Vincent awoke next day, Theo was at his bedside.

"Theo . . . always . . . when I wake up . . . and need you . . . you're by my side."

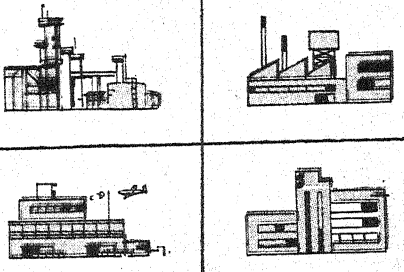
Theo could not speak.

Within two weeks, Dr. Rey permitted Vincent to paint again, but warned him to be careful. Weeks passed, and then suddenly one night in a café, he swept his plate to the floor, jumped up, and kicked over the table, "You're trying to poison me!" he screamed.

Two gendarmes came and carried him off to the hospital. Shortly after, with Theo's consent, Dr. Rey took him to St.-Remy, and the gate of the insane asylum closed behind him.

LATER, going over his illnesses, Vincent saw that the seizures were cyclical, coming every three months. And then a registered letter came from Theo: "At last! Your *Red*

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Vineyard has been sold for 400 francs! Congratulations, old boy! Soon we'll be selling you all over Europe!" That cheque was the largest sum Vincent had ever possessed at one time. His good fortune made him well overnight. Again he threw himself into work with a dumb fury. But, now that he knew just when his attacks were due, he would go to bed for a few days, then be up again and at work.

Two days before the next seizure was due, he went to bed in perfect health. The day arrived, and another —he still felt completely normal; a third day passed, and he laughed. "The doctor was wrong after all. I've seen the last of these things. Tomorrow I shall get to work!" . . . That night when everyone was asleep, he climbed out of bed, walked in bare feet down to the coal cellar, and smeared handfuls of coal dust over his face. "You see, now I am one of them. Now I can bring the Word of God to the miners!"

At dawn the guards found him there, whispering chaotic prayers, answering the voices which were pouring queer tales into his ear.

The doctor was Vincent's sympathetic friend, and loved paintings. "Ah, Vincent," he said one day, "if only I had painted one canvas like this! I cure people's pain—but they die, in the end. These sunflowers of yours—they will cure the pain in people's hearts, bring people joy, for centuries and centuries. That is why your life is successful—you should be a happy man!"

But Vincent was weary, unspeakably weary. And his mind was in constant torment: suppose Theo lost his job; suppose his own next attack left him a raving maniac; suppose . . .

One afternoon he took his easel and canvas and climbed the hill to the yellow cornfield. He turned his face upward to the sun. He pressed a revolver to his side and pulled the trigger. He sank down into the rich, pungent loam of the field, a more resilient earth returning to the womb of its mother.

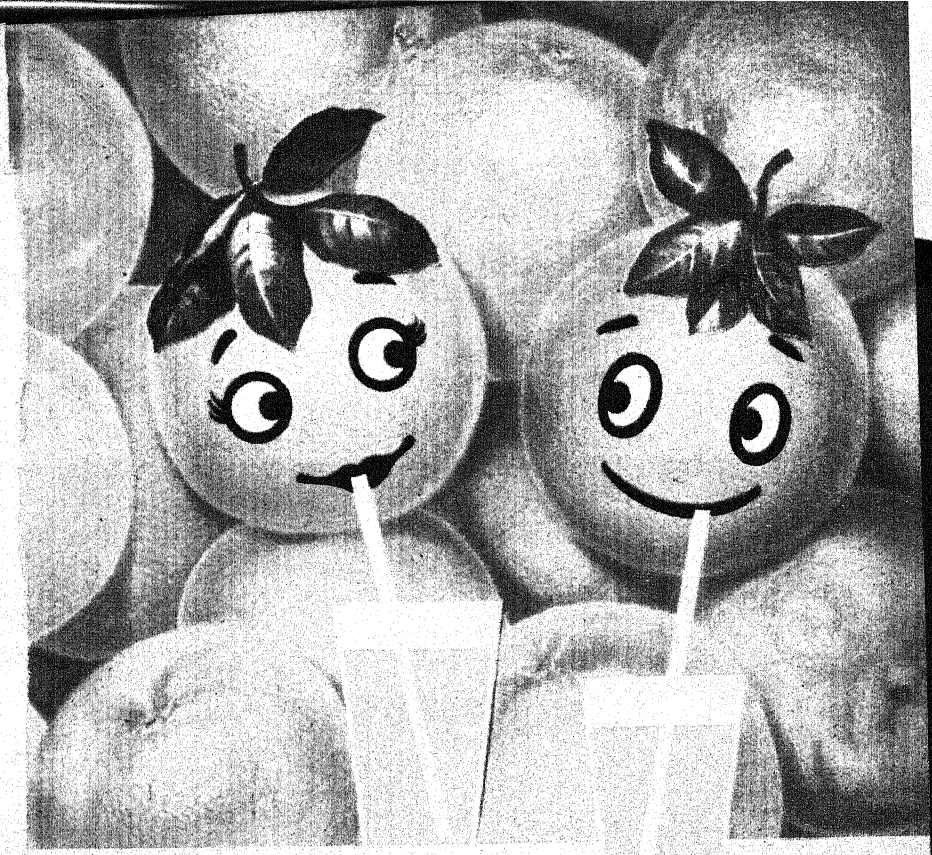
THE END

A Month of Sundays

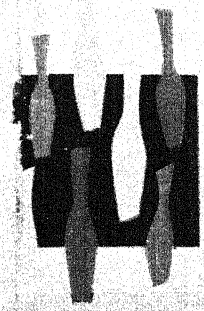
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"Why, I don't know about that," replied the vicar. "According to your reckoning I'm taking only a four-day holiday."

—Contributed by Stanley Wagner

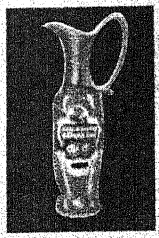


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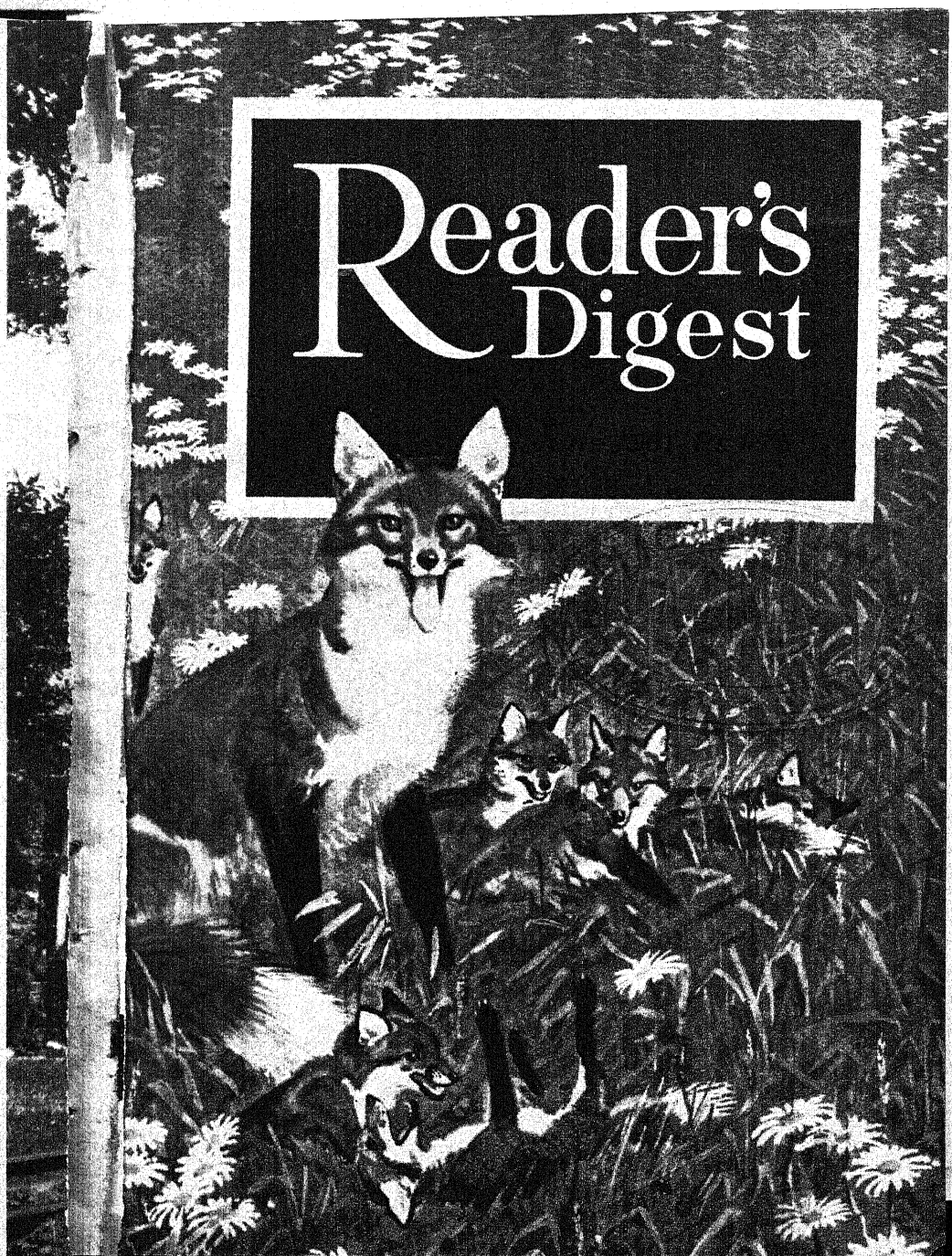
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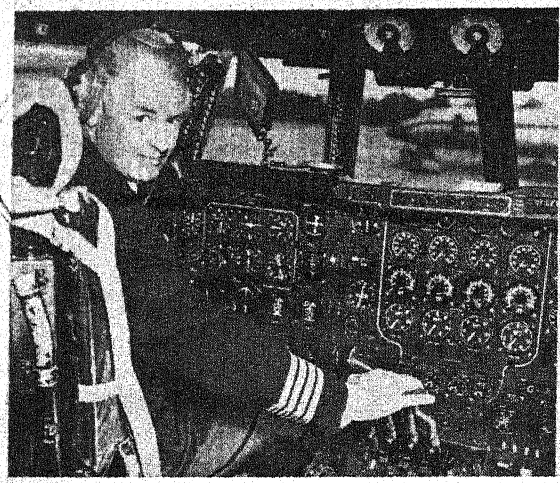
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Reader's
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Between Trips

By Captain
Ronald Hartley, D.F.C.,
Deputy Flight Manager,
Britannia Fleet,
British Overseas Airways Corporation

On the wall of my office at London Airport is a chart showing the whereabouts of all B.O.A.C.'s transatlantic crews. At any given time, some are airborne between London and New York, or between North America and the Caribbean resorts. Others will be resting between trips.

With jet and turbo-prop machines becoming bigger, smoother and faster, a pilot's duties grow progressively more complex. From the moment a transatlantic captain reports to the operations office before take-off, he is involved—in checks and conferences with the flight planners, the meteorologists and his own crew. Not until he has completed the long haul across the world's busiest flying area can he really relax. Then he's ready for his "slip," as we call the rest period between trips. At "slip" stations round the globe, B.O.A.C. crews keep sports gear: in Bermuda we have our own Firefly dinghy, and in Honolulu a stock of golf clubs, tennis rackets and surfboards.

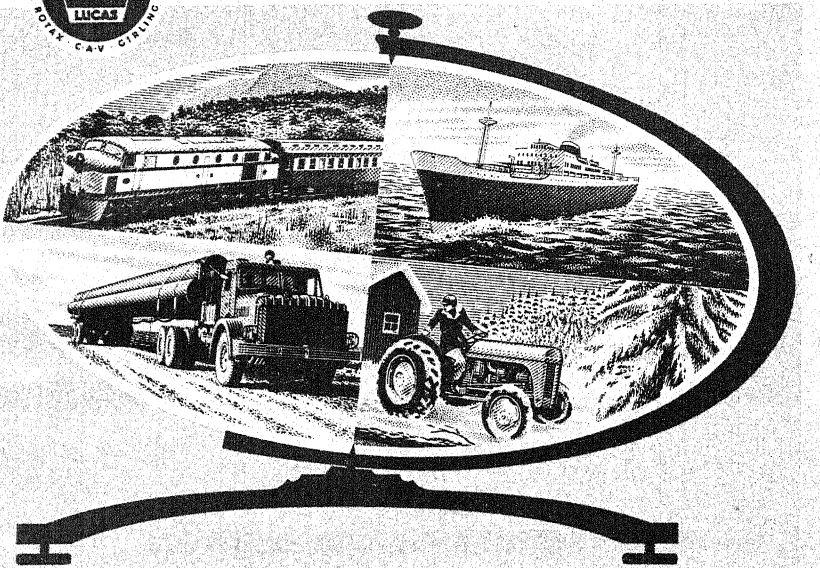
Coming straight off a flight, however, one is physically tired but mentally most active. At such times I find The Reader's Digest invaluable.

I take a copy with me on most trips. Above all, I enjoy the medical and scientific articles. And when the time comes to pick up another Britannia for the long flight home, I usually find that I'm better informed about the world than I was before I set out—thanks to the Digest.

R. Hartley

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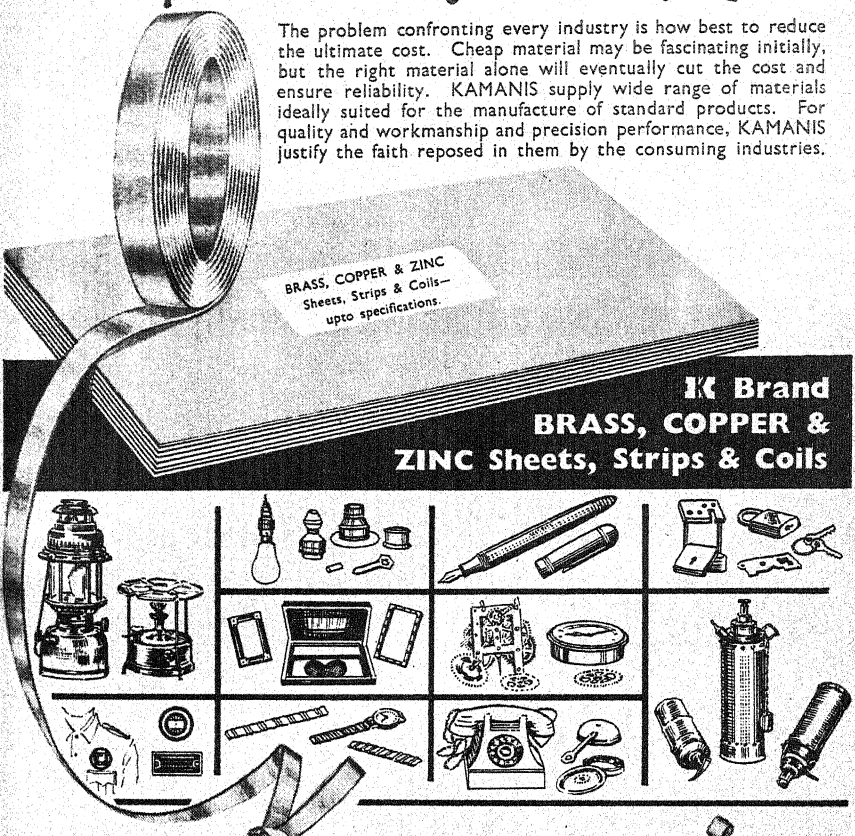




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VOL. 78 NO. 470 JUNE 1961

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—*Time*

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—Dr. J. Roswell Gallagher

THIS is the greatest paradox: the emotions cannot be trusted, yet it is they that tell us the greatest truths. —Don Herold

WE spared the rod and wound up with the beat generation.
—L. J. Wolf

IT is harder to conceal ignorance than to acquire knowledge.
—Arnold Glasow

THIS MONTH'S COVER:

Vixen and Cubs

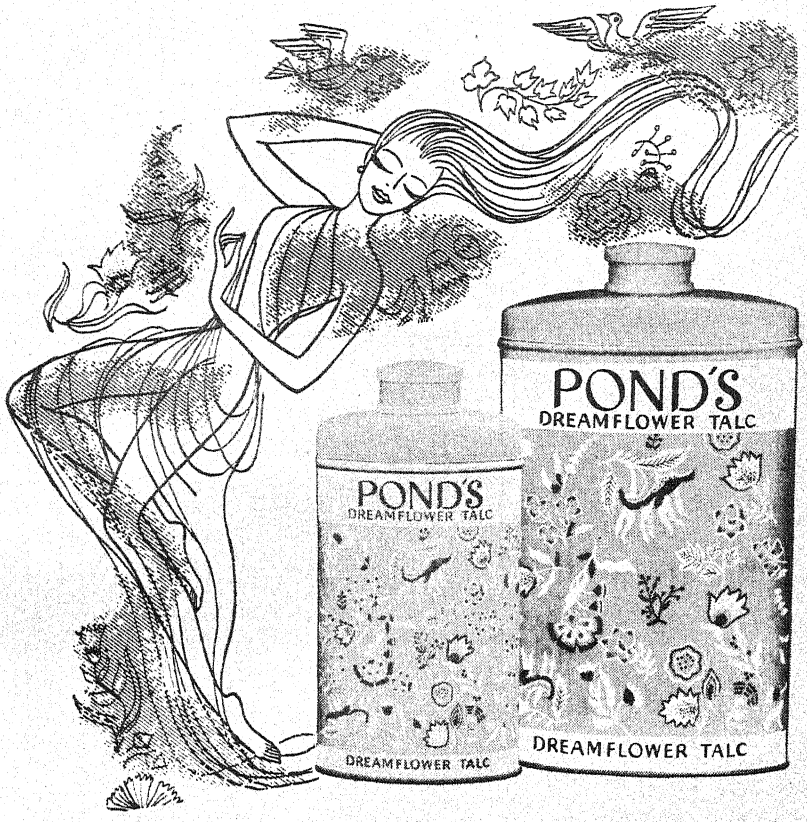
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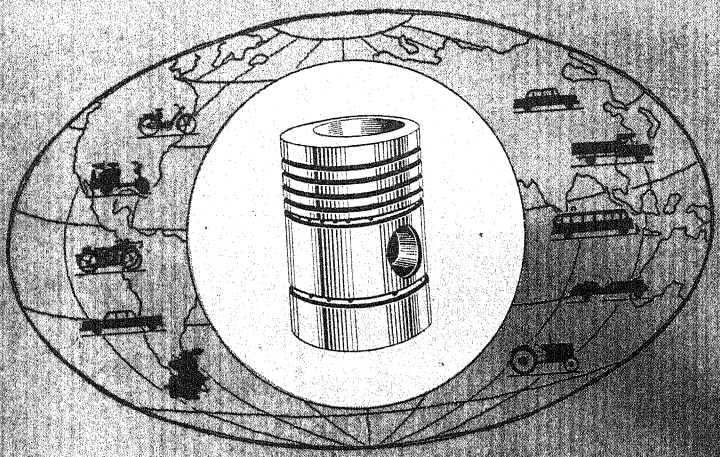
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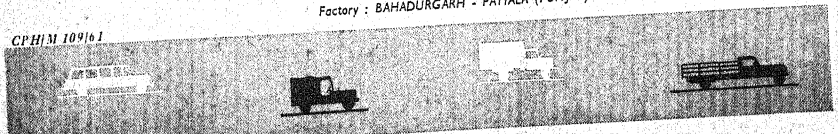
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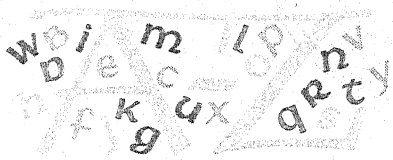
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It pays to increase your WORD power

By Wilfred Funk

IN THIS LIST of nouns, tick the word or phrase you believe to be *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on page 12.

(1) **overture**—A: apology. B: tentative proposal. C: omission. D: obtrusion.

(2) **deterrent** (de tĕr′ ent)—A: uncertainty. B: objection. C: restraint of action. D: deviation.

(3) **verbiage** (vur′ bĭ ij)—A: wordiness. B: emptiness. C: bragging. D: foliage.

(4) **purport** (pur′ port)—A: force. B: meaning. C: desired result. D: wish.

(5) **detraction** (de trăk′ shun)—A: act of evading by trickery. B: confusion. C: frenzy. D: slander.

(6) **puerility** (pū er ĭl′ ĭ tĭ)—A: childishness. B: strength. C: innocence. D: manliness.

(7) **composure** (kom pō′ zher)—A: assumed attitude. B: literary or musical work. C: calmness. D: restlessness.

(8) **perspicuity** (pur spĭ kū′ ĭ tĭ)—A: trickiness. B: acute mental vision. C: wit. D: clearness of expression.

(9) **appellation** (ap ĕ lā′ shun)—A: unexpected sight. B: conferring of an office. C: name or title. D: act of making a plea.

(10) **rendition** (ren dish′ un)—A: state of repair. B: artistic interpretation. C: tearing apart. D: state of mind.

(11) **compilation** (kom pĭ lā′ shun)—A: collection of material from various documents or sources. B: repose. C: thought. D: accounting.

(12) **abeyance** (a bā′ ance)—A: obedience. B: suspension. C: servile humility. D: lassitude.

(13) **increment** (in′ kre ment)—A: gradual intrusion. B: involvement in guilt. C: burial. D: increase.

(14) **odium** (ō′ dĭ um)—A: heaviness. B: repulsive smell. C: hatred. D: fear.

(15) **exaction** (eg zak′ shun)—A: aggravation. B: demand. C: accuracy. D: criticism.

(16) **concomitant** (kon kom′ ĭ tant)—A: that which accompanies or attends. B: agreeable friend. C: contestant. D: collaborator.

(17) **symposium** (sim pō′ zĭ um)—A: meeting hall. B: musical composition. C: debate. D: collection of opinions on a subject.

(18) **inequity** (in ek′ wĭ tĭ)—A: injustice. B: wickedness. C: weakness. D: uncertainty.

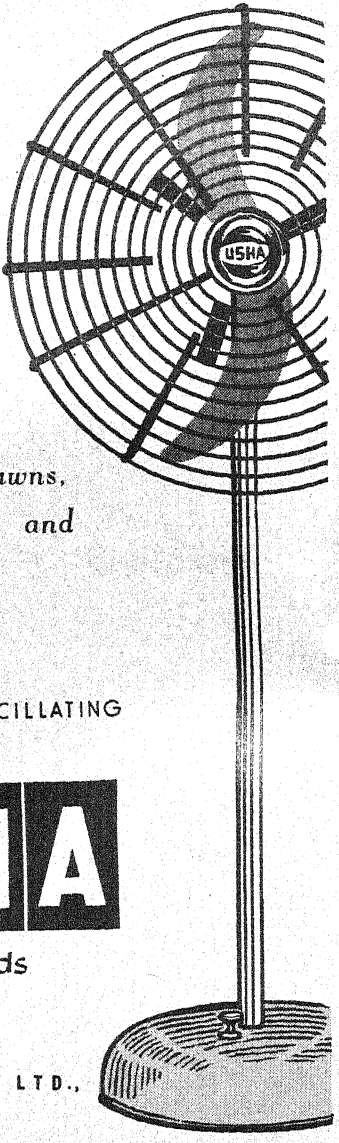
(19) **impetus** (im′ pe tus)—A: courage. B: impatience. C: driving energy. D: arrogance.

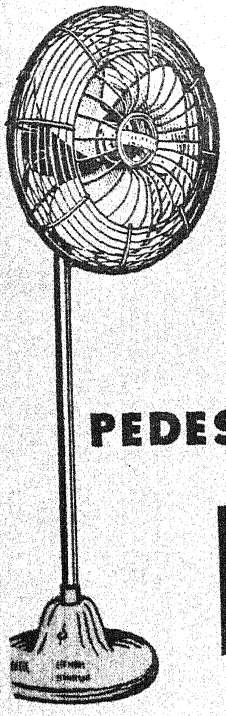
(20) **solace** (sŏl′ is)—A: peace. B: consolation. C: quiet. D: health.

(Now turn to page 12)

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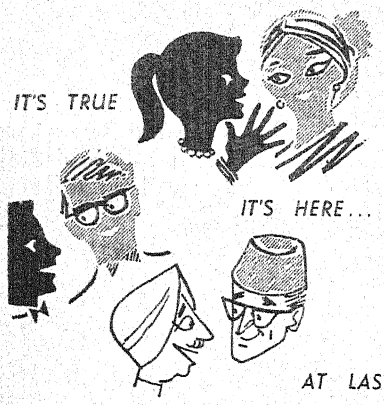
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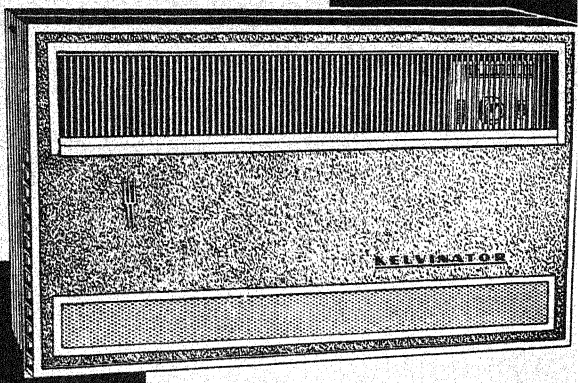


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ISC 41

IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER

Answers to the quiz on page 7

(1) **overture**—B: Tentative proposal; intimation of a willingness to negotiate terms; as, to make diplomatic *overtures*. Old French *overt*, from *ovrir*, "to open."

(2) **deterrent**—C: Restraint or prevention of action, as by fear of consequences; as, a *deterrent* to aggression. Latin *de*, "from," and *terrere*, "to frighten."

(3) **verbiage**—A: Wordiness; unnecessary use of words; as, "His thought was lost in *verbiage*." Latin *verbum*, "word."

(4) **purport**—B: Meaning; main idea; as, the *purport* of a speech. Old French *purporter*, "to extend, convey."

(5) **detraction**—D: Slander; defamation; taking away from the good name of another; as, exposed to the *detraction* of his enemies. Latin *de*, "from," and *trahere*, "to draw."

(6) **puerility**—A: Childishness; silliness; immaturity. Latin *puerilis*, from *puer*, "boy."

(7) **composure**—C: Calmness; tranquillity; serenity; as, a look of complete *composure*. French *composer*, from *com* and *poser*, "to place, rest."

(8) **perspicuity**—D: Clearness of expression; the quality of being easily understood; as, a literary style noted for its *perspicuity*. Latin *perspicuus*, "transparent," from *perspicere*, "to look through."

(9) **appellation**—C: A name or title. Latin *appellare*, "to name."

(10) **rendition**—B: Generally, an artistic, dramatic or musical interpretation; also the performance itself; as, a *rendition* of Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony." French *rendre*, "to render."

(11) **compilation**—A: Collection, as in book form, of material from various documents or sources. Latin *compilare*, "to gather together."

(12) **abeyance**—B: Suspension; temporary suppression; as, to hold in *abeyance* a decision or action. Old French *abeance*, "expectation."

(13) **increment**—D: Increase; enlargement; additions; as, an *increment* in property values. Latin *incrementum*, from *in*, "in," and *crescere*, "to grow."

(14) **odium**—C: Hatred; disgust; keen dislike; now, usually, the state or fact of being hated; as, to bring *odium* upon a person. Latin *odium*.

(15) **exaction**—B: Demand; requirement; as, the *exaction* of a high duty on imports. Latin *exigere*, "to exact, demand."

(16) **concomitant**—A: That which accompanies or attends; as, "High prices are often the *concomitant* of a scarcity of goods." Latin *concomitari*, "to accompany."

(17) **symposium**—D: A published collection of opinions or comments on a particular subject; also a conference at which a subject is discussed. Greek *symposion*, "drinking party, feast." In ancient Greece the *symposium* followed the dinner and was characterized by entertainment and intellectual conversation.

(18) **inequity**—A: Injustice; unfairness; as, the occasional *inequity* arising from bureaucratic rulings. Latin *in-*, "not," and *aequus*, "equal."

(19) **impetus**—C: Driving energy; momentum; also, impulse; stimulus. Latin *impetere*, "to rush upon."

(20) **solace**—B: Consolation; comfort in grief or trouble. Latin *solari*, "to console."

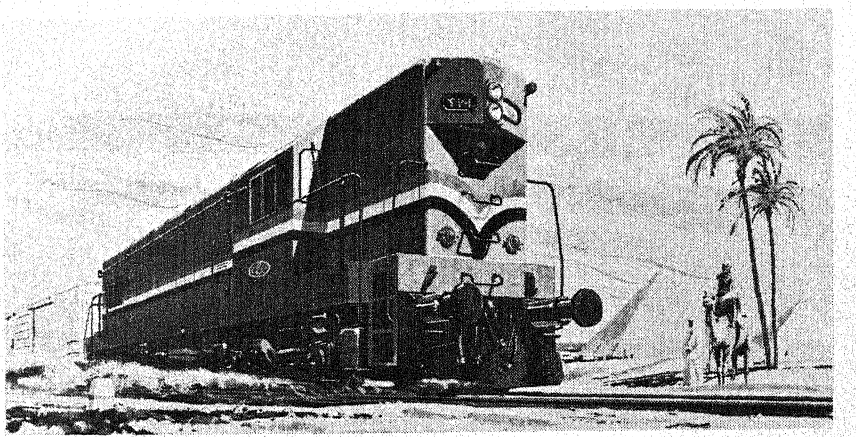
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18–16 correct..... good
15–14 correct.....fair

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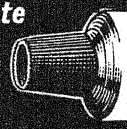
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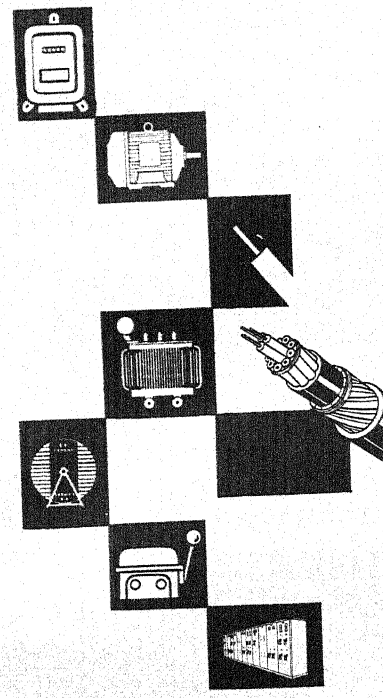
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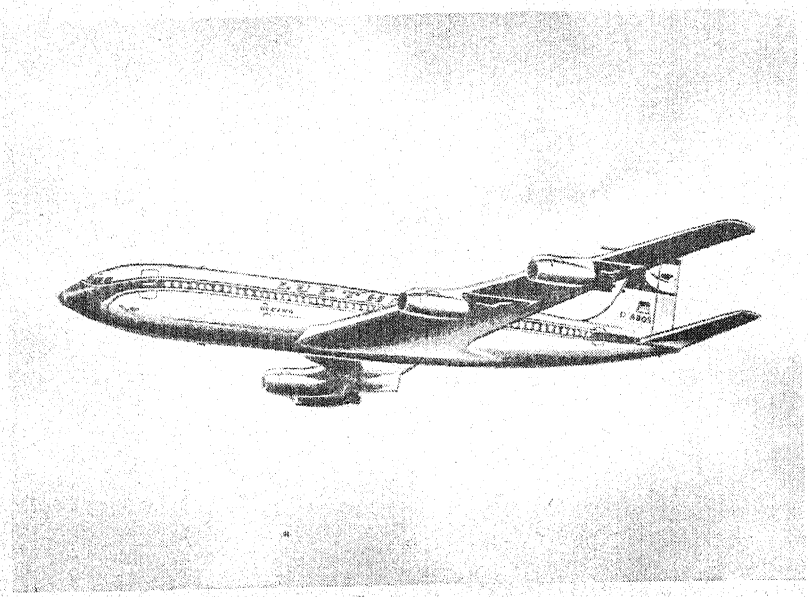
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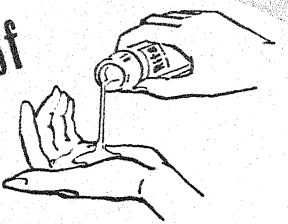
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VOLUME 78 The Reader's Digest JUNE 1961

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A distinguished British student of world affairs points out some fallacies in the popular approach to today's most urgent problem

Neither Armament nor Disarmament Will Prevent War

By Emery Reves

During the last spectacular assembly of the United Nations, the leaders of the world proclaimed disarmament to be the paramount problem of peace.

Prime Minister Macmillan and President Eisenhower were emphatic about the urgency of resuming disarmament negotiations. Khrushchev called it "the problem of problems." And shortly after his election President Kennedy said that he considered controlled disarmament "a necessity to guarantee world peace."

In the face of this vast wave of opinion, is it permissible, is it possible, to express a doubt about the soundness of this conviction?

To one who closely followed, as I

Emery Reves is an authority on international politics, a Doctor of Political Economy (Zurich) and author of the 1947 best-seller *The Anatomy of Peace*. Born in Hungary in 1904, Reves took British nationality while in his teens. Much of his knowledge of world affairs comes from his professional work as a literary agent who specializes in handling the writings of European statesmen.

did, the discussions which led to the great disarmament conference of 1932–34, the present excitement about disarmament appears unbearably monotonous and repetitious. We express surprise when Khrushchev proposes immediate and total disarmament, and forget that this was exactly what Litvinov proposed in the name of the Stalin government 30 years ago. We follow with utmost attention the American arguments that we must first establish controls before we disarm, forgetting that these were exactly the arguments of the French leaders, Briand, Herriot and Léon Blum, 30 years ago. Not one single argument is being raised today that was not discussed earlier. We have in fact been spending almost 30 years discussing disarmament in innumerable, endless conferences—the negotiations merely interrupted by the Second World War.

Is there a possibility of arriving at a disarmament agreement, and if so, will such an agreement bring peace? Let us imagine that in the near future a treaty is signed according to which all further atomic tests will be banned, all production of nuclear weapons stopped and all the existing plutonium and hydrogen bombs destroyed under a system of control as effective as can be devised. Suppose that such a treaty is signed and ratified by all sovereign nation-states, including China.

Is it imaginable that, given the existing political structure of this world, the military leaders responsible for the defence of the United States of America will not suspect that, in spite of all treaties and assurances, the Russians may hide in some underground cave in the Urals a few nuclear weapons, making it imperative for the United States to keep secretly some hydrogen bombs for self-defence in case of emergency? And is it possible to imagine that the general staff of the Soviet Army would not have the same feeling towards the U.S.A.?

These are rhetorical questions, as it is obvious that if it were possible for one sovereign great power to trust the actions of another, there would be no need for disarmament —simply because there would be no need for armaments.

But let us be incredibly credulous and accept the possibility that such a treaty of complete nuclear disarmament would be honestly carried out and that there would not be one single nuclear weapon left anywhere, nor the intention to produce one. Would even this unlikely achievement lead us nearer to peace? Not much imagination is necessary to realize that in such an event we would be exactly where we were in 1939, or even back in 1914—two not very peaceful years.

During the 1930's our governments thought that we could achieve peace by reducing the calibre of naval guns, by limiting certain heavy weapons, prohibiting the bombardment of civilian populations, etc.

None of these negotiations led anywhere.

But if a disarmament treaty had been signed in 1935, incorporating all the aims of the 1932–34 Geneva Conference on disarmament, it would not have prevented the Second World War. It would have merely reduced the technical conditions of the opening battles to the conditions existing in warfare during the nineteenth century.

Thus we can go backward, century by century, and realize that no matter what weapons we abolish and what armaments we prohibit, under certain specific conditions there will still be wars, even without artillery, even without gunpowder, even without cavalry and without arrows.

As long as we try to maintain peace between sovereign power groups, we have to apply the old diplomatic formula of the balance of power.

The peculiarity of this principle is that it can maintain peace only during periods when power is *not* in balance. As soon as there is power balance, conflict breaks out. During the phase of history when the power relationship is more or less in balance, we try to prevent war by disarmament. And during that phase when power is not in balance, we try to maintain peace by superior armament, by what we call today the "deterrent."

This is a highly misused and misunderstood term. Between 1945 and 1949 our statesmen said that peace was being safeguarded by the deterrent of the American atomic bomb. Unfortunately, to the Russians the American atom bomb did not appear as a deterrent but as an incentive, which forced them to multiply their efforts to produce the same weapon and even to surpass their rival in the existing power relationship.

Similarly, when the Russians produced their long-range rocket and shot a satellite into space, they called it a deterrent to American aggression. But to the Americans, the Russian rocket appeared as an incentive, which stimulated them to redouble their efforts to produce bigger and longer-range rockets.

If we want to attempt to discuss seriously the problem of peace in this dangerous age of nuclear fission and fusion, we must realize that our thinking and our action are threatened by two fallacies.

The first fallacy is that we can secure peace by armament.

And the second fallacy is that we can secure peace by disarmament.

Endless historical evidence proves the incontrovertible fact that peace is not a technical problem, not a military problem, but an essentially political and social problem.

Within a given political structure, no weapon represents danger. The people of New York are not afraid of the nuclear weapons manufactured in Tennessee or the rockets launched in Florida. But the people

of the Ukraine are frightened of them. And the people of the Ukraine are not afraid of the hydrogen bombs and the rockets manufactured and launched in Central Siberia, but the people of New York are.

Peace between conflicting groups of men was never possible, and wars succeeded one another until some sovereign power was set up *over* and *above* the clashing social units, integrating the warring units into a higher sovereignty.

Once this is realized, the futility of the passionate debates about armament and disarmament will be apparent to all.

If human society were organized so that relations between units were regulated by democratically controlled law, then modern technology could go ahead and produce the most devastating weapons, and there would be no war. But if we allow sovereign rights to reside in the separate units and groups without regulating their relations by law, then we can prohibit every weapon, even a penknife, and people will beat out one another's brains with clubs.

Most practical politicians will smile at this time and say that any integration of the sovereign nation-states in a higher legal order is Utopia.

This is a debatable assertion. But there can be no question that the ideal of disarmament between the highly industrialized sovereign nation-states of the twentieth century, with or without controls, is the Utopia of Utopias.

The problem is political. Whether it can be solved before another major catastrophe, given our nationalistic taboos and fears, it is impossible to tell. But our leaders should at least try to think about and discuss the fundamental problem that matters and not waste time in continuing stubbornly to discuss details and technicalities which cannot be solved and which, even if they could be solved, would not advance us one step towards peace.

It seems obvious that globe-trotting diplomacy—an interminable chain of meetings before the eyes and ears of journalists, microphones and cameras—can produce no result other than the reinforcement of antagonistic national positions. Let us try to organize a few months of quiet! No conferences, no speeches. Just a few months. With no travelling, no broadcasting, no propaganda, our leaders might find a little time to reflect in privacy.

Meanwhile the Press, radio, television and films, now used to propagate alliances, non-aggression pacts and a number of other treaty arrangements which in our time and age are thoroughly outdated, should be used to clarify the real issue—which is peace, and not disarmament. A radical change in public opinion is always the first condition for a change in institutions.

Condensed from Look



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Jackie Kennedy: First Lady of America

"I FEEL AS though I have just turned into a piece of public property," Jacqueline Kennedy said recently. "It's really frightening to lose your anonymity at 31."

Jackie Kennedy, one of the youngest first ladies in U.S. history, by every outward standard would seem perfectly suited to the part. Born to wealth and high social position, she has beauty, a swift intelligence and rarefied cultural interests.

As Jack Kennedy's wife she has lived for years in the public gaze and should be well accustomed to the limelight. But in fact she shrinks from it. Her struggle to maintain

Condensed from Time

her own separate identity has been lifelong.

Jacqueline Bouvier's birth, on July 28, 1929, was duly recorded in Manhattan society columns. The Bouviers were rich, Republican, Catholic, socially impeccable and, in their own fashion, fully as overwhelming as the Kennedys of Massachusetts. Twenty-four of Jackie's ancestors came over from France to fight in the American Revolution. All went back; but young Michel Bouvier, inspired by their tales of the frontier, came to Philadelphia in 1814 and became a prosperous importer. The Bouviers have been prominent in America ever since.

From birth to young womanhood, Jackie and her younger sister Lee (now married to Prince Stanislas Radziwill, Polish nobleman turned London businessman) lived according to an undeviating social pattern. Winters were spent in a Park Avenue flat. The languid summers were whiled away in East Hampton, Long Island. At six Jackie had her own pony, by 12 she was riding in horse shows. Her love of horses is abiding.

In 1940 her parents were divorced, and two years later her mother married Hugh Auchincloss, a wealthy Washington stockbroker. For Jackie the locale changed after the divorce, but the routine was much the same: an exclusive girls' school in Washington, gilded summers at the 75-acre waterfront Auchincloss estate in Newport, Rhode Island. If anything, her life was more mutedly elegant than before. While the Kennedys were haranguing one another over political questions at their Hyannisport table, dinner at the Auchincloss château in Virginia was often conducted in French.

Restive Schoolgirl. In 1944 Jackie was sent off to Miss Porter's School in Farmington, Connecticut—accompanied by Danseuse, her mare. One summer she made the Grand Tour of Europe with three other girls, a chaperone and a drip-dry wardrobe. ("We would spend all night washing.") She had a keen, retentive mind and effortlessly stayed in the top tier of her classes.

At 18, Jacqueline Bouvier was presented to society in a glittering affair at Newport's Clambake Club. Society columnist Cholly Knickerbocker called her the most glamorous deb of the year, "a regal débutante who has classic features and the daintiness of Dresden porcelain." He added, "Her family is strictly Old Guard."

But Jackie was vaguely, restively dissatisfied. She recalls, "Newport—I knew I didn't want the rest of my life to be there. But I didn't know what I wanted."

Then, in 1950, after two years at Vassar, she went to Paris for a year's study at the Sorbonne. It was an experience that has shaped all her tastes, and her letters of the time bubble with excitement: "I lead two lives—flying to the Sorbonne in a

lovely quiet grey rainy world—or putting on a fur coat and being swanky at the Ritz Bar! I really like the first part best."

One Vote for Jack. Returning to the United States, Jackie completed her studies at George Washington University. She had matured. Says Charles Bartlett, Washington correspondent for the Chattanooga *Times*, and an old friend, "She was no longer the round little girl who lived next door. She was more exotic. She had become gayer and livelier."

It was at a dinner in Bartlett's home in 1951 that Jacqueline Bouvier met the handsome, rich and highly eligible young Democratic representative from Massachusetts. Legend claims that Jack Kennedy "leaned across the asparagus and asked for a date." Jackie denies the story; asparagus, she says, was not on the menu. But, she admits, "it was more than just meeting someone. It started the wheels turning."

Jack, involved in his campaign to win a place in the Senate, spent most of his time in Massachusetts. "He'd call me from some oyster bar up there, with a great clinking of coins, to ask me out to the movies the following Wednesday in Washington."

Meanwhile, Jackie had gone to work for the Washington *Times-Herald* for 42½ dollars a week as an enquiring photographer. Jackie had her difficulties with the job ("I always forgot to pull out the slide"), but she ended her venture into journalism with a flourish, covering the coronation of Queen Elizabeth.

Then, fresh from his senatorial triumph, Jack Kennedy returned to Washington and renewed his courtship with increased ardour. For six months Jack campaigned relentlessly for Jackie's vote, in and out of Georgetown dinner parties, Washington art theatres and cinemas, up and down the Atlantic littoral from Palm Beach to Cape Cod. In September 1953 they were married—in a Newport extravaganza that moved society columnists to transports of joy. There were 700 guests at the nuptial Mass and 900 at the reception.

After cutting the wedding cake, Jackie acknowledged the toasts gracefully, then noted that her mother had always told her to judge a man by his correspondence. With quiet humour, she held up a postcard from Bermuda. On the back was scrawled: "Wish you were here. Cheers. Jack."

"This," said Jackie, "is my entire correspondence from Jack."

Forty for Lunch. Life with Jack was not all rose petals. "It was like being married to a whirlwind. Life was so disorganized." She coped with problems that would have sent the average bride sprinting home to mother: "One morning the first year, Jack said to me, 'What food are you planning for the 40 guests we are having for luncheon?' No one had told me anything about it.

It was 11 a.m., the guests were expected at one."

Along with the unforeseeable misfortunes—Jack's near-fatal illness, Jackie's two miscarriages—the Kennedys had some basic areas of incompatibility, and both were determined individuals with emphatic tastes.

Her arty friends bored him (on one occasion, when the lively arts dominated the dinner conversation, Jack simply left the table). The Senator thrived on large crowds; his lady preferred intimate groups of close friends. Jack read American history; Jackie wolfed down four or five novels a week, ranging from Colette to Kerouac.

"I was alone almost every weekend while Jack travelled the country making speeches," says Jackie.

"The Way It Should Be." Some time before their third anniversary, Jack and Jackie Kennedy had a searching reappraisal of their problems.

Thereafter, Jack learned to like cheese and fruit for dessert. Jackie studied American history, took up golf and water ski-ing. Under his wife's supervision Jack became a fastidious dresser and even went to art galleries with her. At dinner parties, conversation ranged from the humanities at Jackie's end of the table to politics at Jack's. "The men do talk most of the time," says Jackie. "But that's the way it should be."

In the larger bear hug of the Kennedy family, Jackie flatly refused to be smothered. After breaking an ankle at touch football, she withdrew from the family scrimmages. She would not attend all the nightly family dinners at Hyannisport, where a dozen or more argumentative Kennedys were always in attendance. ("Once a week is great. Not every night.") The proof that she had won her independence was evident on a recent cruise aboard Jack's sloop *Victura;* Jack and the Radziwills sat with her in the stern, while she passed round *oeufs en gelée* and *vin rosé* from her hamper; and her Kennedy in-laws sprawled in the bow and lunched on peanut-butter sandwiches and Coca Cola from a picnic basket.

The Kennedy clan soon stood in awe of her because she stood up for her own tastes.

"They seem proud of the things I do differently. The very things you think would alienate them bring you closer to them."

Jackie is dedicated to her children, spends much of her day playing with and reading to three-year-old Caroline. And towards her husband she is protective.

When his political activities began to mount, she worried "because he never would eat lunch, and kept getting thinner."

One day her butler turned up in Jack's office with a hamper, expertly laid out a gleaming white cloth on his desk, then served a savoury

lunch. Impressed, Jack began to invite friends in for lunch, and the daily hamper load grew to six portions served on Sèvres china.

New Frontier. Shrinking instinctively from the hail-fellow habits of politicans, Jackie had a hard time adapting herself to her husband's profession. But nowadays she says, "Politics is in my blood; if he changed I would miss it. It's the most exciting life I know."

Her biggest battle during the Presidential campaign was touched off when *Women's Wear Daily* reported that she and her mother-in-law spend 30,000 dollars a year on French clothes. Jackie retorted that she could not possibly spend that much "even if I wore sable underwear."

As First Lady, she has vowed to buy only American clothes and will resort to Mother Hubbards if it will save Jack from embarrassment. Certainly, whether she wants to or not, she will influence taste and style.

Jackie takes no part in her husband's political planning. Her role is mostly visual. On the platform she provides décor, and sometimes delivers graceful speeches to ethnic groups in French, Spanish or Italian. Once, when Jack lost some notes from Tennyson's *Ulysses* that he wanted for a speech, Jackie obligingly quoted excerpts from memory.

Preparing for her new role, Jackie read every available book on the White House, acquiring a connoisseur's knowledge of the place. (The shortcomings of the household budget astounded her: "It's stony broke, this White House.") Under her direction the old mansion will change in subtle ways: the elephantine official functions will be held to an irreducible minimum. The dinners will be more intimate, the menus more French. The guests will be artists, writers and professors joining the politicians and diplomats.

Sometimes Jackie shows signs of panic at the prospect of her own new frontier. But then she considers the alternative to the White House —if Jack had lost the election. "How could you fill his life? He'd have been round the world three times and written three books. But it wouldn't be the same.

"Happiness is not where you think you find it. I'm determined not to worry. So many people poison every day worrying about the next. I've learnt a lot from Jack." And Jack Kennedy, the President, has plainly learnt a lot from his wife, the First Lady of America.

Cover Girls

IN Rio de Janeiro, union chorus girls demanding higher wage scales from theatre owners got nowhere until they threatened to appear on stage fully clothed. Within six hours after the threat, a new contract was signed.

—*T.E.*

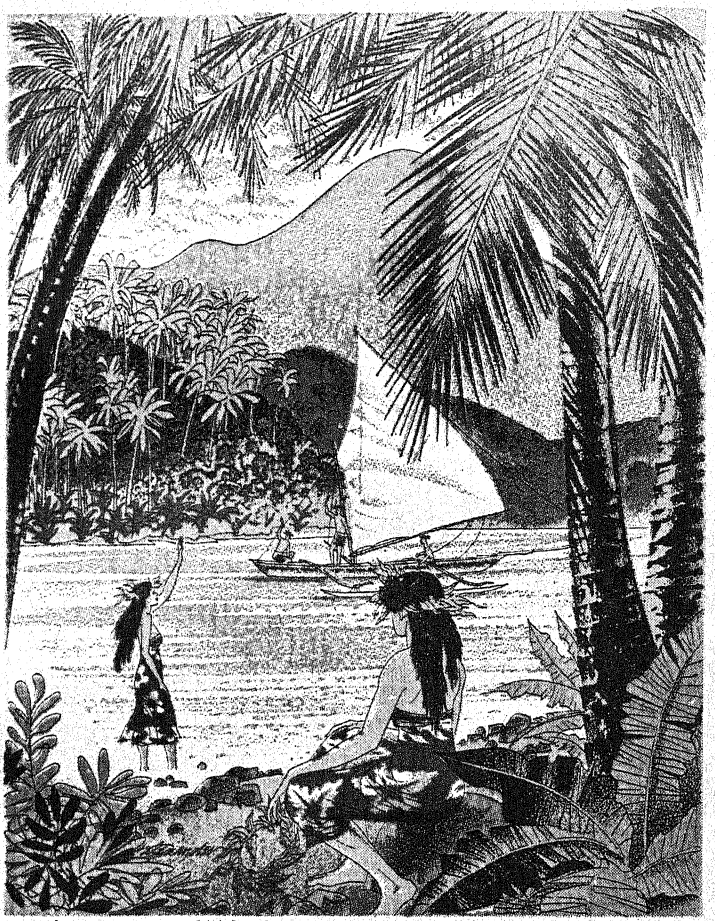
Only in Tahiti...

For two centuries this South Pacific island has exercised a magical power over the minds of men—and this is why

By James Ramsey Ullman

"Only in Tahiti . . ." I began thinking this at the very moment of my arrival. As my boat pulled into dock, a group of French-shouting Chinese water-skiers sported in the lagoon around us. Along the *quai* sped a motor scooter carrying a man, a woman, a baby and a live pig. And on the kerb near by sat a classically ragged and whiskered tramp holding a gold-capped bottle of champagne.

Condensed from Holiday



"The very name Tahiti has become synonymous with Romance and Escape"

Then came my first evening and dinner at the roof-top restaurant of Papeete's Grand Hotel, where I gorged on the bounties of *la cuisine française: pâté,* lobster, artichoke, Camembert, Chablis—the works. Everything was served by a Tahitian *vahine,* or native girl, with golden skin, waist-length black hair, and a yellow hibiscus behind each ear.

As I dawdled over coffee and cognac she sat down beside me, introduced herself as Louise, and enquired if I had enjoyed my meal.

I had indeed, I assured her. . . And now that it was over, what were my plans for the evening? Well—er—they were a bit vague. In fact, I had no plans. . . "So we go dancing at Quinn's," said Louise.

And—presto—we were dancing at Quinn's.

I am not, to be sure, the first nor the 10,000th traveller to say, "Only in Tahiti . . ." Almost two centuries ago, its first European discoverers, Wallis and Bougainville and Cook, landed, looked about and were never quite the same for the experience. Through all the years since, it has been the dream island of the Western world, the one out of all the thousands in the South Pacific with a special magical power over the minds of men.

The list of its bemused pilgrims has been long and varied. Writers have swarmed to it: among them, Melville and Stevenson, Pierre Loti, Rupert Brooke and Jack London. And so, too, have painters, among them — toweringly — Gauguin. There have been tycoons with their yachts, playboys with their neuroses, film stars with their mistresses, rebel youngsters and sated greybeards, romantics and escapists, from every corner of the earth—until the very name Tahiti has become synonymous all over the world with Romance and Escape.

So much so, indeed, that the governing French have in recent years imposed firm controls. The length of an outsider's stay is now strictly limited, and to be admitted at all he must either possess a return ticket or have posted a bond covering its cost. Only in very special circumstances can he buy property, take a job or go into business.

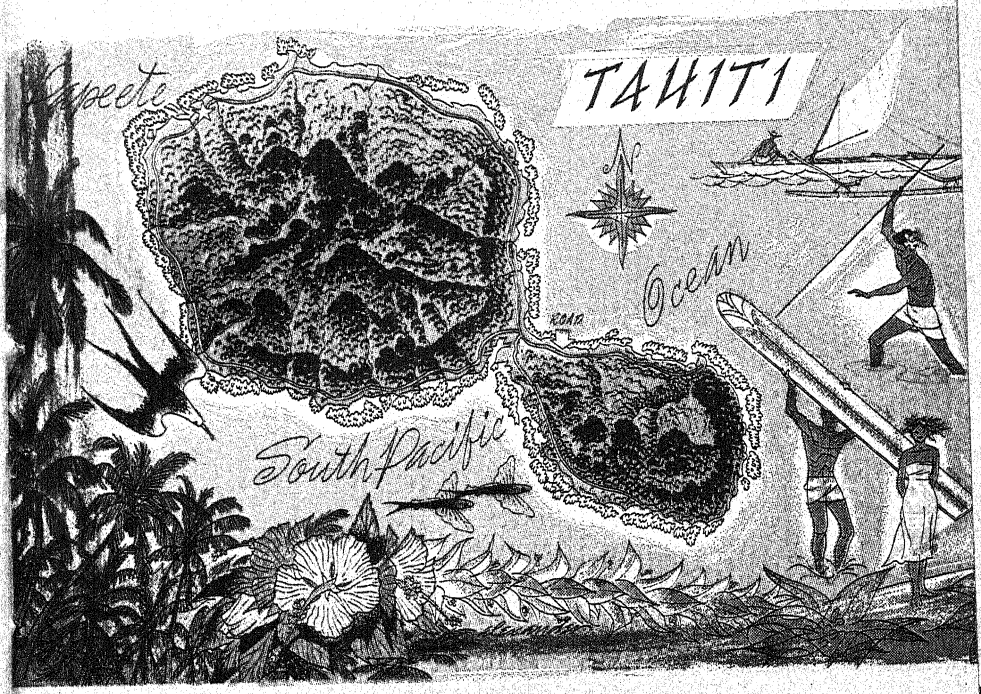
The land mass of Tahiti consists of two rugged, long-extinct volcanic cones, joined by a narrow isthmus to form a figure eight. The larger loop is Tahiti proper, the smaller the peninsula of Taiarapu, or Little Tahiti, and together they comprise an area of some 400 square miles. The total population is well over 30,000, of whom about half live in the only town—Papeete, on the north-west shore of Big Tahiti. The rest are scattered along the belt of level coast land that encircles the island. The interior is deserted: an almost trackless wilderness of peaks and valleys, crags, gorges and plunging waterfalls, all deeply festooned with lush tropical growth. A trip across it is rugged going. The highest point, Mount Orohena (7,339 feet), was not climbed until 1953—the year Everest was first climbed.

A circuit of the island, along its 90 miles of twisting but surprisingly good coastal road, is a journey through a tropical Land of Oz. Palm trees, of course, are everywhere and, among them, mango and breadfruit, avocado and pandanus, banana and casuarina in prodigal profusion. For a while, as you move on, the scent of vanilla fills the air; then the scent of copra;

then, more enduringly, the scent of flowers. And always in your eyes there is the brilliance of the blossoms: hibiscus, bougainvillaea, frangipani, gardenia.

Almost every Pacific island is as lavish in beauty, but the life of Tahiti is its very own. You feel it in the country villages of bamboo and thatch (or plank and tin), where the roosters can hardly be heard over the thump of guitars and the click of billiard balls; in the rickety buses, jam-packed with brown bodies, smiling faces, squealing pigs and flapping fowls; in the girls in shorts and sun-tops, whizzing past on motor bikes and scooters, with hair streaming behind them; in the multiplication of bikes and scooters, buses and trucks, Jaguars and jalopies, until, as you approach Papeete, you are in a traffic jam worthy of Paris itself.

Papeete is Tahiti's heart and centre, the focus of its present, the key to its future. Other island capitals are quiet, rather dull tropical towns, drowsing the days away in sun or rain. But Papeete hums and throbs with animation. Certainly its waterfront is one of the sights of the



world: in the harbour, liners and freighters—not to mention schooners and yachts, ferries and fishing boats—tie up directly along the main street of the town. On the inland side of the *quais* are the mercantile houses, the major stores, shipping and tourist offices, cafés and restaurants, all of which seem to be crowded all the time. And behind them the smaller shops, almost 100 per cent Chinese, fan out in confused array along the zigzagging back streets.

Other South Pacific centres fold up completely at nightfall, but not Papeete. The lights go on. The music starts. The swarm of bikes grows thicker. Every night is Saturday night with all the stops out.

I think that, of all the world's people, the Tahitian is the prime apostle of the Good Time, and his dedication to its pursuit is something awesome to see. When he sits down to a feast, it is with a gusto and capacity that would put a Roman emperor to shame. When he drinks, it's bottoms up—and not just for the glass but for the bottle. Give him a guitar and he will strum and sing until its strings break; start him dancing and he may or may not stop for a late breakfast.

Work of the slogging day-in-day-out variety is left almost wholly to the Chinese, who were brought to the island a century ago as plantation labourers and have—at a handsome profit—kept the wheels turning ever since. The Tahitian is not interested in profit. When he works, it is at something that he enjoys: fishing, for instance, or building a house or canoe, or sailing a ship or driving a nice big noisy truck.

One of the reasons for the Tahitians' happiness is the accident of history that gave their island to France. For the French are concerned with making money, with international prestige and holding together their shreds of empire. They are *not* concerned with private lives; with who drinks what, or what time you go to bed at night, or where. And these—not the ploys and gambits of world politics—are what matter on the island.

Most important of all, there is no colour bar. There has been so much inter-breeding between native and French, native and Chinese, native and almost every other nationality, that it is hard to determine who *is* a Tahitian and who isn't. Social equality is absolute. Your taxi driver of today may well be your host at a party tomorrow.

Of such things is the mood of the island compounded. It adds up to a world of marvellous charm and fascination, but not quite to paradise.

For Tahiti, however "special," is still part of a world in which a price must be paid for everything.

Strictly nonparadisaical, for instance, are its sloppiness and decrepitude; its rats and roaches, and streets carpeted with squashed mangoes. And anyone confronted with

the unfortunate necessity of "getting something done" will feel himself a lot farther from heaven than from its opposite. The moment you leave the lagoon or put down the guitar the frustrations set in. One morning, I spent four solid hours making two phone calls, sending a cable and cashing a cheque at the bank.

For the Tahitian there are other and more serious problems: preeminently, disease. The old island curse of filariasis (forerunner of elephantiasis) has by now been brought pretty well under control. But tuberculosis is rampant, as is venereal disease. And, with the sale of liquor virtually uncontrolled, there is widespread drunkenness.

So much has been written about the Tahitian *vahine* that I hesitate to add the two cents of a recent arrival. But a portrait of the island that failed to take note of her would be like one of, say, Detroit without the automobile.

Physically, the women vary greatly; for the pure Polynesian is today a rare bird on the island and, as likely as not, the so-called *Tahitienne* will have inherited a different racial strain from each of her four grandparents. Those who are of preponderantly native blood are likely to run to heft and girth, to a rather forbidding degree. But those of mixed ancestry—called *demis*—are usually far more delicate of frame and feature; and the half-Tahitian half-Chinese, in particular, are often (and I make the statement categorically) as beautiful as women can be. But fat or thin, however, beautiful or only middling, all have a quality or style. Whether in a Dior replica, a *pareu* with garlands, or in blue jeans and her boy friend's sports shirt, I never once saw a *vahine* I would call a frump.

As for their well-known "availability," the answer is that it's as reported. But while the newcomer may be prepared for this, he will probably be surprised by the sweetness and gentility that go with it. In our Western world, society and Church, economics and romance have combined to make sex a fearfully complex affair; but to the Polynesian it is no more complex than breathing, eating, sleeping or any other normal function of life.

Work in Tahiti is not illegal, but it is considered a most peculiar way of spending one's time. When I announced that I had come to work—to write—Tahitians banded together to protect me from such folly.

For instance, on a certain morning in my hotel bungalow, with the sun bright, the blue-green lagoon agleam, I am trying hard to look not at them but at the blank sheet of paper in my typewriter. The phone rings. "Tennis?" "Well—er—no, thanks a lot, but . . ." The phone rings. "How about lunch? Just a few of us—about 20. Rum punch, *vin rouge* and . . . Oh. Oh, I see.

Admirable. Well, tomorrow then . . ." And back to the typewriter. Click, click; perhaps ten clicks. Then from the hotel lounge, 100 yards distant, a blast of Tahitian drums comes from the radio. I walk over.

There is no one around but Marie, the receptionist, and Marie is practising the hula. I point to the loudspeaker, hold my ears, and she considerately turns down the volume. Then she grabs hold of me and, for another ten minutes, to more dulcet drumming, we practise the hula together.

Whew, that's over. Back to the bungalow. My *amie* Louise, from the Grand Hotel, arrives—unexpectedly—to announce that we're going on a picnic. I have typed three words: *"Only in Tahiti . . ."*

Uplift

IT WAS 9 a.m. on a gloomy Monday, and the lift was crowded with businessmen. As it started up, the lift man began humming a tune and dancing a little jig.

"You seem to be happy today," said one passenger glumly.

"Yes, sir!" was the reply. "I ain't never lived this day before."

—Contributed by Philip Humphrey

A WOMAN was greatly annoyed because her husband obviously enjoyed being crowded next to a pretty blonde in the lift. Suddenly the blonde turned round, slapped him and said, "That will teach you to pinch girls!"

As the couple got off the lift the man said to his wife, "But I didn't pinch her."

"I know," said his wife. "*I* did." —Contributed by Jean Lehman

* * *

Irish Blarney

AN OLD-FASHIONED Irish nationalist orator was in the habit of starting his addresses as follows: "My friends, it's a matter of great pride that in all my years of service to Old Ireland I've never uttered one unkind, uncharitable word, not even about Britons and Orangemen—tyrants and reactionaries though they be." —*T.F.*

SOME YEARS ago a group of Irish Americans were invited to march in a civic parade, and the question was raised as to whether they should march under the Union Jack or the Irish flag. It was finally settled by one vociferous member. "Let there be no bigotry in this matter," he said firmly. "We'll march under the Irish flag or we'll not march at all."

—Contributed by Florence Donahue

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There's No Need for Stuttering

Recent research into this embarrassing speech disorder points to its cause, its prevention and perhaps its cure

By Wendell Johnson

Johnny Blake* was not quite three years old when his father happened to meet the family doctor on the way to work one morning, and said that Johnny was beginning to stutter. The child would repeat a sound or a word in talking, and his father, assuming this was a new and ominous development, determined to do something about it. With only the word "stuttering" to go on, the doctor suggested that Johnny should take a deep breath before starting to speak. Johnny did his best, but within 48 hours the deep breath had become a pronounced gasping—and Johnny was nearly speechless.

Fortunately for Johnny, he was brought to the Speech Clinic at the University of Iowa soon afterwards, so that my associates and I were able to help him.

This we did by reassuring his parents and giving them some information about the realities of childhood speech. In due time the parents' feeling about Johnny's speech returned to normal—and then so did Johnny's speech!

My interest in the problem called stuttering began as a spirited exercise of curiosity: to find out about and cure my own stuttering. When we started our studies at the University of Iowa in 1934, no thorough scientific research into the beginnings of this speech difficulty had ever been made. Yet hundreds of

* Not his real name.

Excerpts from "Stuttering and What You Can Do About It," © 1961 by the University of Minnesota and published in Britain by Oxford University Press

thousands of people suffer from its tensions and embarrassments. The results of our studies now indicate, we believe, that the onset of stuttering is an *avoidable accident,* and that it becomes a problem for a child only after someone else decides it is a problem. The implications are meaningful not only to parents and teachers but also to people who have stuttered all their lives.

True, stuttering sometimes seems to run in families—but this, we learned, appears to be a matter of tradition rather than genes. In 1939 one of my students held classes for adult stutterers in an Iowa town. In one class six people came from the same family group. In each of four previous generations of this family there had been stutterers, and in this generation eight out of 24 children were or had been afflicted. The family was convinced that the handicap was hereditary.

Besides the speech-correction class, some members of the family attended our speech clinic for conferences. What they learned evidently influenced their thinking, because we recently discovered that in the sixth generation, of 44 children, not one is a stutterer. Why? The stuttering mother of two of these normally speaking children explained, "Because we aren't saying to our children what we were told when we were little."

To discover how stuttering starts and how to prevent and treat it, we have, over the years, conducted three studies, involving some 500 children and 1,000 parents. Our research team began with new stutterers who, with their parents, were given intensive interviews. As a control we paired each stuttering child with a non-stutterer of the same age, sex and level of intelligence.

We found that the two groups were in no way different so far as physical development or health was concerned. None of them had suffered any serious birth injuries; the average ages at which the children crawled, stood up, walked, dressed themselves and said their first words were essentially the same. Nor did there seem to be any relationship between the right- or left-handedness and the speech of these children. The groups showed equal ability to perform rhythmical movements of the lips, tongue, jaw and breathing muscles.

But in interviewing the parents we were frankly puzzled. When they described the speech difficulties which led them to believe that their children were stuttering—usually this had occurred when the children were between 2½ and 3½—they did not describe the tense, over-hesitant and emotional speech that we customarily call stuttering; they simply said that their children repeated sounds, words or phrases.

DR. WENDELL JOHNSON, author of several books on stuttering, is professor of speech pathology and psychology at the University of Iowa's centre of speech pathology.

We therefore set out to discover how often normal children speak in this repetitive way. From studies of two- to five-year-olds we found that the average child repeats the first syllable of words, or whole words, or phrases, about 50 times in every 1,000 words.

I remember a three-year-old boy talking about something he had seen that day. He explained that "it was uh well uh um ah so high and uh er uh uh so long and it was uh uh . . ." What he had seen was a hobby horse, something he had never encountered before. As soon as he was given the name for it, he settled down immediately to his usual speech. Children of that age are groping verbally because they do not yet know all the words they need for conversation.

It began to appear that the problem of stuttering had come into being at the moment when the parents decided that their child was stuttering! Noticing that the child repeats and hesitates (even though this is normal for his age group), the parents start to worry. "Don't say *uh uh,*" they admonish him, or "Take a deep breath before you start talking." At once the child realizes that he is doing something not acceptable to his parents.

When he hesitates in speaking again, and sees them stiffen slightly or look away, he may become so infected with their doubt and worry that he cannot get words out "soon enough." In time—the process may take from several months to two years—the child becomes speech shy, a little less talkative, a little more hesitant and strained. Soon he has to force himself to say words; he tightens the muscles of his lips, tongue or throat and thus begins to speak even less smoothly. He has become a stutterer.

Corroborating this theory, our studies reveal that stuttering is far more likely to occur in the big house on the hill—where parents are more exacting about their children's behaviour—than in a house in a poor district. The point was underlined when one of my students, intending to make a study of the speech of children of the Bannock and Shoshone Red Indian tribes in an Idaho school, discovered that there are no stutterers in these tribes, nor have there ever been. In fact, they have no word for it. Stuttering, apparently, is part of the price we pay for our kind of civilization.

The prospect that something can be done about the problem of stuttering is encouraging. In follow-up interviews with the parents in the first group helped by the Iowa Speech Clinic, we found that in 85 per cent of the cases either there has been improvement or the problem no longer exists. We stress the importance of not making an issue of a child's repetitions and hesitations, but rather accepting them as part of his normal speech development. In general, children tend to speak less fluently when they are excited or in

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a great hurry, when speaking to people who are not paying much attention to them, or to important listeners such as grandparents or teachers. If no notice is taken of his gropings, the child himself will make no issue of them.

Parents should strive to eliminate unusual conditions which tend to make a child speak with repetitions. One mother reported that her three-year-old boy repeated much more than usual when she arrived at the nursery school to pick him up for lunch. We found that he simply wanted to show her what he had done at school—the pictures he had coloured, the houses he had built with bricks—but she was usually in a hurry to get home. I suggested that she should leave for the school ten minutes earlier and give her son time to show her his accomplishments. The resulting change in his speech was remarkable.

For the vast number of adults who have been caught up in the problem of stuttering throughout their lives, recent research holds out a helping hand. We believe that such adults should seek expert advice; methods of dealing with stuttering have been greatly improved in recent years. But whether or not an adult stutterer takes advantage of treatment, he can now know that the origins of his stuttering do not lie in any physical disability or family genes. His handicap results from something he himself does—the forcing and straining to speak—and this can be overcome. The journey back from disfluent speech may take patience and long conscientious effort, but it is a road which I myself have travelled. That road, from the severe stuttering I used to know to the speaking I do now, has been increasingly pleasant.

With continuing research and proper education of young parents and the public, we may, in the years ahead, all but eliminate the problem called stuttering.

Out of Circulation

A SMALL boy, paying a twopenny fine for an overdue book, looked thoughtfully at the librarian and asked, "Can you make a living out of this?" —R. A.

WOMAN returning best-seller to librarian: "He should have his typewriter washed out with soap." —H. C.

ONE of the men moving 20,000 books into a new university library grumbled to another: "They build a new library, you'd think they'd buy new books for it." —*Q.E.*

WOMAN to librarian: "Will you look up my card and see if I've read this book?" —G. d'A.



Laughter
THE BEST MEDICINE

A SMALL Russian boy was asked by his teacher, "What is the size of the Communist Party?"

"About five feet two inches," he promptly replied.

"Idiot!" exploded the teacher. "I mean how many members does it have? How do you get five feet two inches?"

"Well," replied the boy, "my father is six feet tall and every night he puts his hand to his chin and says, 'I've *had* the Communist Party, up to here!' "

—*J.M.*

MY WIFE's use of a liquid reducing diet is having certain odd results. Recently a five-year-old friend of our daughter's became curious about the seating arrangement in our breakfast room. The table was pushed in so that there was one chair on which obviously no one could sit. "Johnny used to sit there," my daughter explained. "But now he sits over here where Mum used to sit."

"Where does your mother sit, then?" the guest asked.

"Oh, Mum doesn't eat with us any more," answered our five-year-old. "She just drinks!"

—Contributed by Charles Messmore

WHEN A popular film couple broke up, they laid the blame on their diverse interests. "Obviously," remarked one newspaper correspondent. "She's interested in men. He's interested in women." —*P.C.*

TO TAKE advantage of the lower income tax paid in the United States by a partnership, one chap set up a partnership to include not only his wife but their small children as well. The wife was being cross-examined in connexion with this in court.

"Do you participate in the management of the business?" asked the prosecutor.

Well, no, she replied. She had been too busy recently to participate.

"Too busy doing what?" the prosecutor demanded.

"Producing partners," the wife said.

—Stanley Surrey

INTERESTED in testing a newly installed computer, an army officer asked the machine to predict the probability of the Third World War and promptly received a one-word answer: "Yes." Annoyed at the lack of detail, the officer queried, "Yes, *what?*" and a few seconds later the machine tapped out the reply: "Yes, *sir!*" —Contributed by Valerie Antoine

A YOUNG WOMAN took her four-year-old son to Mass for the first time. He peered all round the church for a while, then tugged at Mummy's sleeve. "Where is God?" he demanded. His mother gestured vaguely towards the ceiling. "He's up there," she shushed him.

Moments later the jangle of bells from the altar signalled the most solemn part of the Mass. Again the child tugged at his mother's sleeve. "Shouldn't He answer His telephone?" —Dick Nolan

A REGULAR customer at the bar always ordered two martinis. When the barman suggested a double instead, the man said, "No, I drink with my friend."

One day the man ordered only one martini.

"What happened?" asked the barman. "Did your friend die?"

"Oh no, he's fine," the man replied. "But I'm on the wagon." —J. P.

WHEN A woman discovered that she was pregnant she broke the news to her teen-age daughter who had been the only child for 15 years. The girl was aghast to find that there would soon be a baby in the house.

"Oh, Mother, how could you!" she exclaimed. "And you won't even let me smoke!" —Contributed by H. Lehman

THE PRODUCER of a television show had made arrangements for the appearance of a talking dog. Then, as an afterthought, he decided that if one talking dog was entertaining, two talking dogs might be worth even more. So he got in touch with the trainer of a second conversational canine.

On the night of the show, the proud producer brought the two acts together. At the sight of each other, the dogs bristled.

"What's the matter?" the producer asked with a sinking feeling. "Don't they like each other?"

"Like each other!" shouted one of the trainers. "They aren't even speaking." —Hal Chadwick

A YOUNG American housewife got fed up with the voluminous correspondence and complicated forms she found herself involved in whenever a mail-order item was unsatisfactory. So when her iron went wrong she simply sent it back with the manufacturer's tag, on which she had printed crudely: "My Iron She No Get Hot."

Without further ado she received a new iron. —*Q.E.*

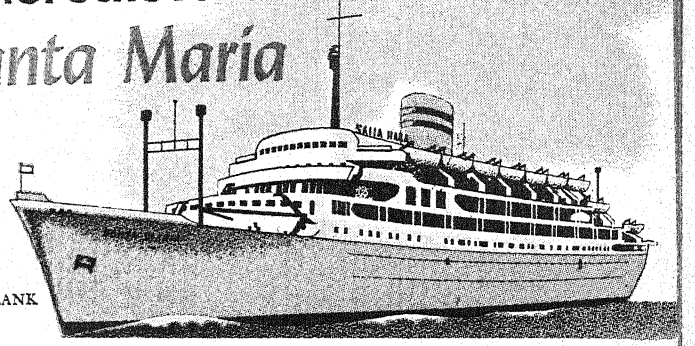
THEY BROUGHT their wives to the conference, but managed to sneak away for a meal at a fashionable restaurant.

"Shall I bring you a couple of demitasses?" asked the waiter at the end of the meal.

"Heavens, no," pleaded one of them. "It would be just our luck for our wives to walk in." —*G.S.*

WHEN CONDUCTOR Leonard Bernstein took the New York Philharmonic on tour, he found this note under his hotel-room door one night: "I think you should know that the fellow in your band who plays the instrument that pulls in and out only bothered playing during the odd moments you were looking straight at him." —Bennett Cerf

The Incredible Cruise of the *Santa Maria*



By Joseph Blank

For twelve tense days a luxury liner on the Spanish Main became a ticking political time bomb—one of this century's most exciting dramas at sea

"Strange, enchanting sights and sounds await you in intriguing ports of call," said the little folder that each passenger found in his cabin. But none of those aboard the 21,750-ton Portuguese luxury liner *Santa Maria* remotely dreamed *how* strange the sights and sounds awaiting them would be. The *Santa Maria* was named after Columbus's flagship because she was the pride of the Portuguese merchant marine.

She had sailed from Lisbon on Cruise No. 61, on January 9, 1961. Until 1 a.m. on January 22 the voyage was serene, relaxed and well-ordered—just as the brochures painted her South Atlantic and Caribbean cruise. She had called at Vigo, Spain, at Funchal in the Madeira Islands, then at Tenerife in the Canaries. After this, she made the long run across the Atlantic to La Guaira, Venezuela, where she picked up some new passengers. There followed a brief stop at the Dutch island of Curaçao, on January 21, for other passengers. Then the *Santa Maria* weighed anchor for the leg to Port Everglades, Florida.

On board now were 588 passengers and a crew of 350. Among the passengers, however, were 24 men whose destination was not on the ship's itinerary. These men were committed to the most daring hijacking exploit in peacetime maritime history. Followers of General

Humberto Delgado, leader of the opposition-in-exile to Portugal's premier, António Salazar, they planned to seize control of the vessel, to disembark the passengers at a neutral port as quickly as possible, and then to use the notoriety arising from the exploit to launch a revolt against the Salazar regime from the Portuguese colonies in Africa.

Shipboard leader of the small band was Henrique Galvão, a thin, gaunt-faced Portuguese of 66 who had had a varied career as poet, translator of Shakespeare, army captain and colonial inspector for his government. He had been jailed in Portugal for his opposition to the regime, but had escaped in 1958 from a military hospital where he had feigned illness.

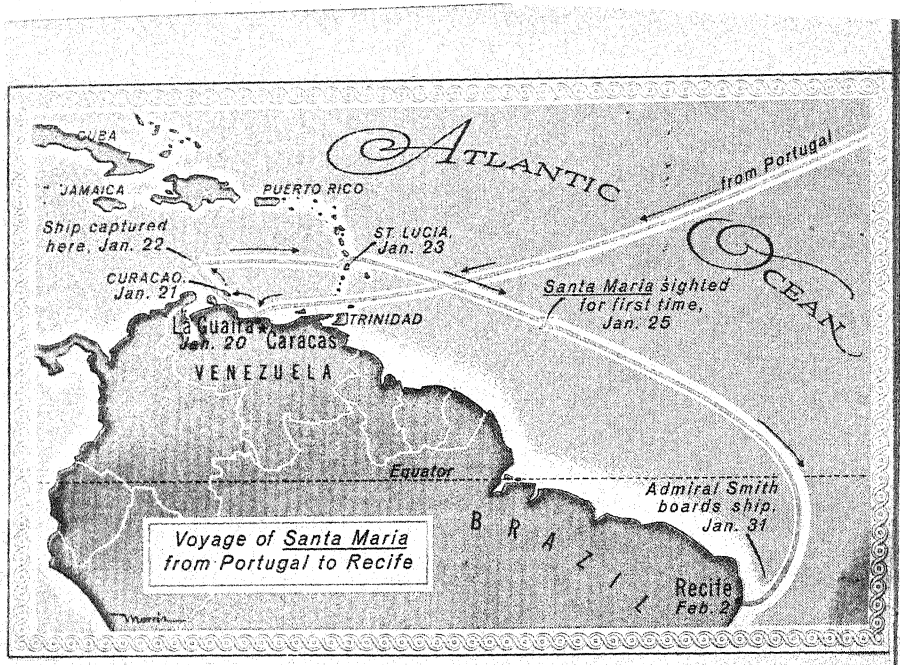
The plan for the capture of the *Santa Maria* had begun to form in Galvão's mind when he noted that on each of her trips to the Western Hemisphere the ship stopped at La Guaira, the port for Caracas, Venezuela, where he was then living. His chief accomplices, equal to him in authority, were Jorge de Souto Maior, an experienced seaman and an anti-Franco veteran of the Spanish Civil War, and another Spaniard, José Velo.

When the *Santa Maria* put into La Guaira on June 18, 1960, Galvão donned a broad-brimmed hat and dark glasses and boarded the vessel with other visitors. For two hours he studied the upper three decks, toured the bridge and even glanced round the master's cabin where, at the time, the captain was entertaining friends. On the ship's subsequent visits Galvão's associates visited her to find out if she carried arms or political police, and to determine her supplies of fuel, food and water. At their request, the shipping line gave them a detailed plan of the ship. They also studied a large-scale model of the ship in the window of a Caracas travel agency.

Several deadlines for the venture passed because the group, composed of Portuguese and Spaniards, with a few Venezuelans and one Cuban, ran into money problems. They had to buy tickets at £70 (Rs. 920) each for the trip to Lisbon. Passage to Florida would have been cheaper, but the U.S. Embassy in Caracas refused them visas.

Finally, the plans were set for the trip that left La Guaira on Friday, January 20. Twenty-three men boarded the vessel there. Their larger arms—two machine-guns and four rifles—were dismantled and packed in three suitcases marked with small white crosses, a warning to a bribed customs man who passed the bags without opening them. Galvão, who had flown on to Curacao to avoid the risk of detection, joined them on Saturday.

At 11.55 on Saturday night, Third Officer João José Costa, Apprentice Navigator João António de Sousa and two sailors began their spell of duty on the bridge of the *Santa Maria*. De Sousa checked the



vessel's position on the charts. She was about 150 miles north-west of Curaçao, heading for Jamaica Passage, some 500 miles away.

"Just before one o'clock," de Sousa recalls, "I noted in the log, 'Brilliant starlight. A string of cumulus clouds low over the northern horizon.' Just as I finished writing I heard one of the sailors shout, 'Costa, Costa! Come here! Look!' Then I heard two shots.

"I ran through the door to the bridge and saw Costa doubled up in pain. He spoke his last words: 'Go to the captain.'

"I ran to tell the radio operator, Carlos Garcia, in the wireless cabin about 45 feet aft of the bridge, to look after Costa while I roused the captain. When I opened the radio-room door, a man standing by the radio operator fired point-blank at me, hitting me in the left arm."

De Sousa bolted for the landing leading to the captain's side door below. Two more bullets slammed into his back, one puncturing two holes in his right lung, the other splintering two ribs before it lodged near his spinal column. Somehow he reached the landing, stumbled and slid down the 20 steps, then crumpled at the side door of the captain's cabin. He didn't have the strength to bang on the door or shout. Blood spread around his body.

Captain Mario Maia slept on for another 15 minutes until a sailor knocked on his front door and excitedly reported that some passengers were shooting up the bridge and had wounded the two duty officers. Captain Maia hastily buttoned

on a uniform. "I assumed that a passenger had gone mad, or that there were disorders among passengers who had been drinking too much," he said later.

He ran out of his front door and up the steps to the bridge. As his eyes reached the level of the bridge deck, he saw a man with a gun. He ducked, ran back to his cabin, locked the door and telephoned the engine-room. After ordering the engines to be stopped, he went to the side door of his cabin. Through the glass panel he saw de Sousa lying motionless on the deck. He partially opened the door, saw a man aim a rifle at him, yanked the door shut, locked it and retreated into his room.

He telephoned the bridge and was answered by an unfamiliar voice, saying, 'This is Captain Galvão, who, in the name of General Humberto Delgado, has taken over your ship by assault. You must not attempt any kind of resistance—it will be violently suppressed. Surrender will bring you benefits."

Nobody resisted. None of the crew or officers had arms, and all of them were numbed by the unbelievability of what was happening. Within 45 minutes the rebels had taken control of the bridge, the radio-room, the engine-room and the crew's and officers' quarters. The ship was theirs.

Costa and de Sousa were carried to the ship's hospital, where the doctor gave de Sousa immediate blood transfusions, probably saving his life. Chaplain Father Xavier Yrigoyen was awakened, and he administered last rites to both men. A short time later Costa, who only a few days earlier had received a cable telling him of the birth of a daughter, died.

Below, all but a few of the passengers slept on, oblivious of the shooting and shouting. Even on Sunday morning most of them awoke, dressed and strolled towards the dining-room unaware that the *Santa Maria* had been transformed from a luxury liner into a political bomb that was supposed to explode into a revolution. But about nine o'clock the first- and second-class passengers were summoned by loudspeakers to the main lounge.

There Captain Maia made a speech in Portuguese, explaining that command of the ship had been taken from him by force and that the crew was operating the vessel at gun-point. Then Galvão and Maior delivered addresses about their fight for liberty, and another rebel told the group in English that none of the passengers would be harmed and that the ship would be at sea for five or six days before reaching an unspecified destination. The public-address system blared the same message to all parts of the vessel as she sped due east at 20 knots.

The announcements provoked a variety of responses among the passengers. "It didn't make sense to me," Mrs. Dorothy Thomas said.

"Such a thing wasn't possible!" Eben Neal Baty, travelling with his wife, wasn't at all dismayed. "I felt rather thrilled," he reported. "I was glad we hadn't sailed on the other ship we'd been thinking about." Manuel Lourenço, returning to Portugal from Venezuela, was outraged: "This is a hell of a thing to happen to a man going home to retire after 30 years in a foreign country!"

Jane Smith, travelling with her husband, Delbert, and seven-year-old daughter, Deborah, decided with some other young women that they might as well take their usual morning swim in the pool. "But when we saw two men with machine-guns standing on deck above the pool, that took some of the fun out of it," Mrs. Smith said.

As the *Santa Maria* proceeded eastwards, no one not aboard the ship, except General Delgado and a few associates in Brazil, knew what had happened. At 7.30 a.m. on Monday, January 23, however, the two lighthouse keepers at Vigie Point on the placid West Indian island of St. Lucia spotted a big liner looming out of the rain and haze. No such vessel was due for another two weeks. They trained their binoculars on the ship but she was four miles away and they couldn't make out her name. They watched her pass across the harbour, sail northwards, return to within a mile of the docks, drop a lifeboat, then move northwards again. (Galvão, apparently fearing that de Sousa might die aboard ship, had decided to unload him at St. Lucia.)

Shortly after de Sousa was taken to hospital,* news of the hijacking flashed from St. Lucia to a startled world. Newspapers splashed headlines across front pages. Radio and television gave frequent bulletins. Reporters and photographers flew to Puerto Rico, St. Lucia, Venezuela and Brazil, not knowing where they should go—because the *Santa Maria* had vanished.

Her disappearance was attributed first to pure piracy. Britain dispatched the frigate H.M.S. *Rothesay* from St. Lucia to find the ship. Portugal alerted her navy. The United States sent out naval search planes fitted with the most advanced radar equipment and ordered the destroyers *Wilson* and *Damato* at Puerto Rico to intercept the vessel under the well-defined terms of international law governing piracy and insurrection aboard ship. Merchant ships plying the Caribbean and South Atlantic were asked to keep a look-out.

Finally, on Wednesday morning, the third day after the seizure, a Danish freighter reported sighting her. A few hours later a U.S. Navy plane flew over her; she was 900 miles east of Trinidad, following a course that could take her either to the north-east coast of Brazil or to the west coast of Africa.

* He recovered in a few weeks.

Passengers on the decks waved to the plane, cheered, jumped about and embraced one another. The plane commander radioed Galvão, requesting him to reverse course and proceed to Puerto Rico. Galvão refused, saying that he was making for the Portuguese colony of Angola on the West African coast but was willing to confer aboard ship with any government officials other than those from Portugal or Spain.

By this time the tumult about piracy had subsided. In a stream of radio messages, Galvão said that he had acted only for the sake of "liberating" Portugal. The nations involved mostly altered their original stand and viewed Galvão as a true revolutionary who was not out to obtain private gain from his venture. Everyone, however, was concerned about the safe disembarkation of passengers.

The *Santa Maria* followed an irregular course, increasing the confusion among those aboard. "We never knew where we were or where we were going," said one. "We never knew the correct time, either, because no one reported the passage through different time zones."

Despite the uncertainties and the fears, life with its personal problems and pleasures went on. During the first week seven-year-old Deborah Smith had measles. A baby was born. A young Dutchman and a Spanish girl met, fell in love and promised to marry.

After watching the armed rebels for three days, Mrs. Smith and her friends decided to try the swimming pool again. Others went back to sunbathing, ping-pong, walking the deck, reading and playing cards. The ship's orchestra played for lunch, dinner and dancing.

Galvão, a man of considerable charm and courtliness, addressed the passengers in the first-class lounge and apologized for causing them any inconvenience. When Mrs. John Dietz complained that she could no longer play shuffleboard because the forward deck was out of bounds, Galvão answered, "Madam, you shall play shuffleboard." Next morning Mrs. Dietz was delighted to find a freshly painted shuffleboard court on the deck in front of her cabin.

Other passengers and the crew weren't taking matters lightly, however. A Canadian, Laurence Williams, who expected the rebels' guns to begin firing again at any moment, made notes about his experiences and hid them between sheets of music. On several occasions he dropped bottles containing messages overboard. Professor Floyd Preston, of the University of Kansas, was irritated because the projected revolution would make him late for the beginning of term.

On the lower decks, where more than 300 third-class passengers lived and ate, the failure of the air-conditioning system (it had gone out of operation at La Guaira) made the quarters stifling hot. Many of these

passengers were Portuguese, and they were worried about getting involved in the politics of the hijacking.

The all-Portuguese crew became progressively more depressed and demoralized. They had cause. What were Galvão's plans after he unloaded the passengers? Where would he take the ship? Would the Portuguese Navy fire on it? Anxiety about their safety made the crew indifferent about cleaning decks and changing the linen in the staterooms.

Rumours ran like wildfire among the passengers. Once, when the rebels uncovered the lifeboats, word spread that Galvão was going to put the passengers off at sea. "One of the big items of conversation was about the proper thing to wear in a lifeboat," Mrs. Joan Harberson said. "Some women wondered if it would be all right to wear their mink coats. The men worried about their cars in the hold, and all of us were concerned about our luggage and about souvenirs that we had picked up in Europe."

The captives waited constantly for some action or piece of news that would end their suspense. Even Galvão didn't know when or where the passengers could disembark, for his plans had been thrown awry by what he termed his humanitarian act of putting de Sousa ashore at St. Lucia. His original plan would have carried him well towards the coast of Africa before the ship was seen to be missing from her scheduled January 24 docking in Florida. When passengers asked him when the ship would land, he courteously answered, "As soon as possible. Perhaps tomorrow." "Tomorrow" became his stock reply to all enquiries—whereupon passengers dubbed the ship the *Santa Mañana*.

Whatever their private opinions about Galvão and his cause, in public the passengers on the whole maintained strict neutrality and avoided political discussions. "We were just interested in getting off the ship as soon as possible," Mrs. Harberson said. "While Galvão and his men were polite and gentlemanly with us, we never forgot that they had killed one man and seriously wounded another. They had used their guns once. Depending on circumstances, they *could* use them again."

The rebels gradually eased their civil but distant attitude, and it was sometimes difficult to distinguish them from the passengers. Some splashed about in the pool while their comrades stood guard. In the evenings, when a squad of rebels went off duty, they changed from their cotton khaki uniforms, black berets and armbands of red and green (the national colours of Portugal), and put on business suits. They sat in the lounge, "paid" for their drinks at the bar by stamping chits with "D.R.I.L." (the initials of their organization), and danced with some of the passengers.

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By the sixth day the passengers knew that the rebels hoped to disembark them in some Brazilian port. "Galvão told me that Jânio da Silva Quadros, the incoming president of Brazil, was an old friend of his," said Mrs. Harberson, who communicated with him in Spanish, "and that it would be safe for the rebels to put into Brazil, unload the passengers, and leave. We began to count the days until his inauguration on January 31."

Meanwhile, Galvão was dickering by radio with the U.S. Navy, who were growing increasingly anxious to see the passengers off the ship. After several exchanges the Navy suggested that Galvão should meet Rear-Admiral Allen Smith aboard the *Santa Maria* 50 miles outside Recife, Brazil. "All right," Galvão radioed.

On the night of January 30 Galvão gave a farewell dinner, with a specially printed menu entitled "The *Santa Maria* en Route to Liberty." The meal was elaborate: lobster, ham, steaks, roast beef, a variety of sauces, and dessert. Galvão ordered free champagne for the third-class passengers. Several passengers asked for his autograph on their menus. After dinner, a dance was held in the gaily decorated main lounge.

On January 31 Admiral Smith boarded the *Santa Maria* from a destroyer, and he and Galvão conferred. "We will enter Brazil tomorrow," Galvão said. "We wanted assurances of being able to continue, and now we have assurance from the present president of Brazil."

As a private citizen, Quadros had expressed sympathy for Galvão's cause. As president, however, he was pledged to the best interests of his nation and to its international relations. The solution: get the passengers safely off the ship, return the ship to her rightful owners and grant asylum to Galvão and his group.

The conversation between Galvão and Admiral Smith did not resolve the problem of safe disembarkation. After the meeting Admiral Smith addressed the passengers, urging them to be patient, and assuring them that the U.S. Navy would not leave the vicinity.

World interest in the *Santa Maria* and its captives mounted as news items remained scanty and often conflicting.

After the admiral retired to his destroyer, a small plane dipped near the ship and dropped a parachutist into the water. He bobbed to the surface, inflated a rubber boat and paddled to the side of the ship. Hauled aboard, he turned out to be a photographer for a French news agency. Another photographer tried to repeat the stunt, dropped wide of his target and, much to his disgust, was fished out of the water by an American destroyer. Meanwhile, more than 100 reporters, photographers and television and newsreel cameramen had gathered at Recife.

When Galvão brought the ship inside the three-mile limit on the morning of the 11th day—February 1—deteriorating physical and emotional conditions aboard were fast weakening his position. A delegation of Brazilian authorities refused to give him guarantees. Bring the ship in and unload the passengers, they told him, and then sit down and talk things over.

Galvão saw his plans collapsing. He couldn't take the ship out to sea without fuel. A turbine had broken down. The food supply was low. Water was critically short. In the third class, the heat and the poor food, along with the suspense, were causing hysterical breakdowns among the women.

The temper of the crew had changed from fear to anger. When a group of them accosted several rebels near the first-class lounge and announced that all the crew intended to leave the ship at the same time as the passengers, there was a commotion.

Galvão came running up. He was met by shouts of "Everybody leaves the ship! Everybody!"

"No!" Galvão screamed. "No! None of you will leave! Get back to your quarters!" His men drew their pistols. The crew retreated.

Early on the morning of February 2, third-class passengers, pushing their way into the first-class lounge, demanded that the ship be taken into port. In the mêlée that followed, a passenger was pushed through a glass door. The rebels drew their guns, but fortunately no one fired.

At 11.21 a.m. the ship raised anchor and stirred, and a passenger on the bow pulled up his fishing line. With pennants rippling, festoons of ribbons from shipboard parties flying and martial music blaring from the loud-speakers, the *Santa Maria* steamed into the port of Recife. During his last stroll among the passengers Galvão kissed Mrs. Dietz's hand in farewell.

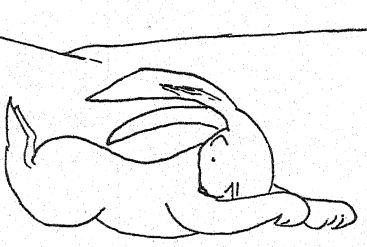
The ship dropped anchor 500 yards from the docks, and tugs moved out to shuttle the passengers to shore. Brazilian marines climbed aboard, saluting smartly as they stepped on deck to take over the ship. Passengers hurriedly gathered their luggage, prams, bicycles, camera cases and souvenir baskets, and made their way down the gangplank on to the waiting tugboats. Some cried in relief, some smiled; others wore expressions of indignation or concern.

For the passengers leaving the ship, for the crew impatiently waiting to leave, for Henrique Galvão, standing stiffly and somewhat proudly on the bridge, and for an astonished world, Cruise No. 61 of the *Santa Maria* was over.

On February 4, in Recife, Brazil, the *Santa Maria* was turned over to her rightful owners, CCN, the Portuguese Line. Her former crew of 350 resumed their duties immediately and sailed within a few days for Lisbon. The ship resumed her regular sailings on March 23.

According to Thurber:

The Tortoise and the Hare



By James Thurber



There was once a wise young tortoise who read in an ancient book about a tortoise who had beaten a hare in a race. He read all the other books he could find, but in none of them was there any record of a hare who had beaten a tortoise. The wise young tortoise came to the natural conclusion that he could outrun a hare, so he set forth in search of one. In his wanderings he met many animals who were willing to race him: weasels, stoats, dachshunds, badger boars, short-tailed field mice and ground squirrels. But when the tortoise asked if they could outrun a hare, they all said no, they couldn't (with the exception of a dachshund named Freddy, and nobody paid any attention to him).

"Well, I can," said the tortoise, "so there's no use wasting my time on you." And he continued his search.

After many days, the tortoise finally encountered a hare and challenged him to a race. "What are you going to use for legs?" asked the hare. "Never mind that," said the tortoise. "Read this." He showed the hare the story in the ancient book, complete with moral about the swift not always being so terribly fast. "Tosh," said the hare. "You couldn't go 50 feet in an hour and a half, whereas I can go 50 feet in one and a fifth seconds." "Posh," said the tortoise. "You probably won't even finish second." "We'll see about that," said the hare. So they marked off a course 50 feet long. All the other animals gathered round. A bullfrog set them on their marks, a gun dog fired a pistol and they were off.

When the hare crossed the finish line, the tortoise had gone approximately eight and three-quarter inches.

Moral: A new broom may sweep clean, but never trust an old saw.

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Stand beside the surgeon as he performs a twentieth-century miracle—but a miracle that at best can save only one out of four victims

Cancer of the Lung—Case No. 248301

By Calvin Tomkins

Fifty years ago, cancer of the lung was virtually unknown. Today it kills tens of thousands of people throughout the world and is increasing at a rate that some doctors call "epidemic." So far, despite intensive research, chest surgery offers the only hope of cure.

The following report takes you into an operating theatre at one of the world's most famous cancer hospitals—the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Centre in New York—to watch the surgeons tackle this insidious killer with all the skills of modern medicine.

In an air-conditioned, green-tiled operating theatre on the 12th floor of Memorial Hospital, a middle-aged man lies quietly waiting. He is 58 years old, a salesman, married and a grandfather. He is listed impersonally on the hospital records as Case No. 248301, and he is about to undergo extensive surgery. The reason is visible on the wall: two large, illuminated chest X-rays, which show an irregular shadow on his left lung. Everyone in the operating theatre, including the patient, has a pretty good idea of what that shadow probably is—cancer of the lung.

At 8.10 a.m., the operating surgeon enters briskly. A white face-mask and green cotton cap frame his alert brown eyes. Casually, the surgeon greets the patient and the men and women whose skill he will need almost as much as his own in the

hours that stretch before him: the resident and assistant surgeons; the anaesthetist, a woman doctor from the Philippines (the hospital's staff includes several doctors who have come from other countries to study the new cancer techniques); the "sterile" nurse who handles the glittering array of instruments, and the "unsterile" nurse who need not be sterile because her hands never touch an instrument.

The anaesthetist gives the patient an injection of sodium pentothal, and asks him to begin counting aloud. "One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . ." The patient's voice thickens—"five . . . six"—and then breaks off as the drug takes rapid effect.

Two more injections follow: a local anaesthetic below the Adam's apple to prevent coughing, and a paralyser (derived from curare, the South American Indian arrow poison) to prevent muscle spasms.

The patient must be made to breathe and to keep breathing during the long hours ahead. And so the professionals deftly insert a rubber tube down his windpipe, through which the anaesthetist will pump a mixture of oxygen, ether and other gases during the operation. (Without this tube the patient's lungs would collapse, because the moment his chest was opened the body's delicate pressure balance would be upset.)

He is turned on his right side and firmly secured with broad strips of adhesive tape; his left side is painted with an orange-tinted antiseptic. And then he is draped with sterile green sheets and towels until only the operation area, about a foot square, is exposed.

The three surgeons now go into the next room to scrub their hands and arms for five full minutes (sand-glass timers over each sink mark the time). As they scrub, the doctors review the details of the case.

Three months ago, Case No. 248301 became aware of a dull pain in his chest. At first he blamed it on a fall from a stepladder. "That's what's so insidious," the operating surgeon observes, still scrubbing. "The pain masquerades as something else—a bruise, a touch of neuralgia—and they think nothing of it."

When the pain persisted, the patient went to his doctor, who advised chest X-rays. These showed a shadow on the upper lobe of the left lung. Admitted to Memorial Hospital two days later, he underwent sputum tests and bronchial examination. The results were suspicious enough to warrant an exploratory thoracotomy—the operation he now faces.

The surgeons return to the operating theatre. The sterile nurse helps them into rubber gloves so thin that the hairs on their hands show through, and into green operating gowns (green is easier on the eyes than white). The anaesthetist sits by the patient's head, where she will

keep a running record of his pulse and blood pressure. It is now 8.55 a.m.

"All right," the surgeon says. The sterile nurse hands him the razor-keen scalpel. "Ready?"

The scalpel moves in a swift, unhesitating arc from mid-chest all the way round to a point near the spine, slicing through the thin envelope of skin and exposing fat and muscle.

A spot of blood appears, and the resident quickly pinches off the blood-vessel with a blunt, scissors-like clamp. Another spot of blood, another clamp, and still another and another. All three men then collaborate in tying off the clamped blood-vessels with silk thread. Twice more the basic surgical cycle of cut-clamp-tie is repeated as the incision deepens. The surgeon is cutting through the "lats," the large muscle known as *latissimus dorsi*. A good surgeon, the old saying goes, must have "an eagle's eye, a lion's heart and a lady's hand."

The ribs are visible now under their tough coating (periosteum). The surgeon locates the fifth rib and scrapes away the periosteum with a Bailey scraper. With a pair of powerful Bethune rib cutters he severs the curved bone at either end, and hands it to the nurse. (The patient will not miss his rib for long; within the year he will have grown a new one.) Just beneath the rib cage, the lung can be seen through its translucent coating.

"Can we have a sponge count?" the surgeon asks quietly. "We're going into the chest." The "unsterile" nurse gathers up all the gauze pads (sponges) used so far and checks them against the inventory taken before the operation. From now on, to be sure that no small pads get mislaid inside the patient, only large sponges with heavy metal rings attached will be used in the chest. "Your count is correct," the nurse says. It is now 9.35; it has taken one hour and 25 minutes to reach this vital stage of the operation.

The pleura, a delicate membrane encasing the lungs, is severed easily. Heavy metal rib spreaders, that operate like a vice in reverse, force back the ribs on either side of the missing fifth, leaving an area some five inches across in which the surgeon can now manoeuvre. Suddenly the whole interior of the chest is laid open. It is nearly filled by the enormous, shiny, soft expanse of the lungs, swelling and contracting as the anaesthetist rhythmically squeezes a pressure bag to make the patient breathe.

"How's he doing?" the surgeon asks.

"He's doing fine," the anaesthetist replies. (She had started a blood transfusion some time ago.) The surgeon now begins his careful inspection of the chest cavity. He examines the lung, feeling over the entire surface and probing between the lobes (two for the left lung, three

for the right). On the left upper lobe he locates the hard, greyish lump that corresponds to the X-ray shadow. The surgeon removes a small piece with a scalpel and hands it to a nurse, who wraps it in waxed paper and sends it by pneumatic tube to the pathology laboratory ten floors below for a "frozen section," or quick microscopic analysis. It is 10.10.

With the lungs partially collapsed, the surgeon now reaches behind them to examine the heart and its major artery, the aorta. Adhering to the aorta, which is the size of a garden hose, is a suspicious growth.

While the assistant holds the lungs back with his hand, the surgeon reaches deep into the chest with long-handled scissors. Very slowly, he pushes the blunt tips between the aorta and the suspicious layer, snipping it up and away. A slip could mean disaster. Blood flows through the aorta under such pressure that a puncture could make it "hit the ceiling." Ten minutes later he has freed the growth and handed the nurse another piece of tissue for frozen section.

In the pathology lab, the mosaic-like characteristics of malignant cells are clearly visible under the microscope. The pathologist telephones the surgical floor and, in a moment, a nurse pushes open the swing door to announce in careful diction: "Doctor, frozen section No. 1 shows carcinoma." Minutes later she returns with the report on section No. 2; it, too, shows cancer. The surgeon and his resident look at each other over their masks.

"Radical pneumonectomy?"

"I'm afraid not," the surgeon replies. "This patient can't live on one lung."

Removal of the entire lung, or radical pneumonectomy, would perhaps give a better chance of catching all the cancer in this man. But preoperative tests, which included making the patient run up a flight of stairs, proved that his respiratory system was too weak; with one lung gone, he would be a "respiratory cripple," unable to stand the least exertion. The surgeon has therefore decided to perform a lobectomy: removal of the diseased upper lobe and its regional lymph nodes—glands in which the cancer cells may be trapped.

With the decision made, the tempo quickens. The surgeons locate the main arterial branches leading to the upper lobe, tie them off, and cut between the ties. They do the same with the corresponding pulmonary veins.

Only a spur of the bronchus—the organ that brings air to the lungs—now joins the upper and lower lobes. The surgeon severs this with a right-angle scalpel. The assistant lifts out the soft, spongy lobe and passes it to the nurse. She wraps it, too, in waxed paper, labels it and sends it to the lab for a thorough microscopic survey.

The severed bronchus is sutured,

then sealed with a flap of pleural tissue. Saline solution is poured into the chest, to test for air leaks. There are no bubbles—the bronchus seal is tight.

The liquid is removed, and the doctors begin closing the chest.

Steel rib "approximators" pull the separated ribs back together. Layer by layer, the chest wall, muscle and skin tissue are sutured with curved needles. Some 250 to 350 knots of black silk thread or catgut will be left inside the patient, harmless and permanent. At 12.20 the incision is closed.

The whole operation has taken over four hours.

The patient, who is already beginning to emerge from deep anaesthesia, goes now to a recovery ward. He has been given a local anaesthetic; he will be uncomfortable for a while, but in no real pain. In about ten days he will leave the hospital. But only time can tell whether the operation has been successful, or whether microscopic cancer cells have spread to other organs where they will continue their aggressive, deadly growth.

Surgery can do no more.

Situations Vacant

A MAN applied through official channels for a job with a government department. While he was waiting for word on his application, the head of the department happened to hear about him through a friend and immediately took him on.

Several months later while the man was at work in his new post, he received a letter forwarded to him from his former address. It contained his original application together with a formal letter regretfully informing him that the application had been turned down because he was not qualified for the position.

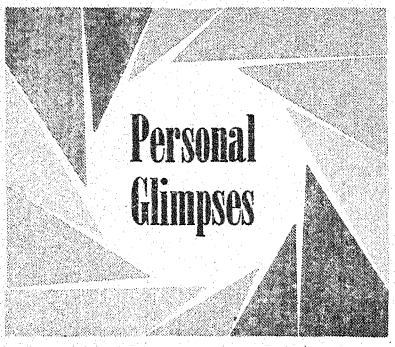
Taking another look at the rejection letter, he found that he had signed it himself.

—Joe McCarthy

A CHAP working for the Bank of America decided he would rather be in the advertising business. So he made up a brochure about himself and sent it to 100 advertising agencies. On the cover was printed: "Help! Help! I'm a Prisoner of the Bank of America!"

A few days later one of the brochures drifted into the hands of his boss. He promptly called the young man into his office. "I've good news for you," he announced. "The Bank of America is setting you free."

—Herb Caen



Sir Sydney Smith, 77, is one of the world's experts in the field of forensic medicine and is an authority on poisons. "Sometimes I'm a bit of a damned fool," he confesses. "Once I was alone in my flat in Cairo, and took the last spoonful of a cough medicine I'd had made up. After I'd taken it, I realized that the alkaline substances in it would have caused the morphine to precipitate and go to the bottom.

"I looked in the textbooks and found that I hadn't taken enough to kill me. Then I made the mistake of consulting a textbook *I'd* written, and found one case recorded where this little dose had brought on death.

"What should I have done? Called a doctor? Would have made me look damned silly, wouldn't it? Who was right, the other chaps or me? I tried to make myself sick, with no success. So I just sat down and waited to see if I'd get the symptoms. And I jolly well did. But the other chaps were right. I didn't die." —Maurice Dolbier

Mrs. Arthur Hays Sulzberger, wife of the publisher of the New York *Times*, is a great admirer of Sir Winston Churchill. She once wrote and asked him if she could buy one of his paintings, even a small one.

Sir Winston wrote back, "Thank you for your interest, but I'd sooner part with one of my grandchildren than with one of my paintings. Since you have grandchildren of your own you'll understand how I feel."

Mrs. Sulzberger replied with a cable: WHICH GRANDCHILD DO YOU WANT AND HOW SHALL I HAVE IT WRAPPED?

—Joey Bishop

Joe Louis, visiting a technical high school, said, "I always wished I could do something with my hands. Never could." —Contributed by Margaret Motherwell

In his book *May This House Be Safe From Tigers*, Alexander King tells of going to the Princeton study of Albert Einstein to interview him. Accompanying King was a photographer who made so many requests for new poses that King was afraid the two would be thrown out. Instead, Einstein showed superhuman patience and generosity.

While the photographer was reloading his camera, Einstein looked at him earnestly for a moment and said, "You are one of many children, aren't you?"

"Yes. I have nine brothers and sisters. What makes you ask?"

"I guessed it," said Einstein, "because it is always hard to survive and to get proper attention in such a turmoil of children. From their early environment, members of large families don't expect to be seen or to be heard unless they climb right into your lap and put their fingers into your mouth. I suppose it is probably the ideal training ground for a news photographer." —Heinemann, London

Why The Communists Are Winning

The Free World is in an alarming position: we are losing battle after battle in the Third World War simply because we will not understand that the war has begun. The Communists are winning precisely because they do *understand this fact. The March Reader's Digest presented* "This Is the Third World War," *based on the book* "Protracted Conflict." *Here, from the same book, is an analysis of the tactics which the Communists are using to carry out their master plan of conquest.*

Condensation-Synopsis by MAX EASTMAN
from the book "Protracted Conflict"

"THERE IS in train today a development without parallel in history—a war which has as its frank objective the overthrow of all the parliamentary governments of the world and their replacement by Communist dictatorships centrally controlled in Moscow. The distinguishing characteristic of the campaign is the interchangeability of political and military weapons.

"A 'peace offensive' in Moscow, a cultural conference in Warsaw, a strike in France, the invasion of Korea by fully equipped troops—all are instruments of one war, turned on and turned off from a central tap as a gardener plays a hose up and down a piece of land, watering some plants lightly, some heavily."

These words were written more than ten years ago by Byron Dexter, of the U.S. Council on Foreign Relations. Yet even now the West as a

"Protracted Conflict," written by Robert Strausz-Hupé, William Kintner, James Dougherty and Alvin Cottrell, for the Foreign Policy Research Institute
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whole seems sublimely unaware that there are phases of war other than military action. The free nations react, sometimes forcefully, to overt Red-inspired crises, but seem incapable of devising a cohesive policy that will deal with the Communist attack in all its phases.

For all their shifting and backtracking, the Communists have a recognizable strategy which rests on four major principles: the indirect approach; deception and distraction; monopoly of the initiative; attrition.

To meet the challenge of the future, it is necessary to understand how the Communists have successfully applied each of these principles in the past.

The Indirect Approach. The Communists believe that they must avoid a direct, decisive encounter until they have acquired overwhelming physical superiority, sufficient to ensure the enemy's total defeat—and their own survival. As long ago as 1921 Lenin declared that the Communist International must be "militant" and at the same time "capable of avoiding a fight in the open with the overwhelming forces of the enemy."

Threats and bluffing gestures notwithstanding, this has been an underlying principle of Communist strategy ever since.

A brilliant illustration is Stalin's policy while war clouds gathered in the late '30's. At first he pretended to be undecided which side he was on. Then in 1939 he signed a nonaggression pact with Nazi Germany, thus hoping to keep Russia a bystander until her two warring enemies were exhausted. Meanwhile, he would build up his strength and be ready to join the victor when the end approached. Though Hitler attacked Russia and forced her to join the eventual victors sooner than Stalin intended, the Soviet leader did achieve his goal. The most significant consequence of the Second World War was not the "victory" of the West, but the emergence of Russia as the world's second most powerful nation.

Her power, however, was still vastly inferior to that of the United States, and the principle of avoiding a direct military conflict continued in force.

In 1946, when Soviet troops remained in Iran after the deadline agreed upon for their departure, the United States showed signs of military action. To the surprise of many, Stalin ordered the withdrawal

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of his troops. President Truman has said of that crisis: "The Soviet Union persisted in its occupation until I personally saw to it that Stalin was informed that I had given orders to our military chiefs to prepare for the movement of our ground, sea and air forces. Stalin then did what I knew he would do. He moved his troops out."

Very bold and wise! But had Truman understood that Stalin's avoidance of a showdown was basic to Soviet strategy, he might also have preserved the independence of the satellite nations in Eastern Europe and of China as well.

The daring Soviet blockade of Berlin furnished another example of this Communist principle at work. When Britain and America outwitted the Kremlin with a "non-military airlift" of unarmed transport planes, Russia had to choose between direct attack and backing-down. Again the Kremlin backed down.

It might appear that the principle of avoiding direct military conflict was abandoned on June 25, 1950, when, with Stalin's connivance, North Korean forces invaded South Korea. It seems likely, however, that this attack was based on a miscalculation. It occurred in an area where the West's "vital interests" had not been clearly defined, and from which most U.S. forces had been withdrawn. Had we pressed the Korean War to complete victory, there is little doubt that the Russians would again have sidestepped a direct engagement. It is inconceivable that the Communist leaders would have initiated a general war merely because they had enough atom bombs to destroy some European and American cities. The result for them would have been crushing annihilation. But Western leaders, with the exception of a few like General Douglas MacArthur, had no conception of these facts—or of the mature and expert strategy of protracted conflict upon which the Communists are operating.

The determination of the Communists to avoid a premature pitched battle was revealed again in the 1957 Jordanian crisis, when the United States dispatched the Sixth Fleet with 1,500 Marines to the Eastern Mediterranean and put a quick end to Soviet "indirect subversion." That term, invented by John Foster Dulles, marked the first glimmer of a comprehension of the indirect-approach principle of Communist strategy.

Deception and Distraction. The importance of military deception is well known. In the non-military phases of their war against the Free World, the Communists use this device more often than is possible in armed conflict.

They never lose an opportunity to pretend, for example, that their regime is becoming more liberal. The grand example of this hoax was Stalin's adoption in 1936 of what he described as "the most

democratic constitution in the world." It contained every known guarantee of the sovereignty of the people, but all were nullified by one provision: that the Russian Communist Party "shall form the directing nucleus of all organizations in the country both social and governmental." In short, it provided for an absolute ruler who would stand outside the constitution—an abandonment of the very concept of the reign of law as against arbitrary rule.

More recently, Mao Tse-tung managed to beguile Western optimists with his policy of "letting a hundred flowers blossom, and a hundred schools of thought contend."

This policy, welcomed by many in the West as a major step in "liberalization," had the sole result of ferreting out potential dissidents. Within a year, Mao's government established the militarized communes which shocked even Western Communists and fellow travellers.

The slogan "peaceful coexistence" is another example of this strategy of deception. The Communists are fully aware that to the West this phrase means permanent friendly intercourse as among neighbours, while to them it means merely a *non-military phase of the war of conquest.*

Apart from these large-scale deceptions, deliberate falsification of economic data has always been an important Communist weapon. By ignoring changes in the value of the rouble, Soviet statisticians made the national income appear to increase by 500 per cent during a ten-year period when it actually increased by about 50 per cent. Although it is now generally conceded that Soviet Russia is the second greatest industrial power in the world, its rulers continue to conjure up an image of accomplishments out of all proportion to the facts. They wish not only to overawe the West with miracles wrought by the collectivized economy, but to dazzle the emerging nations of Asia and Africa with a magic formula for speedy industrialization.

Distraction is the twin of deception, and the Communists use this gambit with equal skill. While the West's attention was occupied with endlessly dragged-out truce negotiations in Korea, for example, they executed a grabbing manoeuvre in Indo-China. When we showed a disturbing interest in the liberation of the captive nations of Eastern Europe, they started a diversion by attacking the Asian islands of Quemoy and Matsu and threatening an invasion of Formosa. The guides of our foreign policy might well memorize the words of Mao Tse-tung. "Making a noise in the East while attacking in the West is a way of creating illusions for the enemy."

Monopoly of the Initiative. Communist success in the protracted conflict requires that the Free World be kept in a defensive frame of mind,

thus preventing it from seizing the initiative.

This is primarily a matter of psychological conditioning. Communist psychological strategy seeks to exploit the enemy's cultural and ideological preconceptions—scientific, economic, political, legal, philosophical and moral.

For example, by playing upon our moral and legalistic scruples, the Communists have established, without our being conscious of it, a "war zone" and a "peace zone." The "peace zone" is the territory controlled by the Communists; the "war zone" is the rest of the world. We have been conditioned to accept the preposterous assumption that battles between us may legitimately be fought only in the "war zone." In spite of constant Communist forays into the non-Communist "war zone," we feel obliged to refrain from launching counter-thrusts into the Communist "peace zone."

The Truman Doctrine, which included commitments to defend Greece and Turkey against Communist invasion, although considered a bold stroke, meekly accepted these territorial limitations. They were ratified in the so-called "containment policy," according to which the United States is to resist the Communist advance by applying counter-pressure along "a series of constantly shifting geographical and political points, *corresponding to the shifts and manoeuvres of Soviet policy.*" In other words, the Communists are to choose both the subjects and the sites of the conflict.

We are not containing them, they are containing us—behind a constantly shrinking perimeter of Free World defences.

We have permitted the Communists to send arms to anti-Western governments in the Middle East—Egypt, Syria—and to anti-American governments in Guatemala and Cuba. Yet at the time of the Hungarian uprising, it was taken for granted that the West could not extend military aid, even indirectly, to the patriots of freedom without triggering a general war in Europe. Indeed, the West even shrank from the purely diplomatic move of recognizing the neutrality of Hungary when it was proclaimed on November 1, 1956, by the legal Hungarian Government.

Attrition. The kind of warfare the Communists wage is designed to wear down the enemy's power by gradual, and sometimes hardly perceptible, pressures and impairments while building up their own. This brings about a piecemeal yet ultimately decisive shift in the balance of power.

A major weapon in this war of attrition is the international conspiratorial apparatus which the Communists maintain in all the nations of the Free World. But, more openly, they exploit our free channels of communication to cultivate guilt complexes and a divided mind among our intellectuals, and

a paralysis of will in our decision-makers. They have succeeded so well in this international brain-washing that many Western intellectuals devote much time to apologizing for the institutions and processes of a free society.

A constant aim is to neutralize those forces not directly involved in the conflict. Globally, this includes all the colonial and emergent nations lying between the Soviet *bloc* and the West. In the Atlantic region, the task is to isolate the United States from her allies and friends. Within the separate nations, the Communists try to neutralize large political and social groups, especially the influential *élites*. They hope particularly to attain at least the neutrality of those countries which might figure in the defence of Europe.

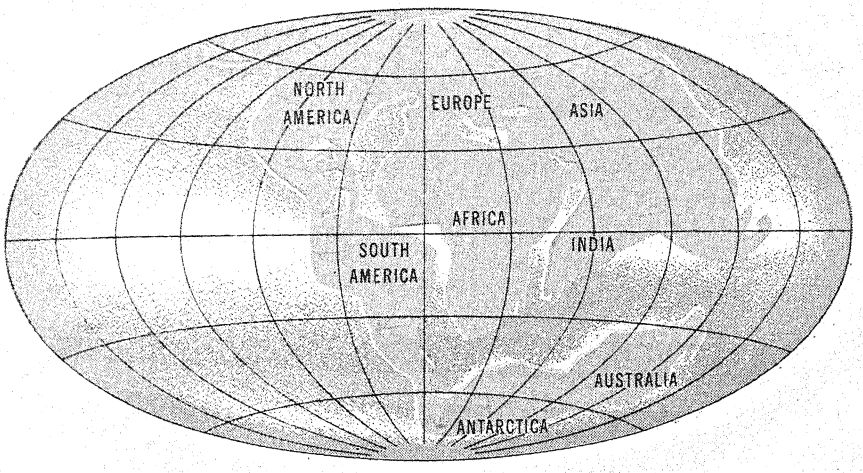
The European campaign has three specific objectives: dissolution of the Western alliance; withdrawal of British and American forces from the Continent; and the creation of broad demilitarized regions in Central Europe which, exposed to Russian pressure without the presence of American power, would ultimately succumb to the Soviet Union.

In their campaign of attrition the Soviet Communists make constant use of proxies. Without swinging into action themselves, or even appearing attentive to what is going on, they set other nations in motion against the Free World. It was Czechoslavakia, for instance, not the Soviet Union, that shipped nearly 2,000 tons of military equipment to a Communist-dominated government in Guatemala. Similar things are constantly happening in Asia and Africa.

By utilizing the various and devious techniques of protracted conflict, the Communists have made far greater inroads into the West than would seem possible in view of the balance of power between the two camps. This is because we fail to realize that we are at war with them. We fail to understand from that sole point of view their infinitely varied manoeuvres. Once we begin to do this, there is not the slightest reason why we cannot thwart their plans. We are more advanced, more wealth-producing, more inventive. Our concept of man is far closer to reality than the old-fashioned pseudo-scientific notions they inherit from the middle of the nineteenth century.

We of the West must understand the principles of protracted conflict. From such an understanding can be forged the tools of victory.

In the March 1961 Reader's Digest condensation-synopsis from *Protracted Conflict*, the editing process produced an error in interpretation. As a result, the sentence on page 36 reading, "In plain language, Churchill, Roosevelt, Truman and the rest were played for mugs by the wily Georgian because they did not understand, or could not believe in, the devious policy that was guiding every move that Stalin made," did not represent the views of the authors of *Protracted Conflict*. The authors prefer the following: "In plain language, the good faith of the Western Allies—our belief that others share our sense of fair play—was exploited by the wily Georgian. Our people did not understand, much less accept, the devious policy that was guiding every move that Stalin made."



How the continents may have appeared during one phase of the drifting process is shown on this reconstructed map of the world. Note that North America and Europe are joined

ARE THE EARTH'S CONTINENTS ADRIFT?

By Rutherford Platt

There is mounting evidence that the lands on which we live are wandering slowly but inexorably over the face of the globe

In recent months new facts have been found to bolster a startling scientific theory: that our continents were once part of greater land masses, and that, broken apart, they are drifting across the face of the earth. Africa, for example, was once at the South Pole; parts of the United States were over the North Pole. North America may even now be ploughing westwards through the Pacific Ocean, to collide eventually with Asia!

The theory of drifting continents was first seriously proposed in 1915 by Alfred Wegener, a German

geologist. Until now the arguments against it were at least as impressive as the arguments for it; but analysis of data accumulated during the International Geophysical Year has provided new evidence in favour of the theory.

Wegener likened the continents and big islands to icebergs floating in a sea of hot, soft volcanic rock. As proof that they were once joined together, he pointed out that the continents fit together like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. The east coast-line of South America matches the west coast of Africa, with the rounded corner of Brazil fitting neatly into the Gulf of Guinea. The facing coasts of Europe and the United States can be fitted together if some revolving is done. (And if the continents *are* broken apart and drifting, why shouldn't some of them revolve like bits of toast in hot soup?)

Mountain ranges of the same geologic age and with the same rock structure can be matched on coasts that face each other across wide oceans. They stand as though broken and pulled apart. This is true of the coastal ranges of Brazil and West Africa. It is also true of the Appalachian Mountains of North America, whose ancient rock ends abruptly with a great headland in Nova Scotia, but reappears in Newfoundland, Greenland, eastern Ireland and finally in the Grampian Mountains of Scotland.

There is also zoological evidence of drifting continents. For example: guinea pigs, chinchillas, peculiar land snails that must live in woods, and giant lizards that lay their eggs in termite nests are found wild only in South America and Africa.

All fish and fresh-water creatures in South America have close relatives in Africa, including the electric eel and the lungfish—which sticks its nose out through the scum of stagnant swamps to breathe lungfuls of air. Unless the two continents were once linked, how can this amazing resemblance of unique creatures on opposite sides of the ocean be explained?

Assailants of the drifting-continents theory talk of land bridges like that which once existed between Asia and North America at Bering Strait. But no evidence for such a land bridge across the Atlantic has ever been discovered. On the other hand, a great ridge runs north and south down the middle of the Atlantic floor, paralleling the coast-lines of the facing continents with mysterious accuracy. No one has ever explained it—but it looks as it might look if it were a residue left where a land mass broke apart.

Botanists also support Wegener's theory. In his book, *The Geography of the Flowering Plants,* a classic in its field, Professor Ronald Good, formerly of the British Museum in London, writes: "The opinion of plant geographers is almost unanimous that the present distribution of

plants cannot be explained without assuming that the continents have been joined to one another at some time in the past."

I myself have seen some of the botanical evidence. In a Greenland ravine 300 miles north of the Arctic Circle, I found thin layers of shale, separated like the pages of an old book.

Almost all the fragments had imprints of plants—sassafras, sycamore and fig leaves, elm seeds with their hat-brim wings. These are not plants of a raw polar place, but of temperate woodlands.

In Greenland, too, I found a colony of a peculiar saxifrage plant, which also grows on the other side of the world in the high Himalayas. This peculiar flower uses no seeds, but spreads by reaching out with a short stem and planting a tiny bulb. Through many millenniums it could have crossed thousands of miles of land by taking three-inch footsteps, but could it have leaped the ocean?

Such clues would seem to indicate, as Wegener believed, that North America and Greenland were once joined to Eurasia, drifted away, and that Greenland "ran aground" while North America continued on its western course.

Some 200 million years ago, the greatest ice age of all spread up from the South Pole. From the evidence of boulders, sediments and rock scratches, the ancient glaciers buried South America under ice as far north as the Equator, and covered both western Australia and India.

But glaciers could *not* have reached up into Tropical South America, nor crossed the Equator into India! The Equator always receives a constant supply of heat from the sun—too much for glaciers. The only answer to the mystery, said Wegener, is that those lands were not always located where they are today. They have drifted. Moreover, he reasoned, at the time of this ice age those lands—Antarctica, South America, India and Australia—must all have been joined together in one super-continent, which he called Gondwanaland.

What evidence is there for this idea? When the ancient glaciers melted back, a strange shrub grew on the raw tundra left behind—one never seen since or elsewhere on earth. Its name is Glossopteris, or tongue fern, a tough, cold-weather plant with coarse, tongue-shaped leaves. Tongue-fern fossils have been found in Argentina and Brazil, in Central Africa, in India, Australia and Antarctica. Since tongue fern could not have leaped thousands of miles of sea, the only explanation seems to be the existence of the super-continent Gondwanaland.

As the enormous glaciers slowly melted back, and tongue fern spread, the huge land mass was revolving and drifting northwards. The strain of the revolving caused

Africa to break off, and South America, and two more huge pieces. India drifted into the tropics, hit Asia and formed a tight bond; the impact is thought by some scientists to have pushed up the Himalayas. Australia moved to its present location. The nucleus of Gondwanaland continued to drift towards the present South Pole, where eternal cold buried its rocky bulk under an immense white ice cap. Today, with sonar soundings, explorers are finding great cracks and chasms of continental proportions under the Antarctic ice—scars such as might have been left by the stresses and strains of the past adventures of the land.

But the most conclusive evidence of continental drift has been the recent discovery of "fossil magnetism." When rock materials are first laid down they are either fluid lava or watery sediments, in which microscopic particles of magnetized iron oxide are free to rotate. Before the rocks harden, these particles align themselves like compass needles, all pointing north.

Geologists can date rocks quite accurately on the geologic calendar. And from the direction of the fossil compass needles, it is possible to calculate the latitude and longitude of the rock at the time it was deposited. These findings indicate different directions at different times for north. Magnetic north appears to have been in what is now the middle of the Pacific near Hawaii. It has visited Japan, and more recently found itself in Kamchatka in northern Siberia.

But the earth is a good gyroscope, spinning at an eternally fixed angle, and long-distance pole wander is an impossibility. The explanation, therefore, is not that the North Pole has shifted, but that the very continents on which the rocks were laid down are sliding about over the face of the globe.

Professor P. M. S. Blackett, now Professor of Physics at Imperial College, London, has said: "Measurements of Indian stones prove without doubt that India was situated south of the Equator 70 million years ago. Measurements in South Africa point to the fact that the African continent has drifted directly over the South Pole in the last 300 million years."

What causes the continents to shift? For years no known force on earth was great enough to move a continent. Now one has been discovered. It is called a convection current, a heat flow which causes actual motion of the material through which it moves. Convection currents are set in motion by radioactivity in the centre of the earth. They flow up through the 2,000-mile-thick mantle of rock which underlies the rocky crust; horizontally along the upper mantle, then plunge again towards the earth's core, completing a circuit. It is as though great wheels were turning, underneath the surface, causing areas of

the earth's crust to move where they are in contact with them.

The wealth of pertinent data accumulated during the International Geophysical Year will take years to examine fully. But already it is agreed (though there remain die-hard dissenters) that the data support such conclusions.

Where are the continents going, and how fast? There is no telling, for this utterly amazing motion is subject to the caprice of convection currents and to unpredictable stresses and strains, such as sudden volcanic cracks that torture the earth's mobile crust. From his measurement of fossil compass needles, Professor Blackett estimates that in the last 150 million years Britain has drifted north from a place much closer to the Equator, and turned clockwise more than 30 degrees. Presumably the drift is continuing, but if it doesn't go faster Britain won't need to worry too much.

Sign Language

SIGN IN a Swiss hotel restaurant: "Diners who are tempted to steal silverware, ash trays and other objects belonging to this establishment are asked to do it discreetly. We want to preserve the good reputation of our clientele." —*Nachrichten*, Basle

IN pet shop window: "Come In and Try Pet Luck." —Arthur Mullenix

IN an optician's window: "Sun glasses—specially tinted for evening wear." —Bill Kennedy

PLASTERED on to a non-working slot machine: "This machine taketh. It giveth not." —M. B.

IN a pub offering free coffee for all customers at closing time: "Safety Belts." —Herb Caen

OUTSIDE a veterinary surgery: "Hospital Zone—No Barking." —E. K. H.

IN an airline ticket office: "Why Not Jet Away From It All?" —Cedric Adams

IN the gift department of a men's shop: "Many Happy Returns—We Expect Them." —Thomas Griffin



Green Valley of My Childhood

By Joyce Varney

The charming story of a childhood in Wales, and of two wonderful people, poor and unschooled, but rich in love and understanding

"When grandparents enter the room, discipline flies out of the window," says an old Chinese proverb. I suppose this is true. My grandparents spoilt me, but I'm glad of it. It was the most glorious spoiling a child ever had.

It started when I was a tiny baby. My father was killed in a mine-shaft accident two months before I was born. Soon after I arrived, Mother went away to Cardiff and left me with my grandparents.

Their house was like any other in our valley—a ghost-grey river-stone dwelling with a whitewashed doorstep. But in one way our house was different: we lived next door to the tin-roofed chapel and it was like living near a nest of birds. There was always singing, and my grandfather would say, "Do you hear? That is the music of Wales."

I was never taught to be realistic about the conditions in our mining valley. At that time South Wales was known as a "distressed area." The mines were idle, the pit wheels still. Everywhere was the evidence of poverty—dole-queues, soup kitchens, and little children, like so many lean sparrows, pecking away for coal at the slag heaps.

I suppose if my grandparents had brought me up right I should be filled with passionate anger against these social conditions; but instead, when I remember the slag heaps, I remember the day I filled my own tiny sack with slag. How Gran laughed at me, bat-black as any collier. And I can hear Grancher saying, *"Hssht,* Tydvil, please." Then he turned to me and said, "Never mind, my little collier. I will teach you how to pick coal."

It wasn't until I was much older that I realized we were poor. Or perhaps I should say we had little money. I thought we were rich. There was always plenty of chapel and singing and laughter. I was never hungry, especially after eating Gran's broth, seasoned with leeks and just a suggestion of marigold and wild parsley. There were plenty of dreams, too—nice shapeless dreams that were stuffed into my being like vague, unforgettable music.

I suppose it was bad for me, but I was never made to go to bed. I went when my grandparents did. We would climb those stairs together, Grancher leading the way, I in the middle and Gran behind me. The rooms in that little house were unheated, except for the kitchen, but I was never cold. There was always a warm brick, wrapped in an old red flannel petticoat, in my bed on a winter's night. And I always had a candle in my room because I didn't like the dark. I remember the smell of those candles Gran made, the warm smell of heather and honey. My grandparents would stay with me until I felt safe in my room, but they never listened to my prayers. Grancher said that was private conversation between me and God.

I was never taught to be grateful to anyone but God. I accepted my grandparents as a plant accepts the sun. Gran was small and quick, and whisked around the house, endlessly polishing the black lead grate or beeswaxing the floors. She was always stitching, or patching our clothes. She was a gifted cobbler, too, so our shoes were well soled.

My Gran was a gentle person who could never turn a beggar away from the door. She had some queer dependants. One was a brown mouse that lived under a loose board

in the kitchen. Grancher didn't approve of him at all, but every night Gran would put down crumbs, and at eight o'clock sharp out would come the mouse for his dinner. One day the ginger cat from next door caught him. Awful sad it was that evening in the kitchen. "He never stood a chance," Gran said with drooping head, and Grancher said softly, "That is nature, Tydvil."

Grancher Jack was a big man with gentle blue eyes and a fierce white beard. He was my friend and confidant. He would tell me about the time when there were wild men in Wales—wild men who ran through the woods with holly in their hair. He would tell me about the Druid priest who used a golden knife to cut the sacred mistletoe, and about the trolls and fairies that lived in trees and caves. Sometimes he would sing, and his voice would echo in the woods. He was a high tenor and had won many cups in his youth. Grancher had only one peeve: he said there should be no talking in chapel, only singing. The talking should be left to Almighty God.

Neither of my grandparents had been to school, but they had taught themselves how to read English. They taught me to read the Bible. Every night after supper Gran would get out the big black book and Grancher would say, "What will we have tonight?"

"The Book of Ruth," Gran would say because that was her favourite. I always wanted Jacob's ladder, or Moses in the bulrushes. I was fascinated with those Bible stories, but as I got older my literary interests changed. From Mrs. Dai Thomas across the street I got copies of a penny-dreadful magazine. One day Grancher picked one up, and his eyes grew big as he read the story of a girl who had taken the primrose path. But he didn't stop me reading them. Instead he had a conversation in Welsh with Gran. They always talked in Welsh when I wasn't supposed to listen, but I understood better than they knew.

"She needs good books of her own," he said.

"She has the Bible," protested Gran. "Books cost."

But the next day I was given a sixpence and told that we would go to the second-hand bookshop in Six-Bells. They were having a sale—they were always having a sale in those days—and Grancher and I spent three hours there. At last I had books of my own: *Alice in Wonderland, David Copperfield* and *Little Women*. We read out of one of them every night after singing. We read *David Copperfield* 42 times because it was Grancher's favourite, and he could read aloud better than the rest of us.

Those were lovely evenings in that little hot kitchen. If a Welsh troll could give me one wish, let him give me a bottle filled with the voices of that kitchen—Gran's laugh,

Grancher's singing and reading, the fire hissing and whispering—a bottle brimming with the smells of golden Welsh butter cakes cooking on the iron bakestone, and the scent of thyme drying on the mantelshelf.

Grancher never became angry with anyone, it seemed, though I do remember disappointing him once. Mr. Dai Evans, the choirmaster, was giving final auditions for the National Eisteddfod. The people he picked would sing in Cardiff Castle. I wanted to go so badly. I had practised my singing for months. Every night after tea Grancher would listen to me, and at night I had long conversations with God, beseeching Him to let Mr. Evans pick me for the child's part. But he chose Blodwen Davis instead. I hated Mr. Evans, I hated Blodwen and I hated God.

Grancher mollified my moaning: "Never mind, *fach,*" he said. "You have a lovely voice, look you, but no power. A lark can only sing what is in him, and a Welsh lullaby is as important to God as Handel's 'Hallelujuh Chorus.' "

Then Gran spoke to him in Welsh about taking me to the pictures. This was the worst kind of spoiling because it involved Gran's God. A strong Baptist and very fundamental, she did not hold with picture houses; neither did her God. Her God was behind her preacher, who every Sunday instructed us to keep our feet free from public houses and the cinema and plant them firmly inside the church.

But Grancher was something of a Druid and he enjoyed the pictures. His God was not fashioned in the likeness of the Reverend Jenkins. So that night we went to the pictures, Grancher and me. He bought me some gob-stoppers to suck to stop me talking. Jeanette MacDonald was playing in *Maytime*. It was a sad story, and I had a lovely cry and got rid of all my bitter tears.

When we reached home Gran regretted her suggestion and was remorseful. Apparently the Reverend Jenkins had given a stirring sermon that very night at the Band of Hope temperance meeting.

"How you can listen to those old Americans talking so quick, ponders me," said Gran piously.

"They talk all right," Grancher said. "Yes, fair play, they talk right enough. In fact there is a lot of life in their speech, but they can't sing. Now, this young woman in the picture was like an oil painting. Her hair was as brown as a squirrel's nut, but she couldn't sing for taffy. It was like she had a wishbone in her throat."

"Serves you right," Gran said. "There was plenty of good singing at the meeting this evening, look you. Thomas Lewis sang 'Are You Washed in the Blood of the Lamb?' better than ever."

"Thom Lewis has a good voice," admitted Grancher, "and nobody enjoys his singing better than me,

but I'll take the American singing any time in preference to the dull language of God by the Reverend Jenkins, no offence, mind."

"There's blasphemy," whispered Gran, "in front of the child, too. There is plenty of that she can hear outside."

I was concerned about the way this conversation was going. For one thing I didn't like to hear my grandparents disagree, and for another, Robert Taylor was coming to the Palace in *Magnificent Obsession*. But I needn't have worried. Grancher wanted to see the picture, too. The very next Sunday he went uncomplainingly to chapel three times. He only went once generally. Gran flushed like a girl with the pleasure of his company. I sat between them and kept waiting for Grancher to make his usual comments as Reverend Jenkins talked about our wickedness and unworthiness. He thundered and boomed over the congregation in his search of sin. But Grancher sat unblinkingly. All he said was: "Very good at making sermons is the Reverend Jenkins."

When we reached home Gran flew around the kitchen singing in her happy way, saying how nice it was to have a decent household who went to church together. "Now I can face the pastor at the Band of Hope on Tuesday."

Grancher winked at me over the brim of his cup. Then he looked at Gran with a face as innocent as a saint's and said, "With your permission, Tydvil, I would like to take Joyce to the pictures on Tuesday."

"Aye, indeed," said Gran absentmindedly.

And Grancher reached out and gripped my hand under the table. Another picture—Robert Taylor in *Magnificent Obsession*—more gobstoppers, and who knows what else.

So my life continued, with one spoiling after another. It was the greatest spoiling a child ever had, and I'm glad of it.

Rain or Shine

PATRICIA thinks George may
propose any night now.
Her parents are sure he's
the marrying sort.
They're staying up evenings
and burning a light now,
Awaiting the girl and her
whether report.

—Tom Congdon

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

RESTING IN the hospital after the birth of our third child, I thought I would finally get a chance to finish reading Boris Pasternak's famous novel, *Doctor Zhivago,* and had it handy on my bedside table.

When the student nurse came in, it caught her eye and she looked at it sceptically.

"If you want the *real* low-down on baby care," she said confidentially, "you can't beat Doctor Spock."

—MRS. DAVID LYCHE

ONE OF THE girls in my computer keypunch department put some cards into the machine, but when she pushed the key it broke off. A mechanic mended it after office hours, and the following morning we found this note on the machine:

"Stroke the START key LIGHTLY as if it's your boy friend—don't pound on it as if it's your husband. THANKS."

—FAYE WILKINSON

MY RETIRED parents bought a picturesque old farmhouse in the mountains. To enjoy the view they decided to build a terrace, and ordered gravel and cement from a neighbour. Taking his time about it, he didn't bring up the first load until two o'clock one afternoon a few days later.

"Can't you bring one more load today?" my mother pleaded. "We want to get started."

"No, ma'am," the neighbour replied. "Tomorrow will be another day —and if it isn't, you won't need it."

—BRUCE KING

DURING A holiday trip, we stopped at a remote cove to take a picture of a fisherman beaching his boat. It was a bleak and lonely spot, and my wife remarked to me, "How can anyone live so far away from everything and be content?"

The fisherman overheard her. He looked us over carefully and then remarked, "You don't see me rushing to the city to take your photograph."

—JAMES DILLON

IN 31 YEARS of parsonage life we have had numerous weddings, but one of them stands out in my memory as particularly poignant. The young couple were alone, and after the ceremony when they were about to drive away, the husband got out of the car, went round to the back and pulled something out of the boot. As they sped off a few minutes later I heard a jangling of tin cans and shoes, and on the bumper saw the hand-printed sign, "Just married!" —V. C. W.

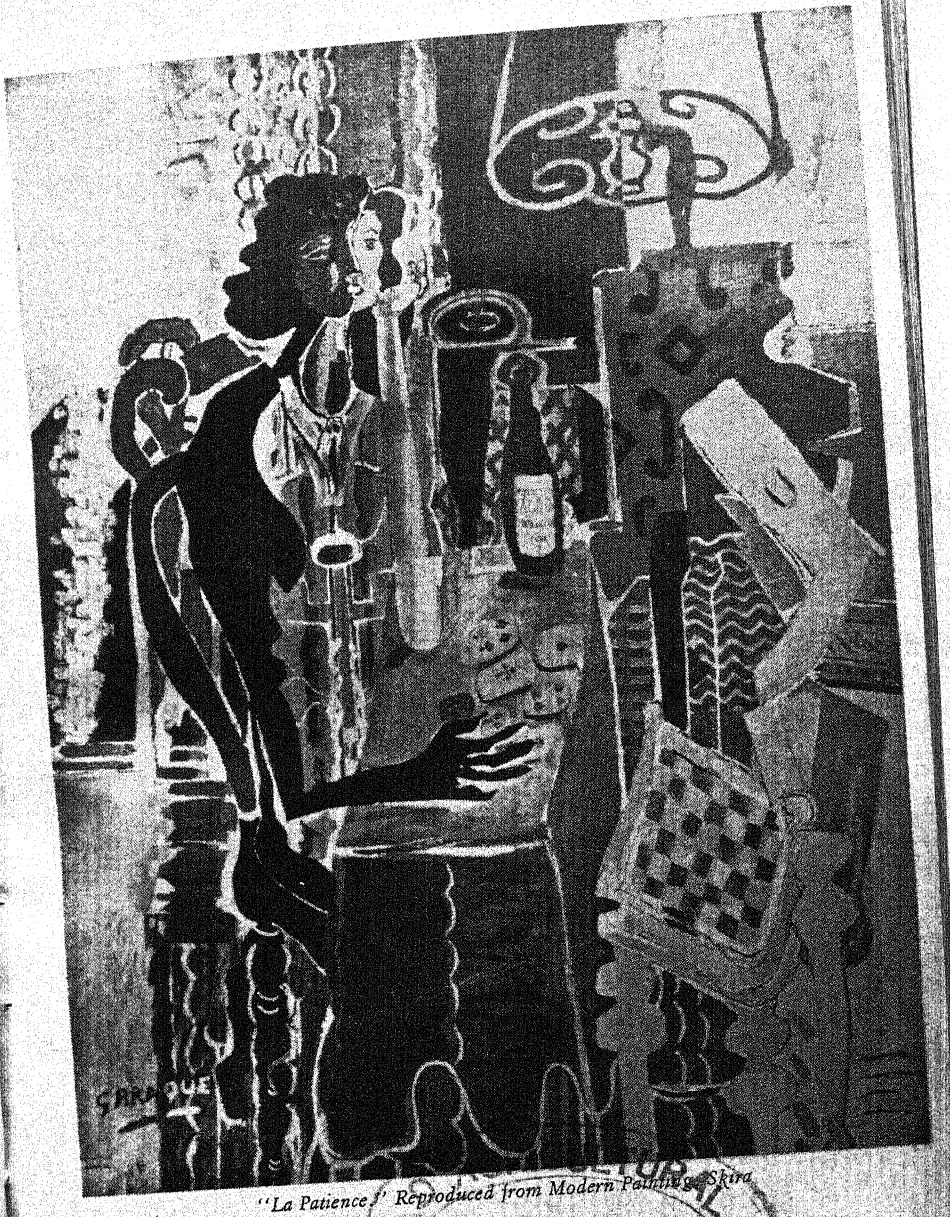
Georges Braque's Radiant Vision

With his friend Picasso, he invented modern art

By Malcolm Vaughan

In Normandy, some 60 years ago, a boy named Georges Braque started painting houses, both inside and out. He was so skilful with a brush that he could touch up wallpaper, or turn a plaster wall into a convincing imitation of brickwork or mahogany panelling. Today he still paints, not as a house painter but as one of the greatest living French artists, whose canvases have sold for as much as £40,000 (Rs. 5·3 lakhs). And despite his craftsman's ability to copy nature exactly, he is famed for doing the opposite: for creating a *new* vision of the world, a universe of shapes and hues organized geometrically or abstractly into new forms and new colour harmonies.

Braque's father and grandfather were house painters, and the boy left school at 17 to learn the family trade. Apprenticed to local experts in Le Havre, he quickly mastered such details as how to paint a false door or fake ceiling beams, how to make inexpensive plank flooring look like costly parquetry, even how to paint a realistic "marble" trim.



"La Patience" Reproduced from Modern Painting, Skira

LIBRARY

From the start it was clear that he had an extraordinary talent.

After his year of military service, young Braque decided to become an artist rather than an artisan, and left home for Paris. Though he found art school stuffy he stuck it for two years, learning the techniques of old masters by copying their pictures. Meanwhile, he was making friends. A hefty six-footer, he was a first-class boxer, swimmer, sailor and cyclist. Usually silent and unassuming, he could on occasion turn a casual get-together into a rollicking party, playing the guitar or accordion, singing songs and dancing.

Restless, Braque dropped art school to paint on his own—at first old-fashioned impressions of nature, then landscapes in bold bright colours. Still he was dissatisfied. He who could precisely depict the grainings in wood or the veins in marble, who could capture with mirror-like exactitude the beauty of a scene or of a woman's face, thought an artist should do more—not just imitate what he saw but create something new.

In this state of mind he met another young painter, a Spaniard living in Paris—Pablo Picasso. Of this meeting was born what we now call modern art. Others helped to prepare the way, but these two were its dynamic generators. Picasso showed Braque his newest picture, of nude women: all planes and angles, the painting looked like an explosion in a plough factory. But to Braque it made sense, for he recognized the planes and angles as the geometry underlying surface anatomy. Gradually it dawned upon him that this was what he was looking for—a way to create without simply making facsimiles of nature.

Braque and Picasso became close friends, so close that for years their pictures were often all but indistinguishable. Trail-blazing explorers, they moved into new territory and step by step created an art of geometrical forms which reduces everything to basic shapes: cubes, cones, spheres, cylinders.

Other artists, critics and the public denounced cubism as monstrous. The Salon d'Automne refused to exhibit Braque's revolutionary works. "He mistreats forms," said one critic. "He constructs deformed figures." Across the years, jeers and opposition rose to international proportions. But Braque and Picasso kept pushing back the frontiers, evolving the new pictorial alphabet of abstract art.

The First World War interrupted Braque's career. One day while he was fighting at the Front an exploding artillery shell tore his head open. He was left for dead on the battlefield, and was rescued only when picked up for burial next day. He spent more than a year in hospital slowly creeping back to life, and was decorated with the Croix de Guerre and Legion of Honour. His wife watched over him, and made him start painting again.

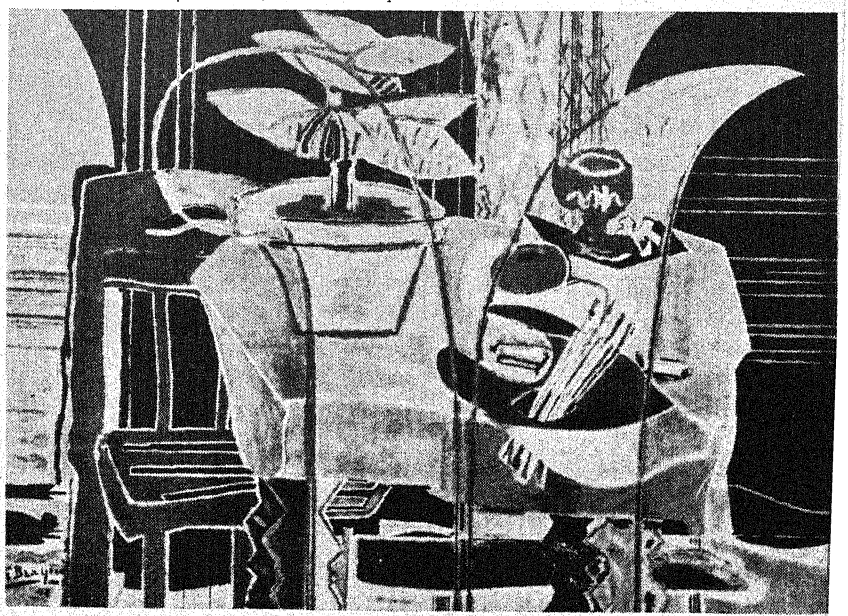
His new pictures looked more naturalistic than the old—but only a bit. He would never give up the "architecture of painting" for nature's surface charms. But now a few connoisseurs began to declare these pictures incomparably fine. Braque's reputation grew, and with it his income. In 1924 the Salon d'Automne, which 14 years before had refused his work, asked him to exhibit. He sent 14 pictures, one for each year, and they were all sold.

Even so, many critics and the public continued to be fiercely hostile year after year. As late as 1937 a leading art critic looked at a picture by Braque that had just won first prize at an international exhibition, and barked: "Is it a painting or is it a joke?"

The modest artist did not answer. He has never bothered to argue with his detractors.

Braque was nearly 50 when he achieved a wish that he'd had since his youth—a house by the sea, in his native Normandy, where he now spends most of each year. It is a modest farm cottage with a red-tiled roof and casement windows, but in the back garden stands a modern,

"Intérieur: Palette et Pot de Fleurs."
Reproduced from "G. Braque," Editions Pierre Tisné, Paris



high-ceilinged studio built mostly of milky glass. Inside, this room is bright on the cloudiest day, and when sunlight floods through the translucent walls you are in the heart of a living radiance. Here, amid five or six easels and sparse, simple furniture—much of it made with his own hands—Braque now works. You see no models, no photographs, no designs to guide the painter's eye.

"I never visualize a picture before I start to paint," he says. "Each picture makes itself under the brush—I discover it on the canvas."

Now almost 80, he still puts in a full day, painting, sculpturing, sketching or doing other work with his hands. When you see him standing tall and handsome at the easel —white-haired, dressed in a cotton work jacket and corduroy slacks with a yellow handkerchief round his neck—he might be a film star acting the role of an artist in a film. Certainly he doesn't look like a revolutionary. Yet that is what he is. For, with his friend Picasso, this unassuming former house painter has set up a new way of seeing, and revolutionized the course of art.

Confusing the Issue

PERSONNEL manager, explaining why he hadn't been able to fill a vacancy in the firm: "We're not going to accept just anyone, you know. This position requires a man who's worth twice what we pay."
—Paul Speegle

MY MOTHER got up every morning at 5 a.m., no matter what time it was. —S. L.

INFORMED traveller: "All Indians in South America walk in single file. At least the one I saw did." —Contributed by Cyril Eric Bryant

ONE OLD lady to another, after hearing a lecture by Lowell Thomas on his adventures in faraway lands: "I'll admit his stories are incredible, but I still don't believe them!" —Contributed by Harold Coffin

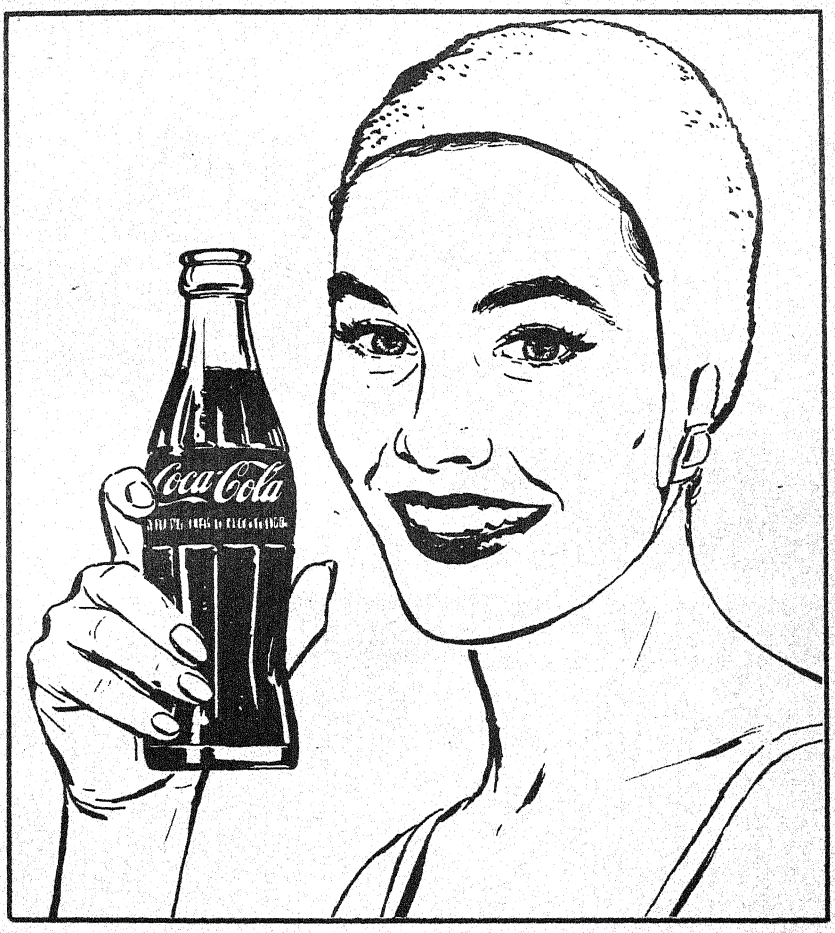
MOTTO-OF-THE-MONTH: "I said perhaps—and that's final." —UPI

BASEBALL star, Yogi Berra, when asked what hat size he wore: "You mean now—or when I'm in training?" —F. L.

FILM director Mike Curtiz to actor in rehearsal: "Thanks. That was perfect, *perfect!* Now let's do it once more, better." —Sidney Skolsky

WIFE to husband: "If you really loved me, you would have married someone else." —Bob Goddard

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28 JUN 1954

Care for Your Car

By Robert Goldman

The way you drive can shorten your car's life—or prolong it. Here are some tips to help you to keep repair bills down and add life to your car.

Don't jab the accelerator, especially when starting in the morning. Pumping wastes petrol and washes lubricant from the cylinder walls, causing premature wear.

Don't drive fast until you have gone at least five miles at 25 to 30 m.p.h. An engine is not warmed up as soon as the water temperature reaches normal, or about 180° F. It doesn't reach top running form until the oil also is hot. If the outside temperature is 32° F., ideal oil temperature is not reached until you have driven about eight miles.

Don't idle the engine to warm it up. Idling wastes fuel and promotes sludge. Your car will warm up faster if you drive it for a few miles.

Try not to drive short distances repeatedly. Short hops cause premature wear. For every gallon of petrol used in short runs, a gallon of potentially corrosive water is produced that can etch bearings and rust exhaust pipes. On longer runs the fluid evaporates. The characteristic dribble from tail pipes in the morning is corrosive fluid that has been working overnight on those pipes.

Don't make a practice of jamming on the brakes. Repeated fast stops wear out brake linings, play havoc with brake drums and decrease brake life up to 75 per cent.

Try not to bump the kerb while parking. It endangers front-wheel alignment. Bad alignment causes undue tyre wear and also vibrations in the steering parts.

Don't make "racing" starts. They waste fuel, decrease tyre life considerably, and put undue stress on rotating parts such as the universal joints.

Don't "ride the brakes" downhill. It can burn them out, in time. Instead, change if possible into a lower or retarding gear. On steep hills, apply the brakes intermittently. In the brief intervals when you take your foot off the pedal, the brakes have a chance to cool.

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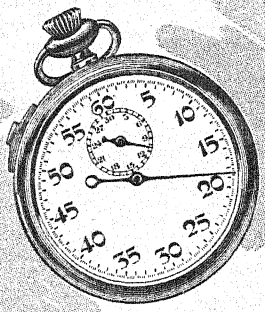
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Today's athletes are just beginning to explore the limits of human capability

Why Athletes Will Keep Breaking Records

By Robert Daley

In the last Olympic Games, records were smashed by the dozen. There is no mystery about why—and there seems little doubt that world records in sports will continue to drop. The reasons are: (1) gimmicks; (2) new training methods; (3) size.

The gimmick is the most important in giving athletes that extra half-second or half-inch. Swimmers shave all the hair off their bodies—and records drop. Great, beefy hammer throwers put ballet slippers (specially manufactured in splay-footed sizes) on their feet, and find that they can spin faster and thus sling the iron ball farther. High divers, who used to tuck their knees under their chins when somersaulting, now spread their knees slightly and tuck their heads between them. This provides a tighter tuck, a faster spin and more somersaults per dive. Pistol marksmen file down the hammers of their weapons until they weigh only a few grammes. Because these feathery hammers do not jar the gun as much as the old ones did, pistol scores are now higher.

For 50 years rowing equipment changed very little. Then the Germans experimented with oars, oar-blades and boats. They won. They

won again, and for the past four years have dominated European rowing. And last summer in Rome they won the Olympic eight-oared championship. This year virtually every crew in the world will be using boats and wide-blade oars like theirs.

Before the war Cornelius Warmerdam found that, by taking a longer run, he could pole-vault 15 feet. Promoters promptly lengthened the runways for him. Other vaulters adopted this change, and added a new one: instead of Warmerdam's heavily taped bamboo pole, they carried a light, slim bit of Swedish steel. The new pole gave them less weight, more whip and thrust. Now everybody uses lighter poles.

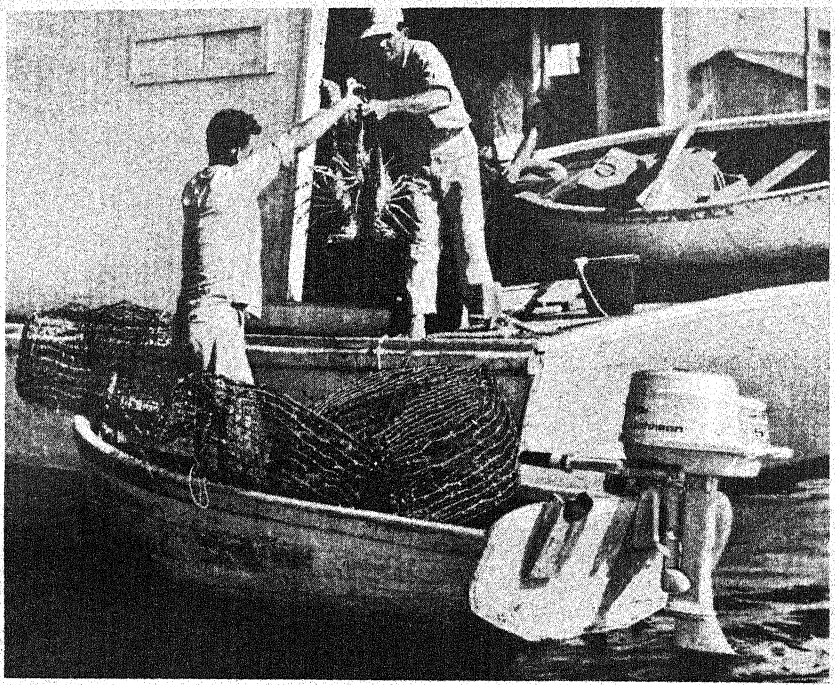
In swimming, Johnny Weissmuller set up a 100-yard free-style record of 51 seconds flat, which stood for 17 years. Nowadays, there are probably very many more swimmers who can beat it. Why? Part of the reason is that today's pools are faster. Backwash gutters and floating lane markers as thick as a man's arm keep the surface of the water flat, even when eight swimmers are thrashing in it. And modern swimmers do flip turns that Weissmuller never thought of.

Tracks today are faster, too. When Gunder Haegg began to set up records at 1,500 metres and the mile in Scandinavia, it was noted that the tracks were new, and that under them was a layer of gravel, a layer of clay, and sometimes even a layer of logs. The result was a more resilient surface, less tiring to run on. The day of the simple cinder track is definitely over.

In the Olympic 100-metre sprint last year the German, Armin Hary, was clocked in 10·2 seconds, a new record. Jesse Owens did 10·3 seconds in the 1936 Games. Hary's take-off was from starting blocks held in place behind his feet by pegs driven into the ground. Owens simply dug a shallow hole in the track with his spikes. He watched Hary win and then said musingly, "Those starting blocks ought to be worth at least a tenth of a second."

Though gimmicks may explain the records, the explanation of the plethora of athletes today who would have been considered supermen ten years ago is training, training, training. The limits of human stamina are just beginning to be explored. Take a look at the training routine of the Australian middle-distance runner Herb Elliott, world record holder at 1,500 metres and the mile.

When Elliott began training for his assault on the record books, he used to race ten miles a day through the parks of Melbourne, four days a week, after work. On Saturdays and Sundays, at the training camp of his coach, Percy Cerutty, he would rise at 5 a.m., jog half a mile to the beach and run for 30 minutes over the hard-packed sand. Then he would plunge into



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D AGRICULTURAL

the sea to refresh himself, and run back to camp for breakfast.

After eating he would run for four hours, covering as many as 33 miles. Back at camp again, he would lift weights and railway sleepers until lunchtime. After lunch and a brief rest he would run to the beach, where there is an eight-storey-high, 60-degree sand dune covered with coarse grass. He would run up this hill, over the top, down and round, over and over again, until he dropped from exhaustion. A reporter once counted him running up the hill 45 times.

"There is no telling what his body can do," said Cerutty. He might have added, "Nor anyone else's body."

In every serious branch of sport, athletes are working harder than they used to. The fact that yesterday's great runners failed to break the four-minute mile is less significant than the fact that they came so close on so little (by today's standards) practice.

If gimmicks and training explain many broken records, another factor must not be overlooked: size. There is better nutrition in the world today, and less sickness; and the human body is getting bigger all the time.

The bigger man gets, the higher he will jump and, presumably, the faster he will run. Until he has used up the entire day for training, stopped growing and ceased inventing gimmicks, no record can be set up that will not be broken.

The Old West

MANY YEARS AGO, when the Wild West was still wild, a stranger rode into Tombstone, Arizona, and put his horse up at the local livery stable. The horse was a splendid animal, and its rider told an admirer that he would sell it cheap. The transaction was made, but when the new owner had paid his money he didn't get a certificate of ownership. "How about the title?" he asked.

"Well," replied the cowboy, "the title is good enough as long as you go west. But don't take it east. It ain't so good in that direction!"

—Dan Bennett

FROM THE Sumner County, Kansas, *Press* of 1874: "A couple came from Ohio, arriving at Leavenworth a few days since, and were married about noon. At 8 o'clock in the evening a bouncing boy, weighing ten and a half pounds, was born to the blooming bride of less than ten hours.

"This is only another evidence of the fertility of Kansas, and a proof that the drought is not so general and fatal in its effects as some of our Eastern friends suppose."

—*Kansas Historical Quarterly*



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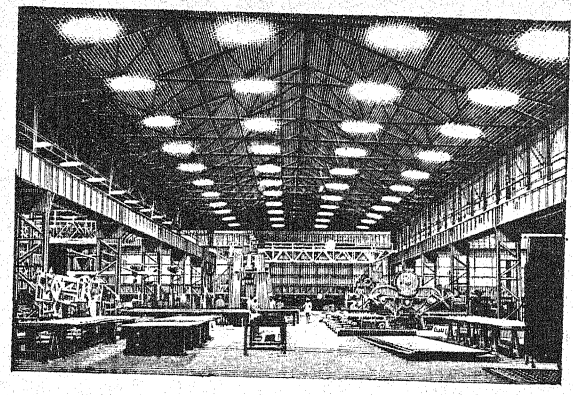
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When I was stationed on Christmas Island, Britain's nuclear test base in mid-Pacific, it was staffed entirely by men. The camp shop had been without greeting cards for some time, and when a new shipment arrived those of us with various family anniversaries in the near future hurried to make the best selections. As we crowded into the shop the assistant said, "There's no need to rush. They're all the same." Sure enough, they all read "To My Dear Husband"—all 4,000 of them.

—F. R. Walkley

One of the nicest compliments I ever received was from an army sergeant. Walking side by side one evening, we were approached by a group of recruits. As they reached us, their arms snapped in unison to a brisk salute. My escort returned the salute.

After they had passed I asked, "Why did they salute *you?*"

"They weren't even looking at me," he chuckled. "They were looking at you—and decided you were officers' material."

—Adele Finch

In the last few days of the Korean War, the policy on our destroyer-escort permitted us to dress as comfortably as possible. On one particular hot, muggy day, we passed close by the flagship, and within minutes a message was received from its cantankerous old commander: "Why are your men half-naked?"

Our executive officer, not one to be pushed around, replied just as curtly: "Because we make them wear pants."

—James Hummel

During an inspection a lieutenant discovered a young soldier's laundry bag full of books. Being a stickler for having everything in the proper place, he dressed down the guilty private in grand style. When he was just about out of breath, he asked, "Now, how by any stretch of the imagination can you justify having your laundry bag full of books?"

Quietly the private replied, "They're dirty books, sir."

—Gerard Schafer

Several years ago I was serving on the staff of a very capable admiral known for his willingness to make a decision and for his reluctance to reverse a decision once made.

I sent him a memorandum outlining a project I wished to undertake. The memo was promptly returned with a red-pencilled "no" above his initials. Still convinced of the soundness of my proposal, I called on the admiral and outlined the matter in more detail. He listened carefully, asked pertinent questions, offered suggestions.

"Jim," he said finally, "what you propose makes a lot of sense. It's a good idea. It's really a shame that I said no."

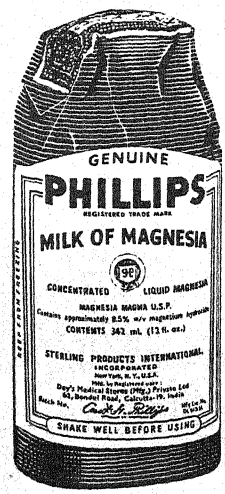
—J. W. Bound

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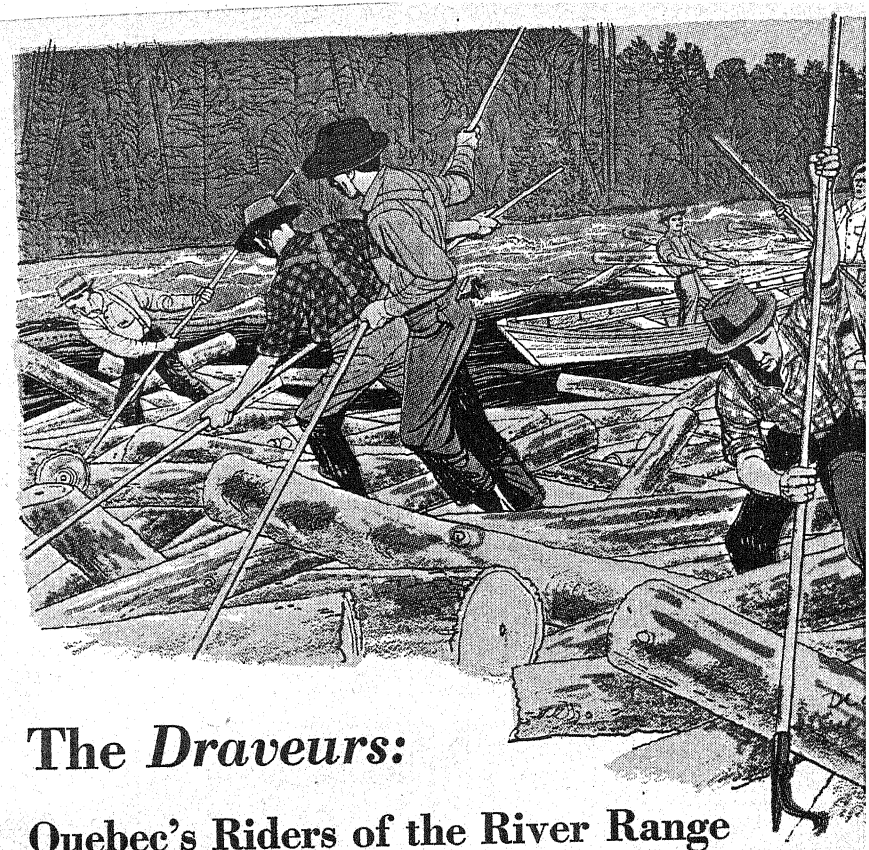
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The *Draveurs:*

Quebec's Riders of the River Range

Meet the hardy, picturesque French Canadians who herd logs by the thousand down the streams and rivers to the great paper mills

By Ira Wolfert

In the romances of Canada, Quebec's forest rivermen, the *draveurs,* hold a legendary place. Bearing names like Télesphore Sainte - Marie, Primat Boisvert, Dieudonné Tranchemontagne, these French Canadians are likely to be dark, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed men, whippy as jockeys when they're slight, swift-rolling as bears when they're not. In essence, their job is the same that cowboys once did on

the Western cattle trails, though the *draveurs* work with logs, not steers. They round up the "stock" on the river-banks and brand each "head" in case it strays. Then they ride herd on the stock, driving the logs along the waterways to the mills, where they are made into paper to supply one of every four newspaper pages printed in the whole Free World.

Though truly strong men have all but vanished from the cities, they still abound in the Quebec woods, as I learned on my first day there. I was encumbered with a suitcase that, since its contents included a typewriter and books, weighed 70 pounds. Toting it was quite a chore as I clambered over the litter of a logged-over bush trail. A *draveur* offered to relieve me of it. For politeness' sake I hesitated, since he was shorter than I. Much to my relief, he insisted. A moment later he was pointing at a bird passing overhead—pointing with the hand that held my suitcase. I thought he was kidding me, but when I mentioned it he was as startled to see the suitcase as I was. He'd forgotten he was holding it.

I watched the *draveurs* work in a forest area which lies in the watershed drained by the St. Maurice River, midway between Montreal and Quebec City, beginning north of the belt of settled land and ending where the trees start scrubbing out into tundra. A small plane can fly across the area in an hour, yet every year they draw out of these forests a ribbon of paper five feet wide and eight million miles long.

New logging techniques have made it economically feasible to range all over the forest and fell trees selectively, harvesting the woods rather than plundering them. The secret is the rivers—the Manouan and Mattawin and Mekinac, the Windigo and Wessoneau, the Jolie and Vermilion. They make a lacework of the forest as they wind down to the St. Maurice. Where the St. Maurice empties into the St. Lawrence lie most of the paper mills.

The *draveurs* have transformed these rivers into an automated railway, whose main line is the St. Maurice. The locomotive power is the water which, in the 250 miles from the top of the watershed to the bottom, falls 1,380 feet. This gives it speeds of up to 35 miles an hour. Along the rivers a great network of dams impounds the waters until freight is ready to be shipped. Behind each dam is a log corral. The *draveurs* have only to open a gate to start the freight on its way to the mills. Last year this extraordinary railway transported enough logs to fill 50,000 goods wagons.

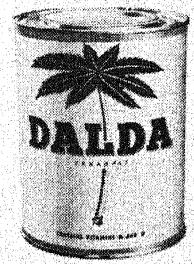
The railway stops running early in November, when the ice puts a roof on the water of even the great St. Maurice. Now the lumberjacks —the permanent year-round force of 1,000 swelled to 10,000 by farmers who come north into the woods to earn extra cash—begin to cut the



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logs for the next drive. In the forest the high whirring-burring of "partridges," as the French Canadians call their hand-held power saws, is heard from dawn to dusk, interrupted only by the cry of *"Timbair!"* as the timber falls.

By January the snow reaches too high on the trees for economical cutting, and the snorting and puffing of horses and machines take over. Horses by the thousand skid the logs, now sawn into four-foot bolts, out to weird vehicles that carry 20 cords a trip, and these monsters dump their loads on to the frozen lakes and streams—the "sidings" from which they will be shipped when the big melt comes. In the cold, glass-dry air the logs ring like bells as they tumble. Higher and higher they pile, spreading back over the banks in colossal mounds.

Suddenly, usually in the latter part of May, spring bursts in the forest. The thawing ice cracks with a noise like cannon shots. The logs displace the water in the lakes and rivers, and it comes flooding out over the banks to undermine the mounds there. So the "railway" loads itself automatically.

Little streams turn into roaring giants. Deep in the forest you can put your ear against a tree trunk and hear thunder underground. It is the Windigo or Little Bostonnais, perhaps Creek George, rushing, pounding, shaking the earth. Closer to the river, the thunder fills the air —a drumming and booming of water, a crashing and splashing of logs, all surging down out of the forest to the broad St. Maurice.

In about two weeks the spring floods subside. Then come the *draveurs*—1,500 of them, the largest group (500) led by a tall, frosty-looking Canadian, George Hamilton, who has been on the rivers for 32 years. These are red-eyed days, sometimes 18 hours long. Breakfast is at six o'clock: bananas and cream, oatmeal, hot bread, jam. Then comes steak, with beans and potatoes, and three to four eggs for each man. All this is blanketed down with flapjacks and ham. The *draveurs'* labour is so consuming that they have to eat as much again at 11.30. Then at six-o'clock supper they really pack it in.

Meals like that give the *draveurs* strength to battle with the logs, which pitch and toss and jam and stampede in the water. They can be as stubborn as the wildest range animals—as the rough crosses along the river-banks prove. These mark where a *draveur* disappeared under the logs and nothing of him could be found. But when the logs reach the St. Maurice they're like cattle, slowing suddenly as they reach pasture and spreading out to browse.

Seven big dams have transformed the St. Maurice into a series of giant ponds, some of them 40 miles long. The logs meander and drift in these ponds, gathering together in scores and hundreds, and finally in thousands. A drove as big as 200,000

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will collect and hang around in the lee of the shore. Sometimes a herd stretches back as many miles as a man can see.

Then suddenly, again like a herd of cattle deciding to crowd on to a new pasture, the logs begin to drift with the current towards the dam. They make eight to ten miles a day when the wind is favourable. The *draveurs* herd them by means of booms—variations of the kind used to fence off harbours during the Second World War. Curtain booms keep the logs from going up the bays and inlets and becoming stranded there; wing booms guide them away from sand bars and islands; conducting booms nudge them to where the current is faster.

Behind each dam are holding booms to corral the logs until the way over the dam is open. It is when a corral is overcrowded that a stampede is likely to occur. A big storm lashing a close-packed herd makes the logs goad one another into a frenzy and jump the fence, or break it down. But when one corral becomes overcrowded, the *draveurs* have only to wait until the wind is blowing in the direction of a corral which isn't crowded, then open the gate. The excess stock moves over with the wind to the corral that has room for it.

Until a few years ago tugs were employed to do this work in the big ponds. A herd would be lassoed and hauled about as a raft. Then the *draveur* bosses pointed out that nature would do the job if allowed to. The companies thought it might be worth a try.

But it was a risky venture. The newsprint machines which produce Canada's paper are so prodigious that only 149 of them are required. One, at Shawinigan Falls, is 300 feet long. Each hour, day and night except Sundays, Canada's machines turn out *1,200 miles* of 25-foot-wide paper. They are so expensive that their owners cannot afford to waste a day. How could notoriously capricious Nature be trusted to keep pace with the voracious appetites of such monsters?

Finally, rising tugboat costs drove the companies to risk a trial. It was a day George Hamilton will long remember. The big bosses, who had come from Montreal to watch, stood at Rapide Blanc, where they could look up along a great pond for miles to where it bent out of sight. All the way there was nothing but faceless water, with hardly a stir of wind. Only the light of the sun moved, idling on the pond's blank, motionless surface. Suddenly there was a gasp from the crowd, and Hamilton let the tension out of him in a sigh. There, wheeling grandly around the bend without a human hand to prod it, was the head of a seven-mile herd of logs.

Since then, the companies have been content to let nature do the work. But nature calls the tune and all must dance—especially the *draveurs*. I learned that one morning



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AGRICULTURAL

when the field telephone rang. The logs had jammed downriver. And 12 miles of logs bearing down on the jam would soon add their weight to the crush.

Six *draveurs* went out in a *"pointeur,"* a small boat sharp at both ends. One carried dynamite under his seat to break the jam. Four of the men were *rameurs,* two on each side with 11½-foot poles. Braced in the stern, using a nine-foot paddle as a rudder, was the *derrière-de-barge.* Standing in the bow, facing straight ahead, was the chief of the crew, the *devant-de-barge.* He held an 11-foot pole poised like a lance, now and then thrusting it against a boulder to help the *derrière-de-barge* steer away from it.

They moved slowly at first. Then the current gulped them up with a *whoosh.* Even in the sun the river was panther-black. The *devant-de-barge* never took his gaze off the surface of the water. He directed the crew with hand signals, and with swift, curt nods of his head to the right or left. When he wanted maximum effort he cried, "Ho! Ho! Ho!" Apparently it's the only human sound that can carry over the roar of a river in this mood.

They came to an island of stillness a mile and a half long—logs jammed into the bottom and piled on one another so tightly that not a drop of water showed. The *devant-de-barge* let the boat go plunging down one side of this island, aiming for the dead water he knew he would find at the lower end. Judging the moment precisely, he thrust his pole into the current and, springing high to grab the handle with both hands, he pulled down with such violence that he levered the nose of the boat into jumping sideways two feet in a single bound. "Ho! Ho! Ho!" he cried in a tremendous voice, and the boat's ribs shuddered as the full force of the current drove into them.

The *rameurs* shoved for dear life, and slowly the *pointeur* was torn from the grip of the current and came to rest in the quiet water at the end of the island. It took only one man to hold it there. The five others swarmed out over the island with long-handled pikes. A jam like this could be caused by a single log wedged amid boulders. Sometimes this log is driven in so deep it has to be dynamited free, but just as often it comes free itself when the others are pulled off its back.

The job is to locate this key log. The men stuck their pikes into the logs on top of the island and pitched them one by one into the current. Now and then there was movement among the buried logs. Every eye would instantly turn to the *devant-de-barge.* He'd study for a moment, then shake his head, and the men would go back to their swift, steady dismemberment.

Suddenly every pike on the island lifted. The *devant-de-barge* stood motionless, head raised. There had been a soft sound. The whole island

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D. AGRICULTURAL

seemed to hunker down deeper into the river. Had the current got in to nibble away a mere part of the jam, or was the key to all of it turning? Then came a low grunt from the *devant-de-barge:* "Ho!"

The *draveurs* ran lightly over the logs, threw themselves pell-mell into the boat and began ramming their way through the now unfolding logs to shore.

Then, at the shore, I saw something unforgettable. From men who had bet their strength and skill against death, and won, you would expect exultation. But their victory only made these men feel at peace. The crew sat in the boat and stared quietly at the logs lumbering by. No word was said, but I felt the presence of happiness. Finding something out of tune with the river and setting it right seemed somehow to have set the men right with themselves.

In the old days the *draveurs* used to come brawling out of the woods with a whole season's pay—often as much as 2,000 dollars—in their pockets, a tag on their jackets bearing the address of their only "home," the employment office of a logging company. They'd give all their money to a saloon-keeper and tell him, "Carry me home when it's gone."

But today, with mechanized equipment, a stream of amenities and necessities—films, doctors, fresh food—flows through the camps all the year round. They have parking spaces for men who bring their cars in order to be able to week-end with their families.

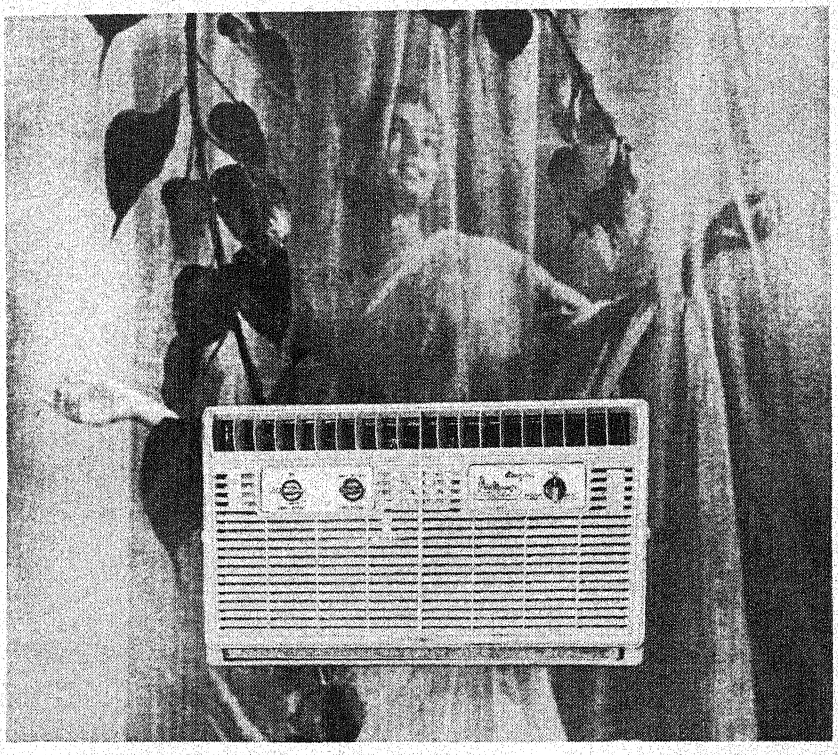
At night the camps take on the look of placid French villages. The little cluster of huts is surrounded by a million years of nearly unbroken silence. Wolves can be heard howling, bears rummaging. But television is going on inside the huts. In the camp street, men gather in knots around the blacksmith's forge to talk, or around a mouth organ that sooner or later will strike up *"M'en revenant de la jolie Rochelle."*

For even though most of the men who sing so yearningly of the beautiful city of La Rochelle have never been there, and have no intention of going, the old French songs persist. It is part of the men's respect for their very great heritage.

Any Old Crocks

PASSERS-BY called the police when they saw a man drive his new car into the bumpers of a parked car. He explained that both belonged to him—that he was getting his revenge on the old car for giving him so much trouble. —*La Liberté,* Fribourg, Switzerland

POLICE found a veteran car abandoned beside a busy road. On the windscreen was a note reading: "Please give it a decent burial." —AP



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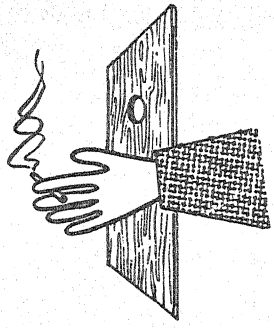
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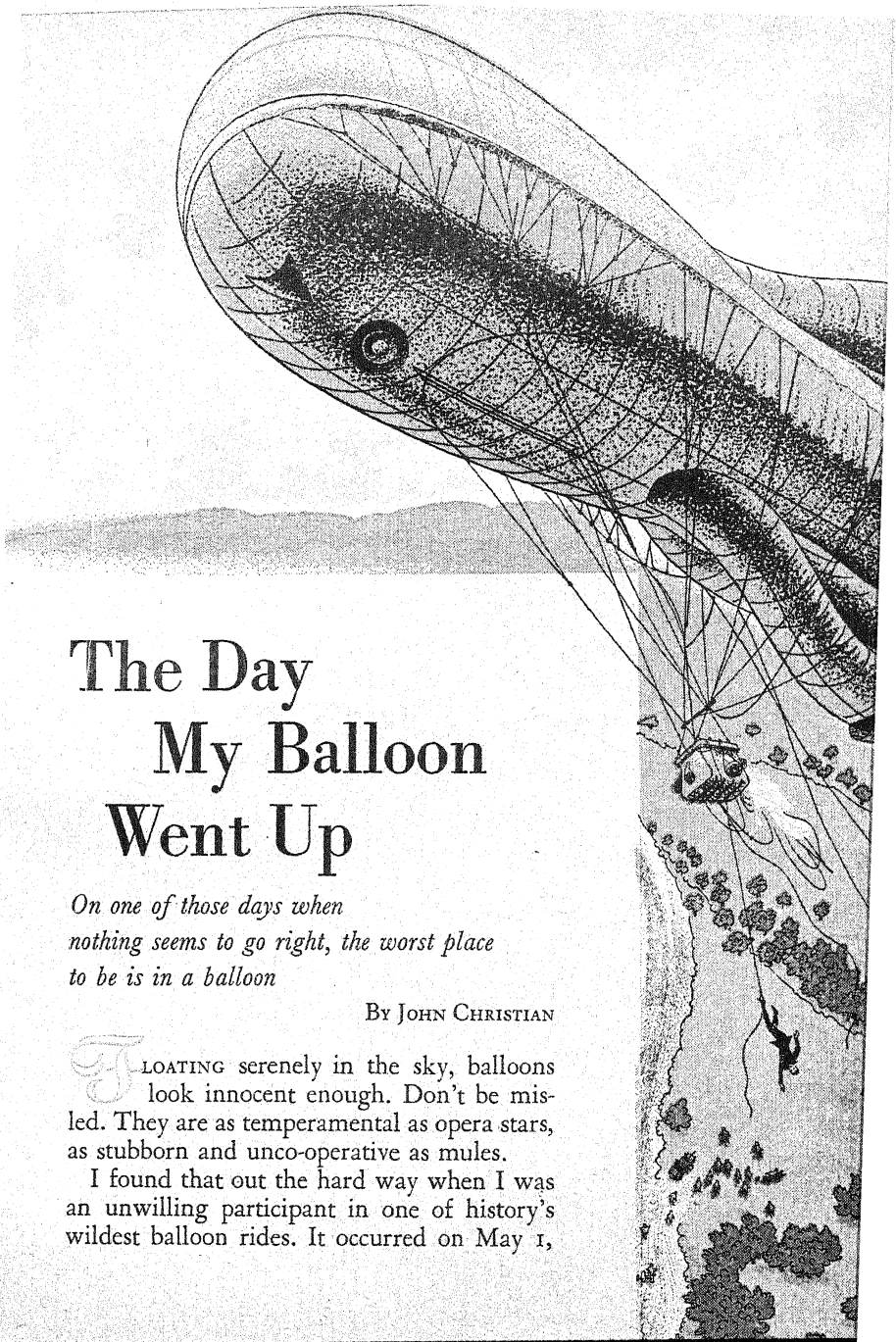
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The Day My Balloon Went Up

On one of those days when nothing seems to go right, the worst place to be is in a balloon

By John Christian

Floating serenely in the sky, balloons look innocent enough. Don't be misled. They are as temperamental as opera stars, as stubborn and unco-operative as mules.

I found that out the hard way when I was an unwilling participant in one of history's wildest balloon rides. It occurred on May 1,

1918—a long time ago, but as fresh as this morning to me. At 10.30 a.m. that day, Second-Lieutenant Arnold Grasse and I were 1,800 feet over Fort Sill, Oklahoma, in a little wicker basket slung under a 35,000-cubic-foot sausage balloon—No. 161. We were observing artillery fire with binoculars and telephoning corrections to the ground. Neither of us knew much about balloons. We didn't need to because we were anchored with a comforting steel cable attached to a truck-mounted winch.

We finished our "shoot," and as senior officer in the oversize laundry basket—I was a 23-year-old lieutenant—I gave the order to haul in. The winch started grinding. At 500 feet a gust of wind hit us and No. 161 dived like a hawk, swooping sickeningly to within 50 feet of the ground. We hung on like rodeo riders. Then there was a wonderful calm. The cable had snapped.

"Grassy" and I looked over the side. The ground-crew lads were shrinking in size at an alarming rate and beginning to look like scurrying ants. The hand of the altimeter swept round the dial—2,000 feet, 3,000, 4,000.

I hurriedly reviewed my classroom instruction. We had been drilled in balloon history and construction. Sitting on high stools, we had observed miniature terrain. We even had a course in tying knots. But the instructors had failed to dwell on steps to be taken if one found oneself in a free balloon heading for the moon.

In general, of course, we knew that you release gas to go down, and throw over ballast to go up. Grassy grabbed the release-valve rope, and there was a comforting hiss of escaping gas.

Still we climbed. We passed 7,000 feet. More than a mile of bright, clear air now separated us from those specks scurrying about on the ground in cars and on motor-cycles, trying to follow our errant course. Finally, at 7,800 feet, the altimeter hand gave a welcome pause, then began to slide off. Grassy and I smiled. Perhaps there wasn't so much to free ballooning after all.

With wrist watch and altimeter, I began checking our rate of descent. We didn't want to go down too fast. The rate was satisfactory—100 feet per 20 seconds. But one slight detail escaped us. As you near the ground, the gas in a balloon contracts and becomes less buoyant. At 1,200 feet we were dropping 100 feet every *five* seconds, and gaining speed. It looked as though we were going to make quite a splash.

"Sand her!" I yelled. But instead of dribbling the sand out to keep the balloon delicately balanced, Grassy heaved 75 pounds over the side. The balloon responded instantly. At an alarming speed, we headed again for the wild blue yonder.

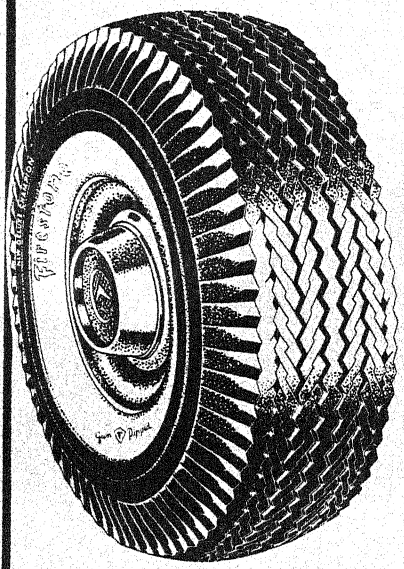
It was discouraging. We drew up another plan of operation for the next trip down—if there was to be

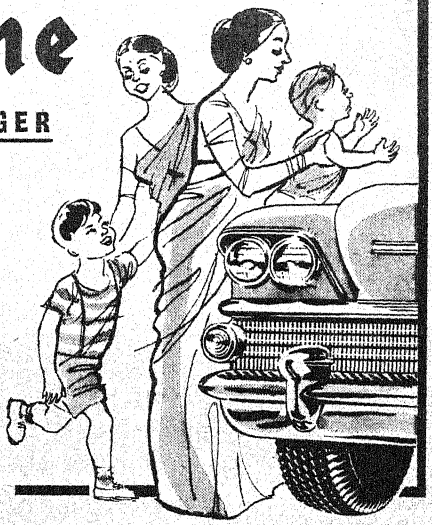
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BEST TODAY—STILL BETTER TOMORROW!

AGRICULTURAL

one. Grassy would valve; I would sand. When we reached 100 feet we would "rip." Balloons have a row of holes the size of salad plates, covered with lightly stitched fabric. Tug on a rope and the fabric comes off. In seconds, gas drains away and the bag collapses. Then there is no chance of the obstinate thing taking you up again.

We were filled with misplaced confidence as we again approached the ground. Everything was working to schedule. We were coming in fast, but we were coming in. Grassy, poised on the edge of the basket, had a rapt expression on his face as he looked at that sandy soil, getting nearer by the second.

An instant before we hit, he yanked the rip cord. As we slammed into the ground he was thrown from the basket. I wasn't so lucky. On impact I was thrown to the bottom of the basket—my face buried in sand from overturned bags, my left shoulder broken.

When I got to my feet the balloon, rid of Grassy's 11 stone, was on the way up again. I was now a lone rider of the skies.

The fact that my left arm no longer worked was way down on the list of pressing problems in my mind at the moment. The top question was how *far* Grassy had ripped before disembarking. There were three false stops in the rip panel—

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in case someone pulled the rip cord by accident. No gas would escape until you ripped beyond these false stops. If he hadn't gone beyond them I was reasonably safe—at least gas wouldn't drain away and crash the balloon.

Apparently, the balloon hadn't been ripped. But if two men with four good arms couldn't successfully land a balloon, my chances with one arm seemed exceedingly slim. I decided to parachute. I had understandable misgivings. We had been assured that there was nothing to it, but a week before, I had seen a demonstration at Fort Sill. The demonstrators had thrown a dummy out of a plane, but the chute didn't open. A big circle of sawdust marked his landing.

Still, unless I wanted to spend the rest of my life drifting aimlessly around the heavens, the chute seemed to be the best answer. I looked over the side, where the chute packs were hung. My chute was there all right—but out of its pack, fluttering in the breeze, a useless tangle.

I had to land 161. Holding valve ropes with teeth and knees, and hauling with my good arm, I started in the direction I wanted so much to go—down.

I was coming in nicely, but to be on the safe side, at ten feet I jumped. I had had enough of 161. And it

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apparently had had enough of me. It was starting up again. There was a tug on my left ankle. Then the tugging had more authority. Looped around the ankle was a strand of the parachute cord. I was going up again—this time hanging by one leg 15 feet below the basket.

My eyes fastened on that strand of cord. I had been told that it had a 75-pound test strength. I weighed twice that. With solemn deliberation 161 rose several hundred feet—at the time I wasn't concerned with exact measurements. Then my weight began to tell. The balloon settled, ever so slowly, towards the earth.

As I neared the ground a car bearing the ground crew roared towards me. I broke my fall with my good arm, and kicked off the loop of cord. True to its code of rugged individualism, 161 started up again. A ground-crew member had just time to grab the rip cord. The balloon collapsed innocently on the ground.

After doctors finished repairing my shoulder I had a few months of convalescence. Clearly I would be of no use to the Balloon Corps for quite a while. But the wheels of bureaucracy grind slowly, and before the doctors arrived at this conclusion I was ordered back to Fort Sill. There was my name on the bulletin board. I was scheduled for a "shoot." I climbed into the basket and started upwards. At 1,800 feet, the end of the cable, I glanced up at the big gas bag—and the number painted on it.

It was 161!

Fancy Free

DALE HARRISON has devised a scheme to make oysters a popular delicacy all the year round. It involves merely changing the spelling of our calendar months: Mayr, Juner, Jurly, and Augurst. —Bennett Cerf

THERE's a teenage girl who's planning to run away from home—just as soon as she gets a long extension cord for the telephone. —Earl Wilson

CARTOONIST Al Hirschfeld, creator of a character named "Sdrawkcab," boasts: "He's the only man in the world whose name spelt backwards is 'Backwards.'" —B. C.

HAL HOLBROOK has invented a Brigitte Bardot sandwich: Tomato with a very little French dressing. —Bert Burns

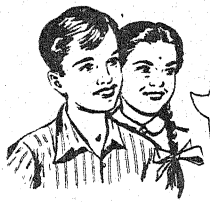
THORNTON WILDER was asked how parents could best pass on to their children the proper attitude towards responsibility. He replied by citing Dr. Albert Schweitzer, who, when asked a similar question, said: "There are three ways—By (1) Example, (2) Example, (3) Example."

—Leonard Lyons

BEGINNING WITH THE BABY

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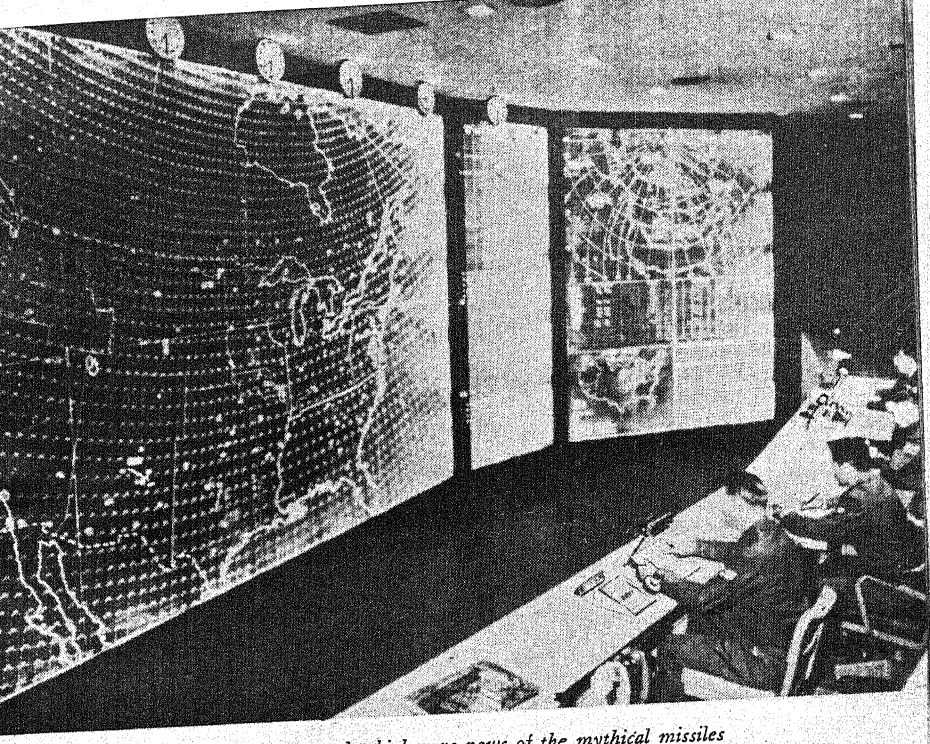


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The Display Board which gave news of the mythical missiles

"YOU ARE UNDER ATTACK!"

By John Hubbell

"Minutes of terror": this newspaper headline was typical of many round the world last December. It referred to events that had taken place eight weeks earlier, when the most powerful radar system ever devised reported as "99·9 per cent certain" that a ballistic missile attack had been launched against the North American continent.

For a few heartbeats, time stood still. It looked as if the missile war had started

Ominous numbers flashed in the War Room at North American Air Defence Command (NORAD) headquarters in Colorado Springs. This was no test. A decision had to

AGRICULTURAL

be made immediately on whether to set in motion the procedure for unleashing America's retaliatory might against the Soviet Union.

The decision was made. U.S. planes and missiles did not fly. And the attack never took place.

What exactly did happen on that fateful October day? Here is a report that should instil confidence both in the equipment and in the men who control its use. It is an assurance that the danger of "accidental war" emanating from the United States is slim indeed.

THE STORY begins at Thule, Greenland, where four radar antennae, each 165 feet high and 400 feet long, face off at various angles, searching thousands of miles across the top of the world and deep into the Soviet Union. This is part of BMEWS (Ballistic Missile Early Warning System), a fantastic radar complex designed to provide maximum warning of intercontinental missile attack.

BMEWS operates with two fans of radar energy at different elevations. The lower-level fan will detect an object as soon as it rises above the horizon, determine its position, and flash a warning to NORAD headquarters. Seconds later, as the object passes through the upper radar fan, its position will be measured again. Instantly computers correlate the two readings, calculate the missile's trajectory, work out where it was launched and where and when it will hit, and fire all this information to the Display Board, a 14-foot-square plastic map of Eurasia in the NORAD War Room.

Above the map is an alarm level indicator. Should the number "1" flash red, as it did on October 5, BMEWS would be signalling: "Something worth worrying about is happening. Assemble the Battle Staff. Watch closely."

A flashing "2" means: "The contact is significant. Be ready to move in seconds."

At alarm level "3" the system means: "Something definitely heading your way. Checking to make certain we're not reading meteor trails, aurora borealis, any type of interstellar noise. Better call the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington, the Chiefs of Staff Committee in Ottawa, and Strategic Air Command headquarters in Omaha." (At SAC headquarters, too, the Display Board is constantly watched, via closed-circuit television.)

A flashing "4" means: "You are apparently under attack. Better bring defence weaponry up, warn SAC to prepare its ICBM's for launching, get its bombers off the ground and turn loose the airborne alert force."

Alarm level "5" means: "It is 99·9 per cent certain that you are under ICBM attack!"

Simultaneously, another indicator on the Display Board—the raid estimate indicator—would be showing the size and strength of the attack.

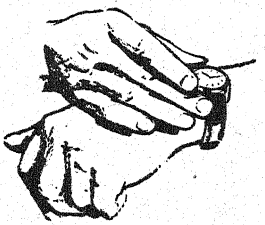


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SOLVIL AND TITUS OF GENEVA

A third indicator, the impact predictor, would show the number of points on the North American continent about to be struck, and a fourth would show "minutes to go" before the leading missile lands on target.

In the same moment, large ellipses would form on the map of Eurasia, showing general areas of missile-launchings, and on a huge three-storeys-high map of North America right next to it, showing general target areas. As the attack progressed, the BMEWS computers would continually re-calculate in microseconds; the ellipses would rapidly shrink, pinpointing launching sites in Eurasia and specific targets in North America.

The NORAD Battle Staff, some 20 top-ranking U.S. and Canadian air defence specialists, is frequently snapped to surprise practice alerts. The order from the War Room comes over a red telephone in each man's office or living quarters, or by various other communications systems wherever he happens to be. He, or a fully qualified deputy, is never where he cannot be reached instantly. The code words are: "Coca Colour." They mean: "Get here *now!*"



Air Marshal C. Roy Slemon

At 3.15 p.m. last October 5 the red telephones rang, and the Battle Staff got a bone-chilling message from the general duty officer in the War Room, Air Force Colonel Robert Gould: "Coca Colour *actual!*" This was real!

In the War Room, the Battle Staff found the alarm level indicator flashing at "3." It went quickly to "4," then "5," indicating that a massive ICBM attack was under way. The numbers on the raid estimate indicator mounted higher and higher. But strangely enough, neither the impact predictor nor the minutes-to-go indicator showed anything, and no ellipses were forming over the maps of Eurasia and North America. It was a tense and frightening moment. And there was not a second to spare for conjecture; if an attack had been launched, defence weaponry must be flushed into the air, and the retaliatory forces unsheathed, *now*. But first, there had to be absolute certainty that an attack was under way.

The commander-in-chief of

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Johnson & Johnson



NORAD, Air Force General Laurence Kuter, was in his C-118, 18,000 feet over South Dakota, on his way home from an inspection trip. He had left NORAD's deputy commander-in-chief, Canada's Air Marshal C. Roy Slemon, in charge.

Slemon's first question was directed at Air Force Brigadier-General Harris Hull, NORAD's chief of intelligence. "Where is Khrushchev?"

"In New York City," Hull replied.

"Do you have any intelligence indications that would tend to confirm the radar reports?"

"None, sir."

Quickly, calmly, Slemon assessed the situation. It seemed inconceivable that the Soviet Union would launch an attack with Khrushchev in New York. It was even more unbelievable that General Hull would have no inkling that an attack was in the offing.

Hull and the members of his staff have at their finger-tips a tremendous assortment of reports produced by half a dozen agencies. NORAD intelligence on the Communist world's military capabilities and activities is as complete and up-to-the-minute as it is physically possible to make it. Before anyone could mount a surprise attack there are certain things the NORAD staff believes he must do. What these are must remain secret. Suffice it to say that before an enemy jumps, he must bend his knees. And Harris Hull could see no bent knees anywhere.

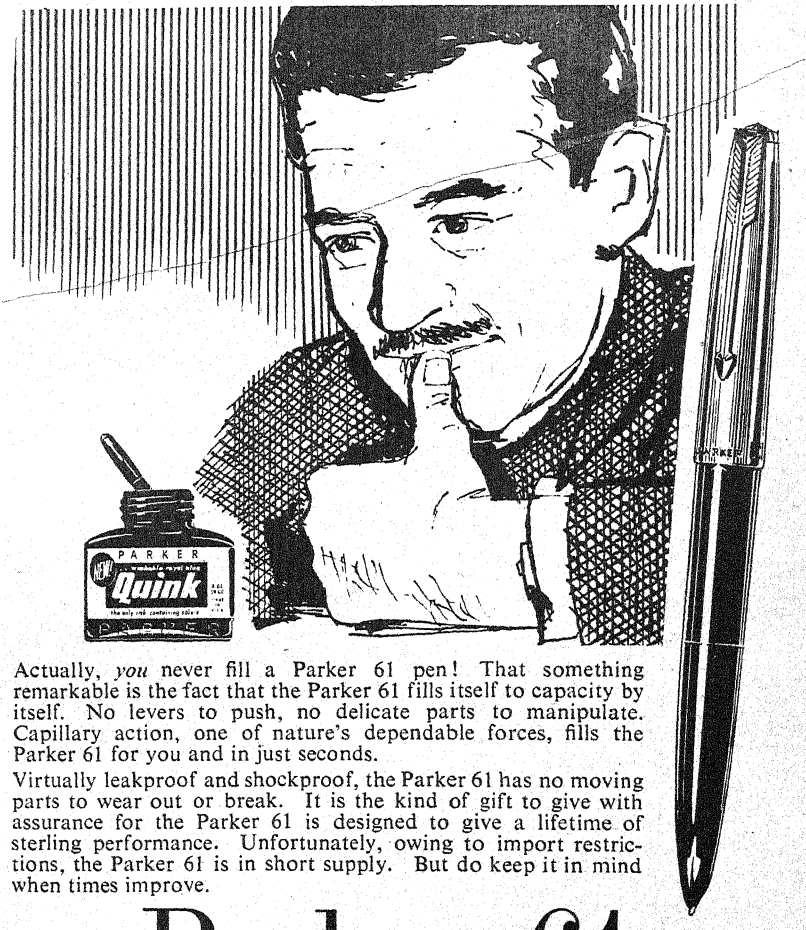
Still, an attack could not be ruled out. There is, after all, nothing absolute about intelligence indicators. Moreover, the BMEWS system was designed to reject any but "significant" echoes. And even when it accepted an echo as significant, it would not recognize it as a missile until it had determined that the object was not a satellite going into orbit; that it was heading for North America; and that it would not overfly the continent.

Slemon immediately reported to General Kuter the confusing picture BMEWS offered. "You continue in command," Kuter said. "Keep me advised." Then, for what seemed an eternity, General Kuter felt very lonely, though he remained in unbroken telephone contact with all that transpired.

Via telephone "hot lines" Slemon called war rooms in Washington, Ottawa and Omaha, but advised the duty officers not to summon their military chiefs. The picture simply did not make sense yet. But Slemon meant to make sense of it quickly.

BMEWS, he reasoned, was still being run-in: it had started operating only four days earlier. If it could go haywire, now was the logical time. None of NORAD's other radar walls—the Distant Early Warning Line across the topmost rim of the continent, the Mid-Canada and Pinetree lines—reported any activity. These and other warning systems must *all* be taken

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into account in judging any situation. And now General Hull informed him that the number of missiles being reported by the raid estimate indicator far exceeded the most reliable estimate of Soviet military capabilities.

Air Force Major Barney Szczutkowski, NORAD's space surveillance officer at Thule, studied the echoes on his radarscopes. Over an intercom system, he told Slemon the objects were coming up over Norway.

"What is your range?" Slemon asked.

"Twenty-two hundred miles, sir."

Slemon looked at the still-blank impact predictor and minutes-to-go indicator. "What is your closing rate? [How fast are the missiles coming?]"

But Thule could report no closing rate. More objects kept coming up, but none had reached the upper radar fan. Furthermore, Szczutkowski said, it was taking 75 seconds for each burst of radar energy to return with an echo.

At last, Slemon knew with certainty that these were not ICBM's. If they were, it would take only one-eighth of a second to obtain radar echoes on them. He put this assurance on the "hot lines" and reported it to General Kuter.

The crisis was over. *It had taken*



exactly 60 seconds to reach a decision!

Within five more minutes, the Battle Staff determined that BMEWS had *not* malfunctioned; that it was, in fact, more powerful than anyone had dreamt. For there was indeed an object coming up over Norway heading that way. The rate of rise indicated that it would not overfly North America. At the same time BMEWS deduced that it would not impact on the American continent; therefore there could be no impact prediction, no report on minutes-to-go.

What BMEWS—thought to have a range of 3,000 miles—had spotted was the *moon,* nearly a quarter of a million miles distant!

The reason BMEWS had reported a range of 2,200 miles was that it was set to read ranges up to 3,000 miles and had no way of expressing itself in multiples of 3,000. Consequently, it had simply divided 3,000 miles into the precise distance to the moon, and reported the distance left over—2,200 miles—as range. (Since that time, the system has been taught to reject moon echoes.)

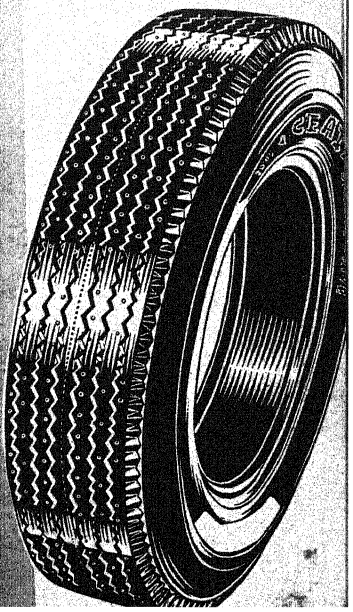
The reason why so many objects were reported was that BMEWS radar takes 20 scans of an object each second, then files it in its memory.

Whatever it sees after each 20th

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DRIVING



scan it assumes to be a new object. Moreover, on each scan BMEWS was reporting *four* objects; the "waste energy" on each side of the main radar beam was also hitting the moon and returning elongated blips, such as ICBM's might make, to the radarscopes.

Was a nuclear war nearly started by accident? It wasn't even close. There was not a single moment when Air Marshal Slemon felt possessed of enough evidence even to warrant advancing the state of alert of the air defence forces, or to advise SAC to step up its alert. And even if he had, neither NORAD nor SAC can trigger the retaliatory forces. Only the U.S. President can. Furthermore, after SAC's Alert Force has been directed towards targets in the Soviet Union, if at a given point this Force has not received an additional code word over a foolproof communications system, every bomber would turn back. But so quickly and accurately did Roy Slemon assess the situation on October 5 that it was never necessary to bring even the military chiefs of the United States and Canada, much less the President, into conference.

Says General Kuter: "No enemy will catch us off guard. But we will never go to war by accident. We have too many foolproof tools for checking our information instantly. And the most important thing we have working for us is the disciplined judgement of mature professionals."

Canada's Air Marshal C. Roy Slemon proved that. More than anything else, the incident of last October 5 was an example of how a well-organized, international military command should operate.

The March of Time

A 90-YEAR-OLD man who is still active as an ophthalmologist reports that when he first started to practise, many years ago, patients would come to him complaining that they could not see the print in the Bible. "Now," he says, "they complain that they can't read phone books and racing forms."

—Contributed by M. F. K.

IN A discussion of today's soft living, a speaker recalled: "When I was a boy I worked 12 to 14 hours a day on the farm. On Sunday I rode ten miles to church, and when I got there we sang a hymn called, 'Work, for the Night Is Coming.'

"Now the farm is mechanized, and when Sunday comes my grandson and his family get into the car and drive over paved roads to church, where they sit in a cushioned pew and listen to the choir sing, 'Art Thou Weary, Art Thou Languid?' "

—Robert Smith

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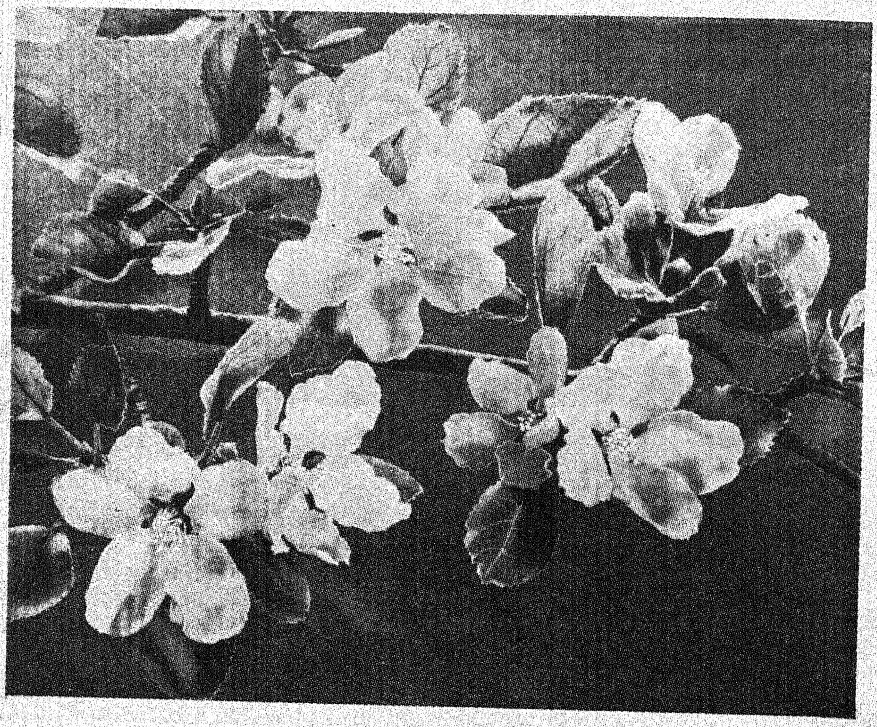
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For two master craftsmen, these incredible glass flowers were a lifetime's work; now they make a display that enchants millions of astonished visitors

By Donald Culross Peattie

WHEN I was a young man in my early 20's I was lost in the world. I had a job with a publisher, but life seemed to me a wilderness with no paths in it. In my desk I hid a sort of guidebook—Gray's *Manual of Botany,* too technical for me wholly to understand, yet promising an order and a grammar of the whole flowering world of which I dreamed. Finally, unable to keep my mind on my work, I left to spend a summer in the field, staying until asters and golden-rod coloured the mountains of New Hampshire. And I still did not know what to do with myself.

Ahead lay winter in New York and job-hunting. But on the way I had a half-day stopover in Boston. And thus it was that I, as if blown by a wind of destiny, followed the sightseers into the Botanical Museum at Harvard.

On the third floor there burst upon my sight the glass flowers of the Ware Collection, the flowers that changed my life. Only in the famous windows of the cathedral at Chartres, of Sainte-Chapelle and York Minster is there such a glory of glass. And nowhere had I seen such surpassing art put to the service of science.

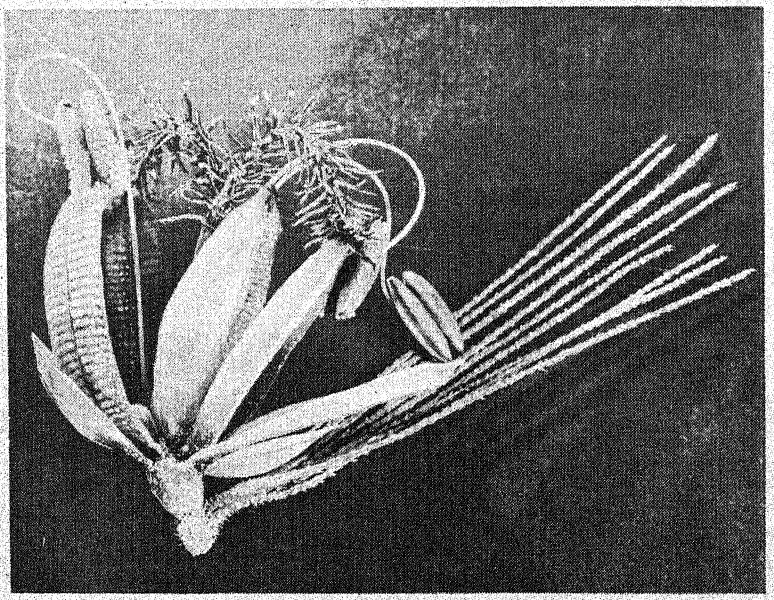
Flowers that I had long sought were here — Venus's fly-trap, the purple-fringed orchis, the Queen lady's-slipper, the pitcher plant and hundreds more. Sometimes the whole of a plant was represented, from the little nutlike tuberoids that orchids bear underground to the topmost, twisted, upside-down face of the blossom itself. Again there was just a spray of bloom, from some orchard tree. The velvety down of the mullein looked soft enough to touch. Nothing looked glassy; all was so lifelike that I caught my breath in astonishment.

About me the sightseers were saying, "Oh!" and "Ah!" and "Where are the *glass* flowers?" When the guide assured them that these flowers were indeed made of glass, the visitors would turn to examine them again, incredulous that such fragile and exact beauty could come from any hand but Nature's.

Rapt, I pored over the details accompanying the models. For here were the secret parts of flowers, enlarged many times, and revealing in delicate and vivid precision all I had longed to understand. The way of a bee with a flower, of a butterfly, of the pollen which the wind flings abroad in a golden waste—these, too, were radiantly displayed.

Some 400,000 visitors now come annually to see the glass flowers. I don't know how many of them thereafter rush to the registrar's office and enrol for three years of botanical training. But I did. That

Photographs by J. D. Barnell



A single spikelet of a flower of foxtail grass, executed in glass 50 times its natural size

was the foundation of a lifetime career.

How did this marvellous and perilously fragile collection come here? Who created it? Two men made Harvard's glass flowers, the only two who could ever have done it; nor does anyone else possess their vanished powers.

The founder of this unique art was Leopold Blaschka, born in 1822 in northern Bohemia. True that his father before him was an artificer in glass, for the craft had come down, father to son, from distant days. But Leopold had an eye, too, for Nature, and in this double dower as both artist and naturalist lay the seed of the Ware Collection.

For his health young Leopold, in 1853, took a long voyage to America, by sail, and at sea collected and drew various marine animals. Of these, on his return, he made glass models for the Dresden Natural History Museum.

Leopold's only child, Rudolph, early showed an interest in botany and zoology, and spent several years studying them. Then his father took him into his workshop—the only apprentice he would ever consent to have. (In his own day Rudolph Blaschka, who was never to have a



A CHIVALROUS NOSE?

Edmond Rostand's sole claim to immortality lies in his creation of Cyrano de Bergerac. And where would Cyrano be without his nose? —an outsize, bulbous and, if we may use the word, chivalrous organ. It has nosed its way into the hallowed precincts of great drama, and into the hearts of thousands. The nose is an important organ. Tennyson waxes lyrical over 'a slender nose, tip-tilted like the petal of a flower', and in the ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY, Burton solemnly asks us 'to hold one another's noses to the grindstone hard'

Your nose then is valuable. Look after it. When you have a stuffy nose and a heavy head, treat your nose with a few drops of **'VASYLOX'**! *It clears immediately. You breathe freely. There are no unpleasant after-effects. And best of all,*

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28 JUN 1961

son, also refused to take pupils: "If you will find me someone who has generations of artists in glass behind him," he said, "and who will begin at the age of ten years, and work ten hours a day for ten years, *then* I could begin to teach him.")

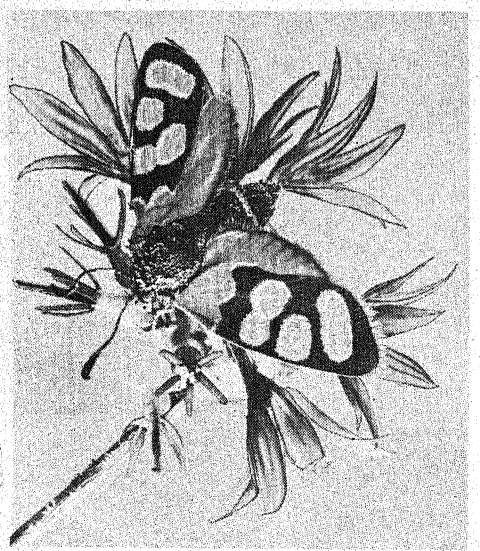
So it was that father and son were alone in the business of modelling marine animals in glass in their home at Hosterwitz on the Elbe, near Dresden, when Professor George Lincoln Goodale, founder of Harvard's Botanical Museum, sailed for Germany in 1886. What this brilliant botanist sought was some three-dimensional exhibit of plant life which would illuminate the subject for students. He had seen examples of the Blaschkas' work, and made their house his goal.

There on the mantelpiece he found two glass models of orchids. At the sight of these, Professor Goodale's heart leaped. Here was Nature so perfectly copied that he had not at first been sure the blooms were artifacts. His scheme for a grand exhibition at Harvard grew firm in his mind, and he begged the Blaschkas to make him a few samples, to be paid for out of his own pocket.

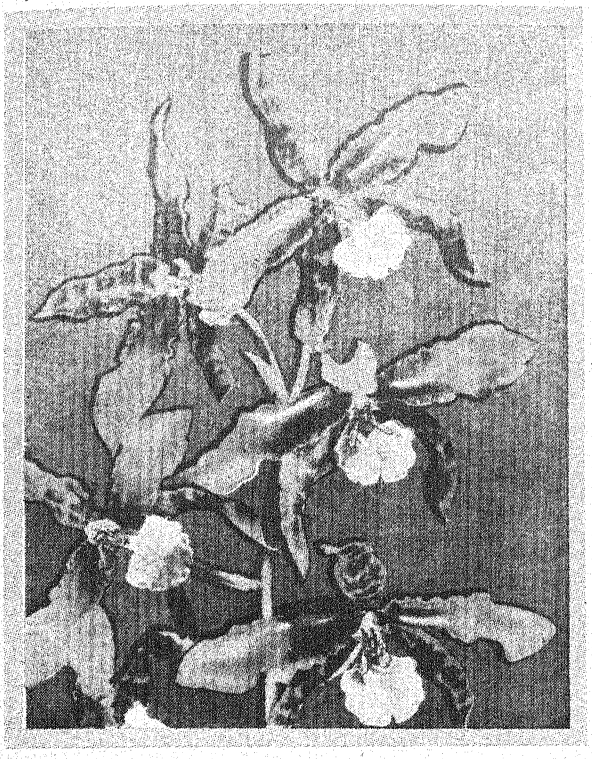
Leopold demurred. On flora he felt rusty. Yet before the persuasive professor left, father and son promised to send him the glass flowers.

What Professor Goodale received next year—after it had been through the customs—was a box of broken glass. However, enough fragmentary beauty remained to arouse interest in the professor's project among friends of the museum. Mrs. Charles Eliot Ware, widow of an eminent Boston doctor, and her daughter, Mary Lee Ware —women of some fortune— authorized another shipment of glass flowers from the Blaschkas. This time every specimen arrived intact. And now the Wares, enchanted with these all-but-living flowers, decided to finance a large collection, to shine as a lasting memorial to Dr. Ware.

Perfect to the last detail, an evening butterfly poised on a bachelor's-button



The Blaschkas, with other museum commitments for marine specimens to honour,



The baby orchid of tropical America. Note the naturalistic touch of tiny bees pollinating the lower branches

only hesitantly accepted a half-time contract to work for the American philanthropists. Later the Wares offered them a contract for their entire output, on generous terms. So from 1890 to 1936 everything that came out of the magical German studio went to Harvard University, which has the only exhibition of these glass flowers in the world.

It has been calculated that when father and son were working together they produced a glass model of a flower every five days. Many a one was cast aside as faulty, or broke in the artist's hands. The complex process included not only the modelling in molten glass, leaf by leaf, but painting over and over and over with fine camel's-hair brushes dipped in many-coloured powdered glass, moistened with turpentine. Every veinlet, every glandular hair, every spot of mould or other blemish on the natural specimen must be reproduced by the lightly-touching brush tip. The whole then had to be annealed and finally covered with a special varnish that removed any trace of a glassy look. It was agonizingly delicate labour, yet it progressed at high tempo, sometimes from sun-up till midnight.

The constantly enlarging scheme of the collection ultimately reached 847 models in 164 plant families, representing not only flowers but fruit, fungi and ferns, with all their complex life history. And mosses,

and lichens, and algae. Living models came from the botanical gardens at Dresden and Berlin, from the royal gardens at Pilnitz and from the Blaschkas' home garden. And field work was needed, too.

In 1895 Rudolph Blaschka was in America, making sketches, taking notes and gathering specimens, when he was abruptly summoned home by news of the death of old Leopold. Now the task was his alone, and would be for 40 years more.

On a visit to the studio at Hosterwitz in 1928, Mary Ware found the ageing genius, at 71, still labouring with almost fanatic dedication to his mission.

She sat for hours while he worked on some leaves, first painting, then twisting and turning each one in the flame of a paraffin lamp until red-hot. "In spite of the slightly unsteady hand," she wrote, "his movements were quiet, deft, soft, where a miscalculated movement might ruin the work of hours. It is breathtaking to watch."

Rudolph Blaschka's health and eyesight at last failed. But Mary Ware had provided a sum to take care of him until his death, which occurred in May 1939.

It has been estimated that seven million people have already seen the glass flowers. Many are students, come to study technical details no textbook can make plain. The accuracy of the glass flowers is remarkable: one botanist found that in the representation of the great cluster of flowers of the Hercules'-club, which shows more than 2,500 buds and blossoms, each has the exact number of petals and stamens, even those at the bottom and the back of the group, and each bud is perfectly rendered.

But the great majority are drawn to these flowers by sheer beauty. There is a heart-break in the loveliness of Nature's blossoms—that they so soon must die. But here in these flawless imitations there is no mortal breath, only the joy of beauty captured for ever.

Question Time

ASTRONOMERS report huge galaxies of stars which are going away from the earth at a speed of 90,000 miles a second. Do you suppose they know something?

—Bill Vaughan

WHEN I was a boy I used to do what my father wanted. Now I have to do what my boy wants. My problem is: when am I going to do what I want?

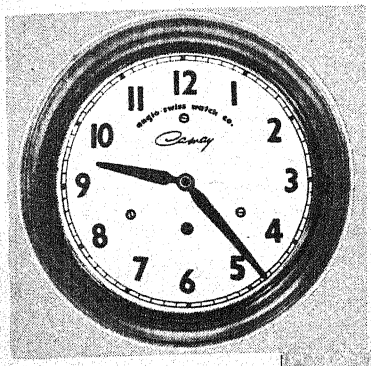
—Sam Levenson

"WHY is it," a thoughtful four-year-old asked her father, "that exactly enough different things happen every day to just fill a newspaper?"

—Jack Sterling

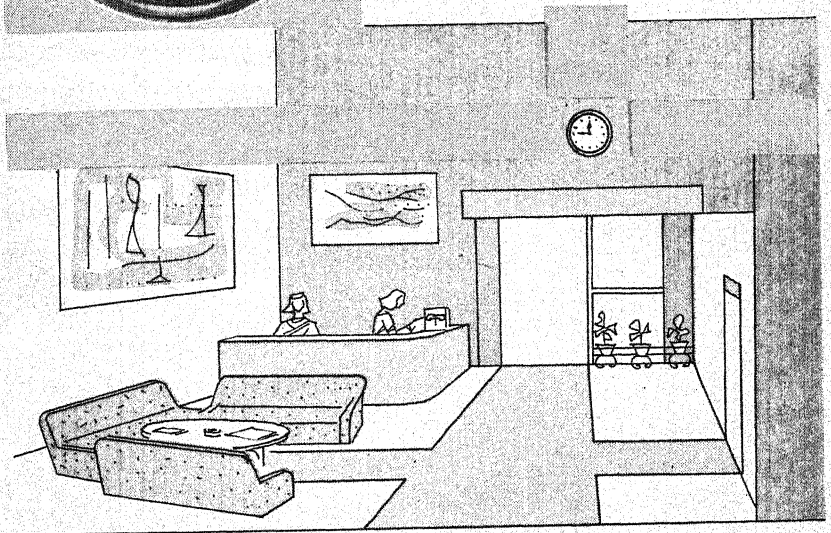
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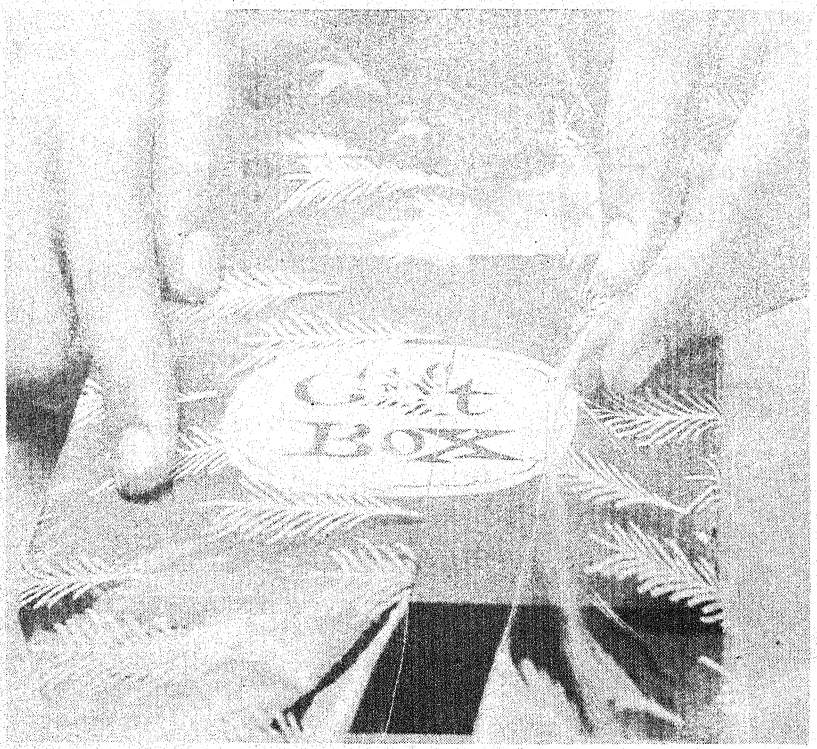
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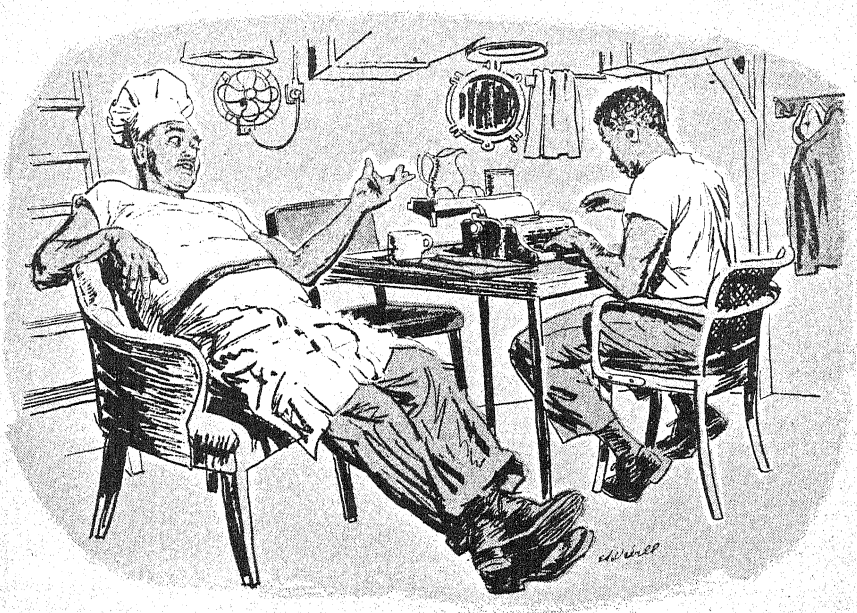
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The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met

By Alex Haley

In our quarters on the U.S.S. *Murzim*, I glimpsed on the steward's bunk an incomplete letter to his wife, and saw my name: "Haley he the steward second-class, suposed to be my asistant. Ben to colege and can tiperite but schur is stoopid. Can't boil water."

This was the Second World War, and the *Murzim* was a U.S. Coast Guard cargo-ammunition ship newly arrived in the South Pacific. Scotty, with 25 years' service, had been a hostile old sea-dog from the day I entered his galley.

A huge, jowled Negro, his sail-like apron bulging over his washtub belly, he would glare down at me sourly: "Us bein' the same race ain't gon' get you by. Damn civilians done ruint the service!"

Scotty was the darling of the captain, who loved old-timers. He lumbered about the ship, poking into everyone's business, and the new recruits trailed in his wake with open-mouthed awe and admiration. *The Seafarer,* the ship's mimeographed newspaper, ran such Scotty quotes as, "I wrung more sea water out of my socks than you ever sailed over."

My ambition was to be a writer. At night, off duty, I typed stories in the officers' wardroom pantry. Scotty, after haranguing me all day, was irresistibly lured to watch me "tiperite." I used to make the portable rattle, certain it angered him that a subordinate had a skill he hadn't. I didn't know Scotty.

One night his deep voice interrupted me. "Look here, boy, you ever seen the Cap'n talk letters to his yeoman?" I replied that the yeoman took shorthand. "Don't need all that chicken-scratchin'!" Scotty exclaimed. "Fast as you run that thing, you might make a yeoman. I'll help you practise, I'll talk you some letters." The idea of this ungrammatical clown hijacking my off-time to dictate to me was hilarious, and I laughed in his face. "You *real* wise, ain't you?" he rasped. "Opportunity ain't every night!"

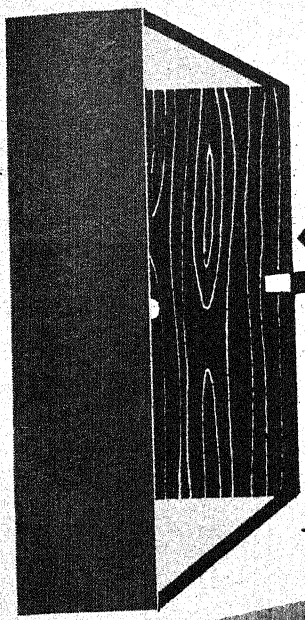
The next morning a messboy shook me awake. "Man, Scotty wants you at the double!" I hurried to the galley. "I meant at the *double!*" Scotty roared. "This ain't no cruise ship!" He lobbed a big steel pot into mid-air. *"Scour that!"* He flung a sweat-popping succession of more pots and abusive orders. I shined steam kettles, scrubbed rubbish bins and bulkheads. Finally I realized that I could revolt—and land in the brig—or I could type Scotty's letters. "You got the message?" he asked. Choked with rage, I could only nod. "You a smart boy." Derisive laughter was in his eyes. "Take off—see you tonight!"

After 8 p.m. muster, Scotty, scowling round a new cigar, followed me to the pantry. Angrily I zipped paper into the typewriter as he overflowed an armchair he had swiped from the wardroom.

"This here letter's to Pop Robinson. He's a first-class cook on the *Pamlico.*" I smacked out the heading and Scotty smiled approvingly. "Hello—it is a long time since we was in touch . . ." I typed that. I typed one garbled, ungrammatical cliché after another for half a page. Abruptly Scotty ended: "For ever always your ex-shipmate." I added, in caps, "PERCIVAL L. SCOTT, STEWARD FIRST-CLASS, USCG," and thrust the page and my fountain-pen at Scotty.

His spreading grin split his face wide open. He signed as though it were the Emancipation Proclamation.

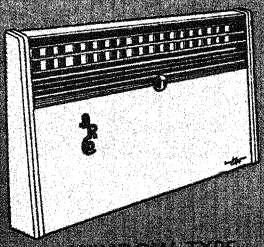
In the galley next morning, Scotty assembled the five messboys. "You better wish *you* had some brains! Don't never forget, Haley give orders, it's the same as me!" All



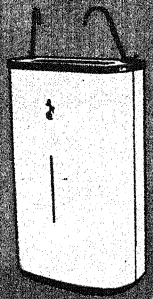
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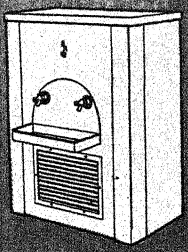
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morning he excluded me from any real work. After dinner he growled, "Chow's in the stove. See you tonight." Again, I got the message. That night I typed half-pages to three former shipmates of his.

After a week of 15 stilted letters, Scotty began to relax. Fat elbows on aproned knees, jowled chin in hands, he paced his sentences to the moving typewriter at about 30 words a minute, and his letters lengthened with "good old days" reminiscings: "Never will forget the time I hired that civilian to come busting in that woman's place and scared you half to death." "Remember when I raffled champagne and let you win and we drunk it?" The stories portrayed a hard-drinking, hard-loving Scotty, always exploiting the gullible.

As the *Murzim* shuttled between islands, Scotty happily showed me replies to his letters. The laborious scrawlings expressed joy at hearing from him and incredulity that he had learnt to type. Meanwhile, magazine editors rejected my love stories. "You help me with my mail," Scotty growled, "maybe I can help you with them stories."

The stories obviously impressed him. Nightly, after dictating, Scotty would leaf through my dictionary. Soon new words cropped up in his talk. "Can't *tribulate* no 90-day ensigns," I heard him tell a chief. "They ain't got no *significance*."

Scotty demonstrated *my* significance by letting me spend whole afternoons with the friendly signalmen on the bridge, who were teaching me to read flags and blinker lights. "Signalin' takes brains," Scotty approved. When I could read blinker, Scotty, while dictating, kept alert to hear any clicking of the bridge signal light. I would dash on deck, read the message, and then Scotty would go forward and "predict" news sometimes hours before it was broadcast on the P.A. system. His fo'c'sle followers soon whispered that Scotty had second sight.

Every night, after dictating and studying new words, Scotty left me to write stories while he made his circuit of the ship. One night he returned towing a big, rawboned youngster, who was red-eyed and upset. "Go 'head, show *him!*" Scotty barked. Nervously, the seaman handed me a pink envelope. The first few lines revealed a letter in a woman's handwriting beginning "Dear John." Appalled at Scotty's indelicacy, I handed it back.

"I'm gon' set her straight!" Scotty exploded.

"Scotty, you can't do that!"

But wild horses couldn't have stopped him. Scowling over the letter, he dictated: "It's a cryin' shame you think bein' out here is some good time. Here I set on a ship full of 500-pound bombs in a ocean full of subs and sharks. You don't even wait to see if I get back. I bet you grabbed some disanimated weed. It ought to be him out here doin' your fightin' and dyin' . . ."



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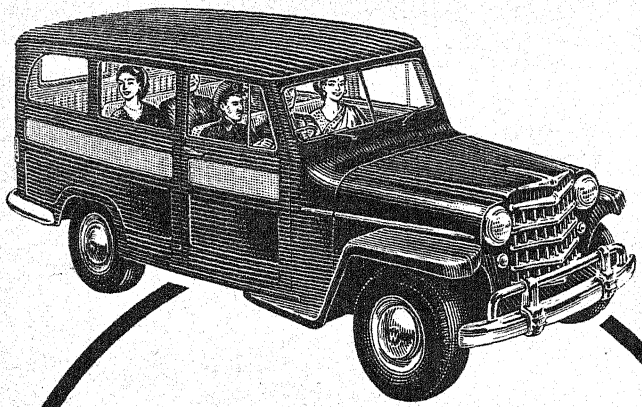
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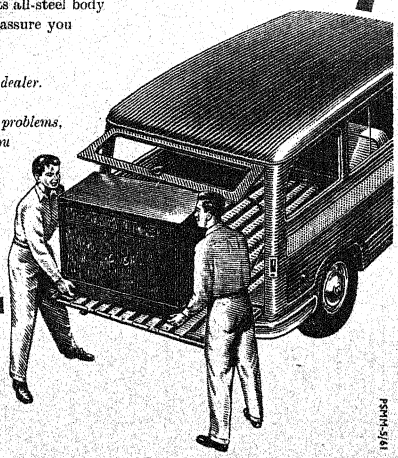


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When the *Murzim* put into Brisbane, mail call was held. Scotty and I were shelling peas when his "Dear John" client burst into the galley. We read an astounding reply from the boy's girl, begging forgiveness. "See, dammit, you wouldn't of wrote!" Scotty trumpeted.

This triumph made Scotty a strutting Cupid among the admiring kids in the fo'c'sle. Back at sea, he confronted me: "Look here, few kids want me to cor'spond to some Brisbane gals they just met." His face struggled with delight, but his voice conveyed menace if I balked.

Each night now, Scotty brought three or four young clients into the pantry. "I'll dictate later—dictatin' oughter be private," he instructed me. "I'll just ask stuff I need—you keep notes."

To my astonishment, he had marked lyric passages from my rejected love stories. "Ready-made stuff! Take right here—'the enchantin' moon studdin' the night ocean with diamon's as he think about her . . .'" We began to produce love letters. Scotty gave me a ream of the captain's writing paper and a box of carbon paper which the captain's yeoman had traded for a surreptitious steak. "Make a copy of every letter," he directed. "No reason we can't use the same ones over."

Soon mail calls brought gushing responses from Brisbane girls, and Scotty's young clients exulted. But I began to grow concerned: clearly the girls would now expect Scotty's distinctive letters. "Scotty," I said, "what happens when some of these kids get transferred? What will they do without your letters?"

All morning he worried. In the afternoon he asked, "Them copies you been makin'—how many you got now?"

"About 300."

"Tell you what. Bind up different copies in folders. Them kids can pick stuff they like and write in they own hands."

It worked fine. Nightly, clients clustered round mess-hall tables, shuffling through 12 binders. Selecting passages they liked, they wrote furiously. Scotty steamed around inspecting them as he once had my typing. "Han'writin's more better!" he sang out, encouraging independence. "Stick in some of your own words—twis' stuff around!"

Finally orders came for our second stop in Brisbane. In the small hours of the first night, one after another of Scotty's clients wobbled back, describing fabulous romantic triumphs. Scotty, painfully incapacitated with varicose veins, presided in the fo'c'sle. Three cheers for the old sea-dog rang out regularly. Scotty was fit to split with bliss.

The next afternoon, a messboy telephoned me on the bridge where I spent all my spare time with the signalmen. "Scotty wants you in the pantry—at the double!" It was my first "At the double!" for a year. I rushed below, wondering. Scotty

and the messboys stood round a white-frosted cake. On it, Morse code spelt out "HALEY" in chocolate. Scotty, shuffling his feet, spoke gruffly. "I tol' the Cap'n you could stand watch as signalman. He say go 'head." Suddenly glowering, he whirled on the messboys. "Look here, don't it rate a hand when one of our race can better hisself?"

They clapped, and tears blurred my eyes. And it was in that humbling instant that the massive old sailor spun into brilliant focus. I saw with crystal clarity the enormous soul and heart seasoned through twenty-five years of fo'c'sles into barnacled wisdom. He cultivated being rough to mask even from himself his benevolent, patriarchal affection for shipmates. I had resented his vicarious attachment to the education I had been luckier than he to have—and now he had helped me to leave him behind.

Scotty often visited me on the signal bridge. Once he came when we had anchored off an island and "Mail Call!" was being piped. Naming two men, he said, "Watch 'em down there and see what you see."

We looked down on the forward main deck as yeomen barked names and passed thousands of letters from a dozen bulging mail sacks to the jubilant sailors. But the two men we were watching got nothing. "Poor guys don't never get no mail," Scotty said. "Looker here—fix up this thing." He gave me a Pen Pal Club ad, torn from a magazine. I filled in the two men's names, and in time the two astounded men received their first letters.

The poignant mail-call scene kept bothering me. One night in the pantry, I wrote it as I felt it and it was printed in *The Seafarer*, which many men enclosed in letters home.

Someone's home-town newspaper reprinted my story. A Press wire service picked it up; "Mail Call" was printed widely. From far and wide, letters came addressed to "Lonely Sailors, c/o *The Seafarer*, U.S.S. *Murzim*." Before long, a message was relayed to me, too—from U.S. Coast Guard Headquarters. Ordered back to the States, I joined their public relations department in New York. There, in 1950, I was named the U.S. Coast Guard's first Chief Journalist, and my stories, too, began to click.

But my letters to Scotty went unanswered. Then, in 1954, some letters resulting from a Reader's Digest article included an envelope addressed in a wavering, unruly script that I joyously recognized. Scotty told me that he had become Chief Steward on the *Murzim*. But in 1945 his varicose veins forced him to retire and he had settled in Virginia, where he was a night watchman.

"Reeding your name folowed by story a grate thril," Scotty ended his letter. "Knowed you'd make good was how come I help you out."

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BY
DR. MAXWELL MALTZ

page 140

Though infinitely more complex, the human subconscious and the nervous system bear a startling resemblance to that man-made marvel, the electronic brain. They appear to operate on the same general principles, and this fact offers us a key to self-improvement, happiness and achievement. A noted plastic surgeon, who has used this discovery with great success in his practice, here describes how you can apply it to enrich your own life.

When Florida Went Wild

BY
WYATT BLASSINGAME

page 157

America's Jazz Age was at its height, the Wall Street stock market rising, the speakeasies roaring. It was 1925, a year of madness, and the craziest place of all was Florida—that New World Mecca then recently discovered as a subtropical paradise. The rush to buy Florida land was exceeded only by the rush to sell it at ever more fantastic prices. *When Florida Went Wild* is the story—based on fact—of a young man who became a real-estate salesman in Miami in that gaudy era.

Absorbing reading from important new books

Your Built-in "Success Mechanism"

from "Psycho-Cybernetics" BY DR. MAXWELL MALTZ

EACH OF us has a mental picture of himself, a self-image which governs much of his conduct and outlook. To find life reasonably satisfying you must have a self-image that you can live with. You must find yourself acceptable to you. You must have a self that you like, and one that you can trust and believe in. When this self-image is one you can be proud of, you feel self-confident. You feel free to be yourself and to express yourself. You function at your best. When the self-image is an object of shame, you attempt to hide it rather than express it. Creative expression is blocked. You become hostile and hard to get along with.

As a plastic surgeon, I used to be amazed by the dramatic and sudden changes in character and personality which often resulted when a

facial defect (usually crucial to the patient's self-image) had been corrected.

Sometimes the operation appeared to create *an entirely new person,* transforming not only the patient's appearance but also his whole life.

The shy and retiring, once rid of their disfigurement, became bold and courageous. A "moronic" boy changed into an alert, bright and ambitious youngster when I corrected the too-large ears that had invited chronic ridicule. A salesman, obsessed by the conviction that he was repulsive to others because a car accident had left him horribly scarred, became a model of self-confidence when the scars were removed.

Most startling of all, an incorrigible habitual criminal lost his bitter defiance almost overnight, won a parole and went on to assume a responsible role in society.

But there were exceptions who did not change. A girl who all her life had been self-conscious because of a tremendous hump in her nose continued to act like an ugly duckling long after surgery had given her a classic nose and a truly beautiful face.

And many others who acquired new faces went right on wearing the same old personality. Every plastic surgeon has been baffled by patients who complain that surgery has made no difference whatever.

"I look just the same," they insist. "You didn't do a thing." And comparison of "before" and "after" photographs is useless. "The scar may not show any more, but it's *still there.*"

It is indeed; such people are still haunted by an old and unbearable self-image.

Many people appeal to the plastic surgeon to correct purely imaginary defects or undetectable ugliness. Their imperfections are so slight that no ethical surgeon would even consider operating on them.

Nevertheless they react just as if they were disfigured. They feel the same shame. They develop the same fears, anxieties and psychological block. Their "scars," though mental and emotional rather than physical, are just as debilitating.

Of course, their trouble, too, lies in a destructive and mutilated self-image.

Years ago I realized that the people who consult a plastic surgeon often need more than surgery, and that some of them do not need surgery at all.

If I were to treat these people as patients, as whole persons rather than as merely a disfigured nose, ear, mouth or limb, I needed to give them something more.

I had to show them how to obtain a spiritual face-lift, how to remove emotional scars and change basic attitudes.

In other words I had to learn how

Condensed from "Psycho-Cybernetics," © 1960 by Prentice-Hall

people's minds work. The study has been most rewarding.

Our Super "Electronic Brains"

UNTIL 15 years ago scientists had no idea just how the human brain and nervous system worked "purposefully" to achieve a goal (even such a short-term goal as, for example, picking up a packet of cigarettes from a table). Having made long and meticulous observations, the scientists knew *what* happened. But no single theory of underlying principles tied all the phenomena together into a concept that made sense.

However, when man set out to build an "electronic brain," and to construct goal-striving mechanisms of his own, he *had* to discover and utilize certain basic principles. This science was called cybernetics (from a Greek word which means, literally, "steersman"). Having discovered the necessary operating principles, the scientists began to ask themselves: Can this be the way the human brain works also? Can it be that in making man, our Creator provided us with a servo-mechanism more wonderful than any electronic brain ever dreamed of, but *operating according to the same basic principles?*

In the opinion of many cybernetics scientists the answer is yes. Their conclusion, strangely enough, is one that may have an immeasurable effect on your personal happiness or unhappiness.

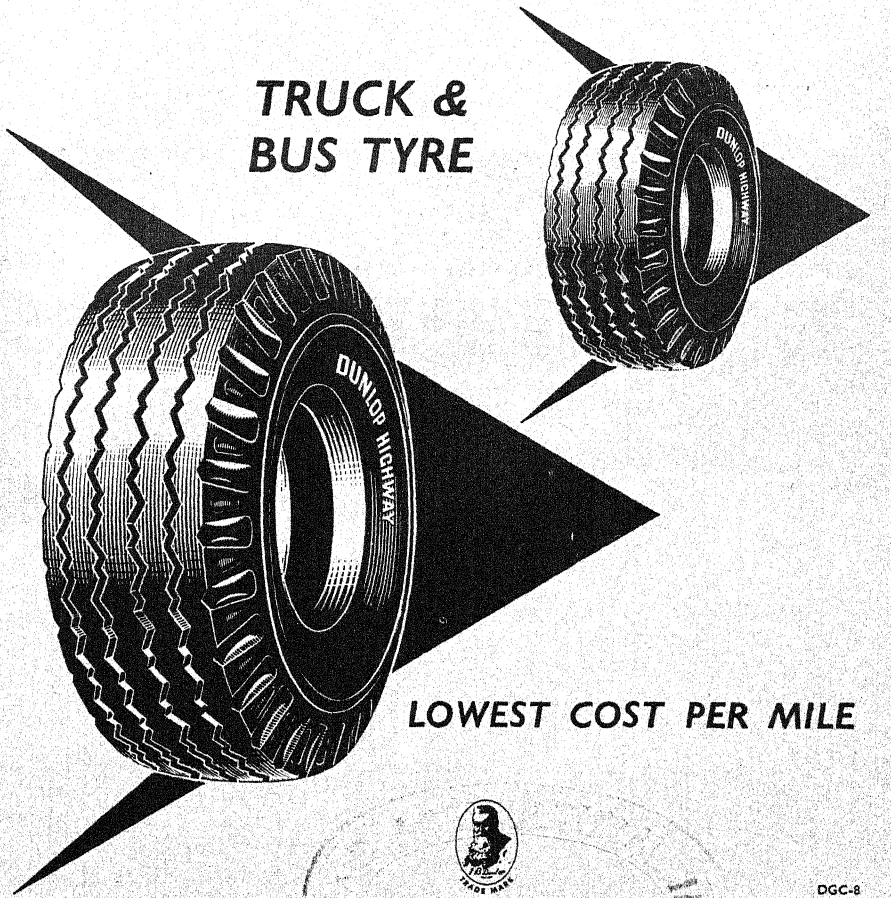
Ironically, cybernetics, which began as a study of machines and mechanical principles, goes far to restore the dignity of man as a unique, creative being. Psychology, which began with the study of man's psyche, or soul, went on almost to deprive man of his soul. So much of the psychologists' literature was taken up with abnormalities—guilt, instinct towards self-destruction, and the like—that the average person felt helpless to pit himself against such negative forces in human nature. The behaviourists even held will to be a myth, consciousness only a chemical reaction, and thought merely the movement of electrons.

The science of cybernetics makes no such assertions. It tells us not that man *is* a machine, but that man *has* and *uses* a machine. It sees the so-called subconscious mind not as a mind at all but as a mechanism—a goal-striving servo-mechanism consisting of the brain and nervous system, which is *used by* and *directed by* the mind. This mechanism within us is impersonal and automatic. Like any other servo-mechanism it makes use of stored information or "memory," and it works upon the data we feed into it (our thoughts, beliefs, interpretations). Through our attitudes and interpretations of situations we "describe" the problem to be worked on.

If we feed in data to the effect that we ourselves are unworthy, inferior, undeserving or incapable (a

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negative self-image), this data, too, is processed and acted upon in solving current problems and responding to current situations. Thus our internal mechanism will work automatically to achieve goals of success and happiness, or unhappiness and failure, depending upon the goals which we ourselves set for it.

A Look at the Automatic Mechanism in Action

SERVO-MECHANISMS are of two types: (1) where the goal is known, and the objective is to reach it; (2) where the answer is not known, and the objective is to find it. The human brain and nervous system operate in both ways.

An example of the first type is the self-guided torpedo or the interceptor missile. The target or goal is known—an enemy ship or plane. The objective is to reach it. The torpedo accomplishes its goal by going forward, making errors and automatically correcting them when negative feedback (information that it has committed an error and is off course) is supplied by such "sense organs" as radar, sonar, heat perceptors, etc. Thus by a series of zigzags it literally gropes its way to the goal.

Dr. Norbert Wiener, who pioneered development of goal-seeking mechanisms during the war, believes something very similar happens when we, say, pick up a



packet of cigarettes from a table. We accomplish the goal through an automatic mechanism, and not by will and forebrain thinking alone. All that the forebrain does is to select the goal, trigger the mechanism into action and instruct the eyes automatically to supply feedback information which continually corrects the motion of the hand. If all this had to be done consciously, only an anatomist would know which arm, hand and shoulder muscles were necessary to the task, or how much they needed to be flexed.

The automatic mechanism can take over because, having performed similar movements before, it has "learned" the correct response. In a baby just learning to use his muscles, the correction of the hand in reaching for a rattle is very obvious. The baby has little stored information to draw upon. His hand moves clumsily back and forth as it gropes. But as learning takes place, correction becomes more and more refined.

Get a New Mental Picture of Yourself

EVERY CREATURE comes into the world equipped with a built-in automatic success mechanism. For the lower animals the goal is pre-set, so to speak, and limited to self-preservation and procreation. Man, on the other hand, being gifted with creative imagination, can formulate his



own goal. And as a corollary of this privilege, it is necessary to his emotional and spiritual fulfilment that he do so.

Functionally, man is somewhat like a bicycle, which maintains its equilibrium only so long as it is going forward towards something. We are engineered as goal-seeking mechanisms, and feel lost unless we have a goal which interests us. People who say that life is not worth while are really saying that they themselves have no personal goals which are worth while.

Your automatic creative mechanism operates in terms of goals and end results. Once you give it a definite goal to achieve you can depend upon its automatic guidance system to take you to that goal much better than you ever could by conscious thought. But the goal must be seen so clearly that it becomes real to your brain and nervous system.

This is not so difficult as it may first appear. For your automatic mechanism cannot tell the difference between an actual experience and one which is vividly imagined. The only information available to it concerning any given situation is what *you believe to be true* about it. Thus, if we continually picture failure to ourselves in such vivid detail that it becomes real to our nervous system, that impersonal mechanism will reward us with failure-type responses and emotions. And vice versa when we picture ourselves as successful and self-confident.

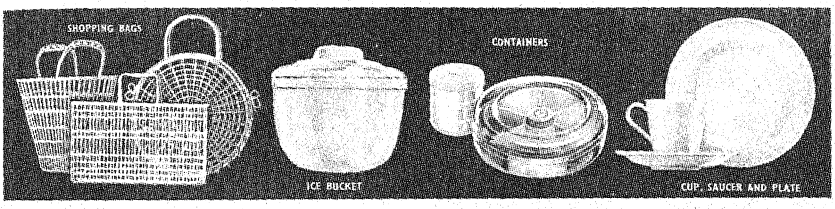
The self-image we harbour is the key to the success or failure of our most cherished plans and aspirations. If the image is inadequate, it behoves us to correct it. We do this by systematically imagining that we are already the sort of person we wish to be. If you have been painfully shy, imagine yourself moving among people with ease and poise. If you have been fearful and overanxious, see yourself acting calmly, confidently and with courage.

Psychologists once tried an interesting experiment on 45 men who were in hospital as neuro-psychiatrics. They first gave the patients the usual personality test. Then they asked them to take the test a second time and answer the questions as they would if each were "a typical, well-adjusted person on the outside." Three-quarters turned in improved test performances, and some of the changes for the better were dramatic. The psychologists reported that those patients who were most capable of identifying themselves with normal people were able to shorten their stay in the hospital.

If we picture ourselves performing in a certain manner, this imaginative exercise impresses our subconscious almost as much as does actual performance. This psychological fact offers us an opportunity to practise new traits and attitudes, and gives us an invaluable lever for changing personality as well as for acquiring new skills.

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PLASTICS

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the effects of mental practice in sinking basketball throws. Two groups of basketball-playing students were given a 20-day test. One group actually practised throwing the ball for a period every day. On the 20th day their scoring had improved by 24 per cent. A second group spent 20 minutes a day *imagining* that they were throwing the ball at the goal. Amazingly, their scoring improved 23 per cent!

Such mental rehearsals or dry runs have been used to advantage by golf pros and concert pianists, by salesmen preparing to face a difficult prospect, and by job applicants. Perhaps it could work for you, too.

Dehypnotize Yourself

WHAT WE believe about ourselves (and thus feed to our internal computer as bona fide data) often imposes rigid and quite false limits on what we are able to accomplish. As a schoolboy my friend Dr. Alfred Adler, the famous psychiatrist, got off to a bad start in arithmetic. His teacher became convinced that he was "dumb in mathematics." Adler passively accepted the evaluation, and his marks seemed to prove it correct.

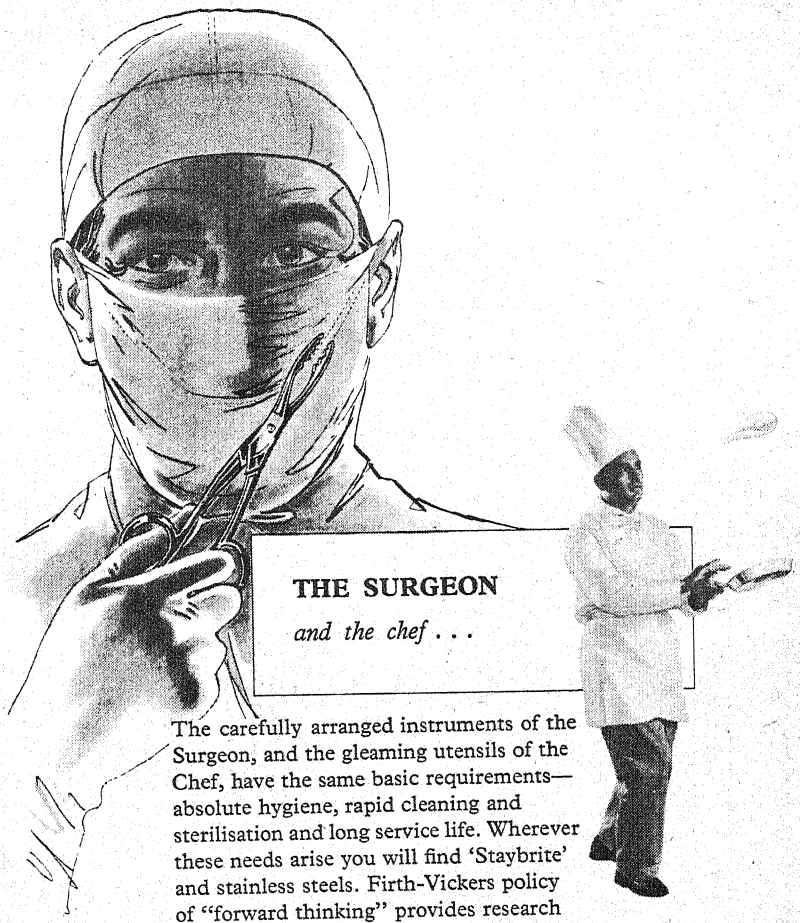
One day, however, he had a sudden flash of insight and announced that he thought he could solve a problem the teacher had put on the board which none of the other pupils could do. The whole class laughed. Whereupon he became indignant, strode to the blackboard and worked out the problem. In doing so, he realized that he could understand arithmetic. He felt new confidence in his ability, and went on to become a good maths student.

The point is this: Adler had been hypnotized by a false belief about himself. Not figuratively, but literally and actually hypnotized. For the power of hypnosis *is* the power of belief. If you have accepted an idea—from yourself, your teachers, parents, friends or any other source—and if you are convinced that the idea is true, it has the same power over you as the hypnotist's words have over his subject.

The hypnotist, for example, tells a football player that his hand is stuck to the table and that he *cannot* lift it. Being under hypnosis, the player accepts this statement as fact, and try as he will he simply cannot lift his hand.

When hypnotism is used to increase our strength rather than to paralyse it, the results are often just as spectacular in the other direction. The gripping strength of one athlete was tested on a dynamometer and found to be 100 pounds. All his effort and straining could not budge the needle beyond that mark. Then he was hypnotized and told, "You are stronger than you have ever been in your life." This time he easily pulled the needle to the 125-pound mark.

Hypnosis, of course, did not add anything to his actual strength. What the hypnotic suggestion did



THE SURGEON

and the chef . . .

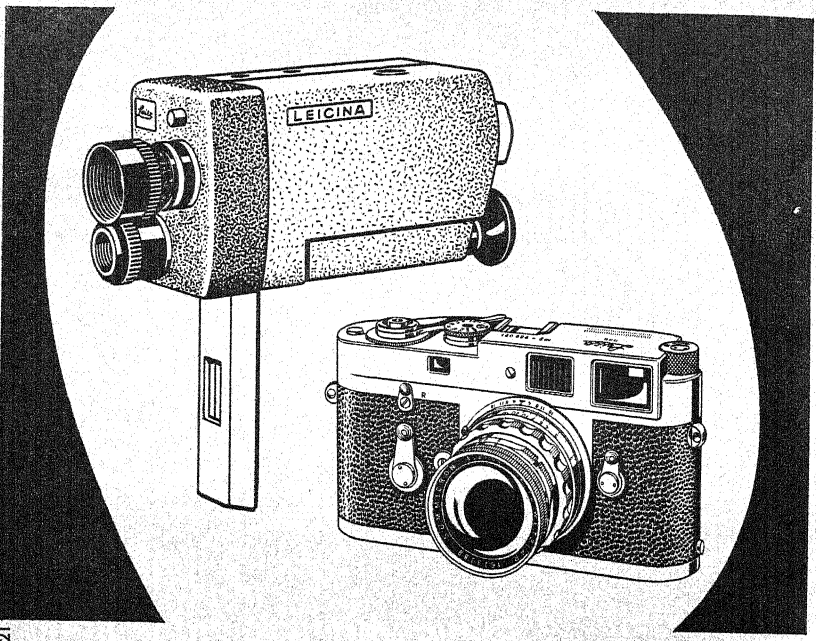
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do was to overcome a negative idea which had previously prevented him from expressing his full strength. In other words, the athlete had imposed a limitation upon his strength by the negative belief that he could grip only 100 pounds. The hypnotist merely removed this mental block and "dehypnotized" him temporarily from his own self-limiting beliefs about himself.

Negative thinking can limit each of us if we let it. And, conversely, within you right now is the power to do things you never dreamed possible.

Forget Past Mistakes!

AFTER witnessing a demonstration of hypnosis, the well-known writer Dorothea Brande happened to read one sentence by psychologist F. W. H. Myers which she said changed her entire life. Myers explained that the talents and abilities displayed by hypnotic subjects were due to a "purgation of memory" of past failures. Miss Brande reasoned: why couldn't a person in the wakeful state use this same power of the hypnotist to purge the memory by ignoring past failures?

She determined to act as if the powers and abilities she sought were there. Within a year her production as a writer had increased many times. Moreover, she discovered a talent for public speaking, something she had previously dreaded and avoided, became much in demand as a lecturer—and enjoyed it! *

All servo-mechanisms by their very nature contain "memories" of past errors and failures. These negative experiences do not inhibit but *contribute* to the learning process, as long as they are properly used and are seen as detected deviations from the goal desired.

Our errors, mistakes, failures, and sometimes even our humiliations, are necessary steps in the learning process. However, they are meant to be *means to an end* and not an end in themselves. When they have served their purpose, they should be forgotten. If we consciously dwell upon the error, or consciously feel guilty about the error, and keep berating ourselves because of it, then unwittingly the error or failure itself becomes the goal which is held in imagination and memory.

Memories of past failures *can* adversely affect present performance, if we dwell upon them and foolishly conclude, "I failed yesterday; therefore it follows that I will fail again today." The minute we dismiss such thoughts from our mind and stop giving power to the past, the past with its mistakes loses its power over us.

A patient once asked me, "If the forming of scar tissue is a natural and automatic thing, why doesn't scar tissue form when a plastic surgeon makes an incision?"

The answer is that if you cut your face and it heals naturally, scar tissue

* See "Wake Up and Live" by Dorothea Brande. The Reader's Digest, September 1957.

will form, because there is a certain amount of tension in and just underneath the wound. This pulls the surface of the skin back, creating a "gap," so to speak, which is filled in by scar tissue. When a plastic surgeon operates, he not only pulls the skin together closely by sutures; he also cuts out a small amount of flesh underneath the skin so that there is no tension present. The incision heals smoothly, evenly, and with no distorting surface scar.

It is interesting to note that the same thing happens in the case of an emotional wound. If there is no tension present—that is, if you simply forget it—there is no disfiguring emotional scar left.

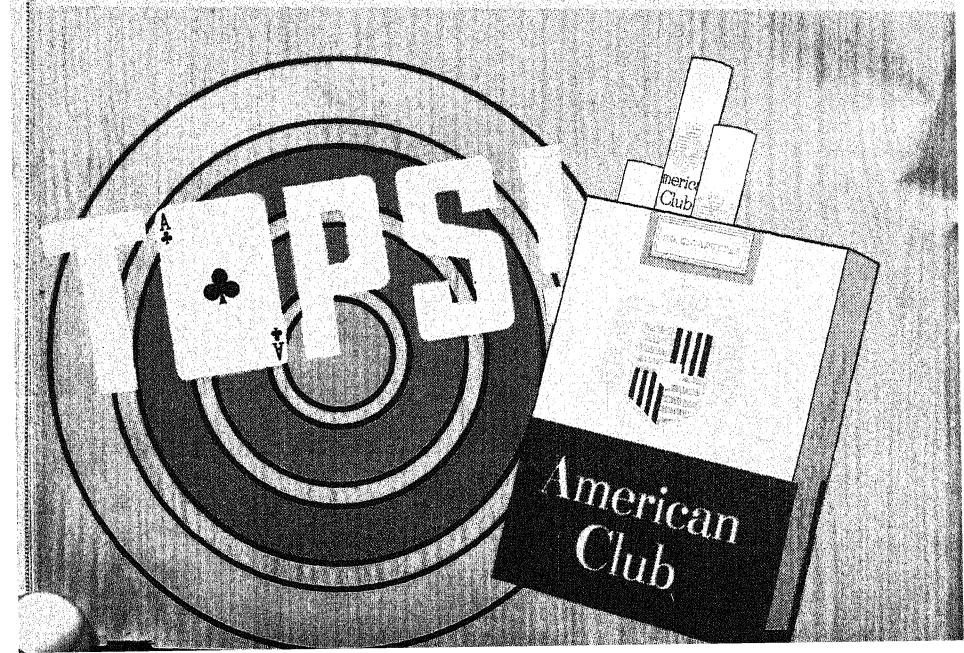
Using Your Built-In Success Mechanism

"STRESS" HAS recently become a popular word in our language. We speak of this as the age of stress. Worry, insomnia, stomach ulcers have been accepted as a necessary part of the modern world.

Yet I am convinced that it does not have to be like this.

We could relieve ourselves of a vast load of anxiety if we could but recognize the simple truth that our Creator made ample provision for us to live successfully in this or any other age by providing us with a built-in success mechanism.

Our trouble is that we ignore



this automatic mechanism, and try to solve all our problems by conscious thought, or forebrain thinking.

The forebrain is comparable to the operator of an electronic computer. It is with the forebrain that we think "I," and feel our sense of identity. It is with the forebrain that we exercise imagination or set goals. We use the forebrain to gather information, make observations, evaluate incoming sense-data, form judgements.

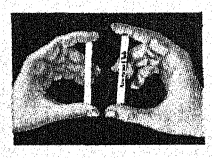
But the forebrain cannot create. It cannot do the job to be done, any more than the operator of an electronic brain can do its work himself.

It is the job of the forebrain to pose problems and to identify them —but by its very nature it was never engineered to solve them all. Yet that is precisely what modern man tries to do—solve all his problems by conscious thought.

Because modern man does depend almost entirely upon his forebrain, he becomes too careful, too anxious and too fearful of results; and the advice of Jesus to "take no thought for the morrow," or of St. Paul to be "careful in nothing," is regarded as impractical nonsense.

Yet this is precisely the advice that William James, dean of American psychologists, gave years ago. In his essay "The Gospel of Relaxation," he said that modern man was too tense, too concerned for results,

tops in taste



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too anxious (this was in 1899), and that there was a better and easier way.

"Prudence and duty, emotions of ambition and of anxiety, have, of course, a needful part in our lives. But confine them as far as possible to the occasions when you are making your general resolutions, and keep them out of the details. When once a decision is reached, dismiss absolutely all care about the outcome. Unclamp your intellectual and practical machinery, and let it run free; and the service it will do you will be twice as good."

Proof of this principle can be seen in the experience of writers, inventors and other creative workers. Invariably they tell us that creative ideas are not consciously thought out by forebrain thinking but come spontaneously, like a bolt from the blue, when the conscious mind has let go and is engaged with something else.

These creative ideas, of course, do not come without preliminary conscious thought about the problem. All the evidence points to the conclusion that in order to receive an inspiration or hunch, the individual must first of all be intensely interested in solving a particular problem.

He must think about it consciously, consider all the possible courses of action. But after he has defined the problem and secured all the information he can, then additional struggling does not help. If anything, it seems to hinder his finding a solution.

"I have found that if I have to write upon some rather difficult topic," Bertrand Russell says, "the best plan is to think about it with very great intensity—the greatest intensity of which I am capable—for a few hours or days, and at the end of that time give orders, so to speak, that the work is to proceed underground. After some months I return consciously to the topic and find that the work has been done."

If you have been wrestling with a problem without making any apparent progress, try dismissing it from your mind; put off making a decision until you've had a chance to sleep on it. As Sir Walter Scott is reported to have said whenever his ideas wouldn't formulate, "Never mind. I shall have it at seven o'clock tomorrow morning."

Nor should we assume that this process of unconscious cerebration is reserved for writers, inventors and "creative workers." We are all creative workers, whether we are housewives working in a kitchen, schoolteachers, students, salesmen or businessmen. We all have the same success mechanism, and it will work in solving personal problems, running a store or selling goods, just as it will in writing a story or inventing.

Some psychologists describe what we call genius as a process: a natural way in which the human mind works to solve any problem, and

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not alone in writing a book or painting a picture.

But one word of warning: We can do only one thing at a time. If you are using an electronic computer you must clear the machine of previous problems before undertaking a new one. Otherwise, parts of the old problem or the old situation will carry over into the new situation and give you a wrong answer.

The absurd habit of trying to do many things at once is a great cause of confusion, frustration and nervousness. The businessman, instead of concentrating upon the one letter he is presently dictating, is thinking in the back of his mind of all the things he *should* accomplish today, or perhaps this week, and unconsciously trying mentally to accomplish them all at once.

Ease off this pressure. Even on the busiest day the crowded hours come to us one moment at a time; no matter how many problems, tasks or strains we face, they always come to us in single file, which is the only way they *can* come.

The Best Self-Image of All

PHYSIOLOGIST Ivan Pavlov, on his death bed, was asked to give one last bit of advice to his students on how to succeed. His answer was, "Passion and gradualness." If we want with sufficient intensity to improve ourselves and are willing to undertake systematic practice to that end, our automatic internal mechanism faithfully repays our efforts. And the rewards in freedom of personality alone can be incalculable.

What we call personality is actually the free and full expression of the real self. When we say that a person "has a good personality," what we really mean is that he has freed the creative potential within him and is able to express his true self.

Everyone loves a baby, for instance, not for what he can do or what he knows or what he has but simply because of what he is. The baby is emotionally honest and not in the least inhibited. He exemplifies to the nth degree the psychological dictum, "Be yourself."

Poor personality and inhibited personality are one and the same. The individual with a "poor personality" does not express the creative self within. He is afraid to be himself, and the resultant frustration is likely to overflow into all that he does.

Let us not limit our acceptance of life by feelings of unworthiness. God has offered us the forgiveness and happiness that come from self-acceptance. It is an insult to our Creator to turn our back upon these gifts and to say that His creation—man—is not worthy or important.

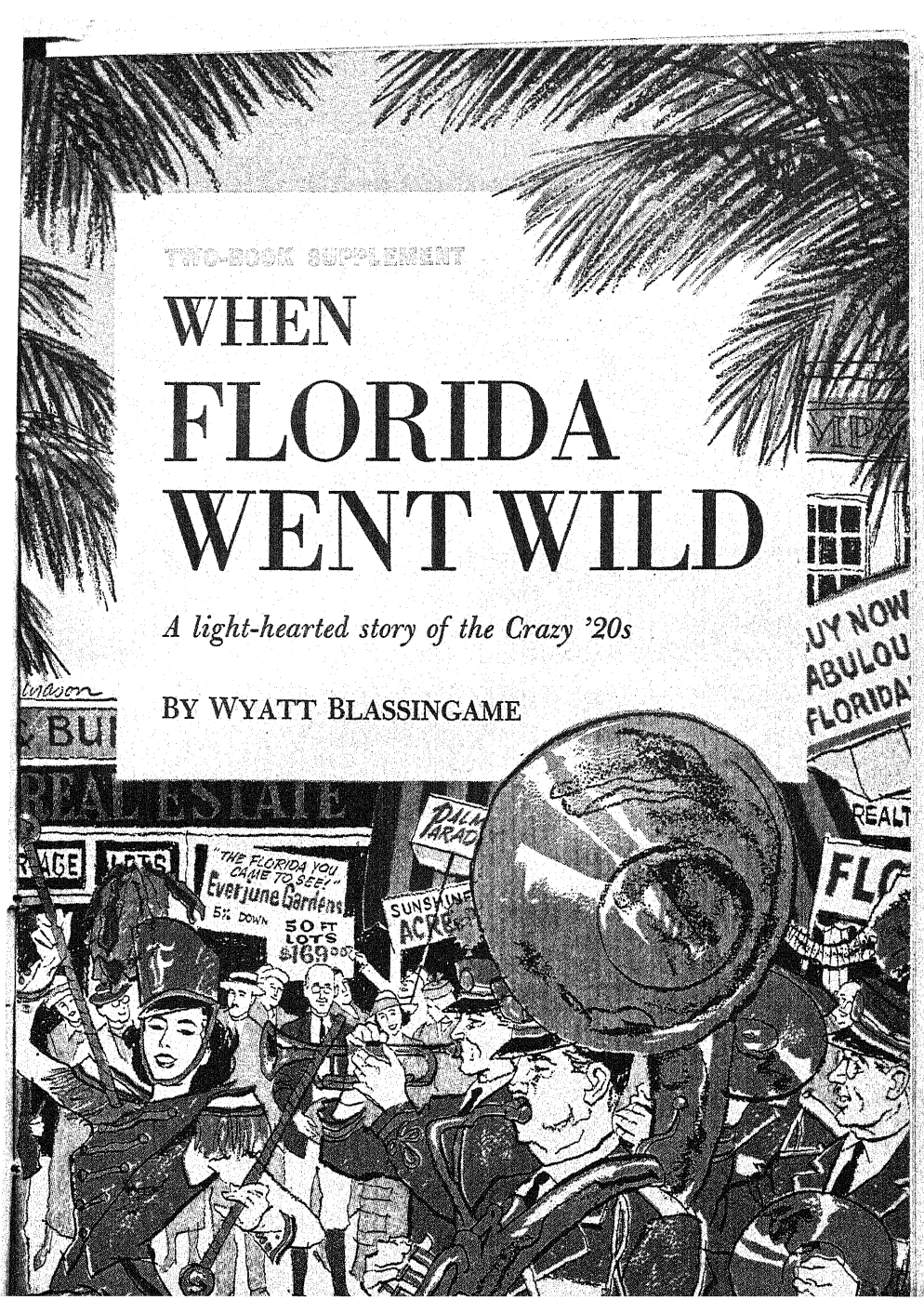
The most realistic self-image is to conceive of yourself as "made in the image of God." You cannot sincerely hold this conviction without experiencing a profound new sense of strength and power. THE END

TWO-BOOK SUPPLEMENT

WHEN FLORIDA WENT WILD

A light-hearted story of the Crazy '20s

BY WYATT BLASSINGAME



WHEN FLORIDA WENT WILD

ON THE COLD February night, the palm-decked sign in the New York display window stopped me. It suggested warmth and ease:

ONE GOOD INVESTMENT
IS WORTH A LIFETIME OF TOIL

I studied the message carefully. It struck a responsive chord. I had just lost my job, at which I had been trying very hard. And, at 23, I was beginning to doubt the value of toil even in small doses.

In 1925 the Florida boom was in full swing, and "One Good Investment" signs were on display all over the United States. One described how John Smith had invested 500 dollars in Florida real estate and made 5,000 dollars; the next, how Sam Jones had invested 5,000 dollars and made 50,000 dollars; the next how Tom Brown . . .

Moreover, the stories were true—at the time, that is. I checked up on them myself. I had no money to invest, but I did have unlimited dreams and a vintage Model T Ford. Within three days I was on the road, hopefully bound for Miami.

Florida's high-powered boom area started south of Palm Beach. From there on, building plots lined both sides of the road. Only a few had any houses, but all had huge, imposing entrance arches or pillars, usually made of ornate stucco.

After the building plots, I thought I'd be prepared for Miami. But nothing in the world could have prepared me for Miami in 1925. The chaotic maelstrom of vehicles, all manned by demented drivers—I soon caught the spirit myself—made the worst traffic jams I had ever seen look sedate and orderly. It was a pure madhouse.

Wherever I looked, buildings were either going up or coming down, and the noise of riveting was deafening. One thing was certain: this was a boom, and I was in the middle of it.

The Endless Carnival

WITH LESS than 100 dollars and no job, I needed a cheap room. The first two small hotels I tried were full. A third offered me a cupboard-sized room for the outrageous price of seven dollars a night. I was walking away when a page-boy sidled up to me.

"Try the beach," he said. "Mr. Carl Fisher has 100 tents out there for his workmen."

"But I don't work for Mr. Fisher," I said, in surprised honesty. "I haven't even got a job."

"Tell them you're working on one of his hotels. They'll give you a bed until they find out different."

I drove over the causeway to the comparative peace of Miami Beach,

From "The Golden Geyser," © 1961 by Wyatt Blassingame, with additional material by the author

and sought out the Carl Fisher Enterprises' hiring centre.

When I took my place in the queue, the page-boy's advice worked perfectly.

"They told me I should ask here for a place to sleep," I said.

The man did not ask who "they" were. Without looking up, he scribbled a number on a card and handed it to me. It entitled me to a bed in Tent 86.

It was night-time when I got back to Miami, and after dark the town was a carnival gone crazy. In a park a well-known band was playing. I listened for a few minutes, then moved on restlessly.

The band music followed me as I strolled across town, until it was drowned by the strident cacophony of drill and rivet gun. Busy night crews were silhouetted by brilliant, glaring lights against the steel frames of two rising buildings. Apparently construction never stopped for a moment, day or night.

Flagler Street was the centre of Miami's main industry. In one block, I counted 38 real-estate offices. Most had folding doors that pushed back against the sides so that the entire front was open to the public. And each office was making great play to attract customers.

Half a dozen had small ragtime or jazz bands of four to six Negroes, playing outside. Some of the big operators had entertainers doing a turn on a pavement platform, or a dozen "Bathing Beauties" giggling in short, ruffle-skirted swim suits. Every effort was made to hold the milling crowds which surged capriciously, first one way and then another, as this attraction or that caught their eye. The minute the band stopped or the girls left, a barker took over.

"A steal, gentlemen, a real steal at 20,000 dollars, with only five per cent . . ." "There is no richer, finer piece of property . . ."

Not until the last real-estate office had closed—which was well after midnight—did people begin to clear away from the streets. Many who had just arrived, and who had found nowhere to stay, now went to sleep in their cars, or on newspapers spread under the trees in the park. I was thankful to have my ticket to Tent 86.

It was a big tent, dimly lit, with some 40 beds in it, nearly all of them occupied.

I found mine and was getting undressed as quietly as possible when the man in the next bed raised his head and whispered hoarsely.

"I made thirty thousand dollars today."

"What!" I said.

He sat up then, a bald, middle-aged little man. "I made thirty thousand today," he repeated. "That's more money than I make in ten years as a book-keeper."

I didn't believe his story for a minute, but two months later I saw the man again, and learned that he'd been telling the gospel truth.

He *had* made 30,000 dollars that day. But by that time I was well on the way to making a few modest thousands myself.

Birth of a Salesman

EARLY NEXT morning I got a job selling real estate.

At 8 a.m. Flagler Street was still cluttered with debris from the previous night, and few real-estate firms were open. But the Sam Anders office was busy, so I went in.

Mr. Anders received me sympathetically. When my utter rawness became apparent, his round face positively beamed. When he learned that I had been brought up in Alabama, had worked in New York and had friends in both places, he refused to listen further. "Get over to the court-house and collect your real-estate licence," he said.

My lack of sales experience made no difference whatever. All real-estate brokers were anxious to hire newcomers who had not yet used up their out-of-state friends—all of whom were potential customers.

By great good luck I had landed with one of the best firms in the business. Sam Anders was a well-established, old-line company which scorned the usual shady promotion methods, and prided itself on its ethics. Which by no means meant that it wasn't sharp and aggressive.

"Everybody is a prospect," the sales manager, Lou Kleinman, told me when I reported back for work that afternoon. "So you hook into them cold. In the street, in hotel lobbies, in restaurants and, best of all, at the railway station."

I found this hard to believe. "Do I just go up to a stranger and ask if he wants to buy property?"

"Why not? Isn't that what they come down here for?"

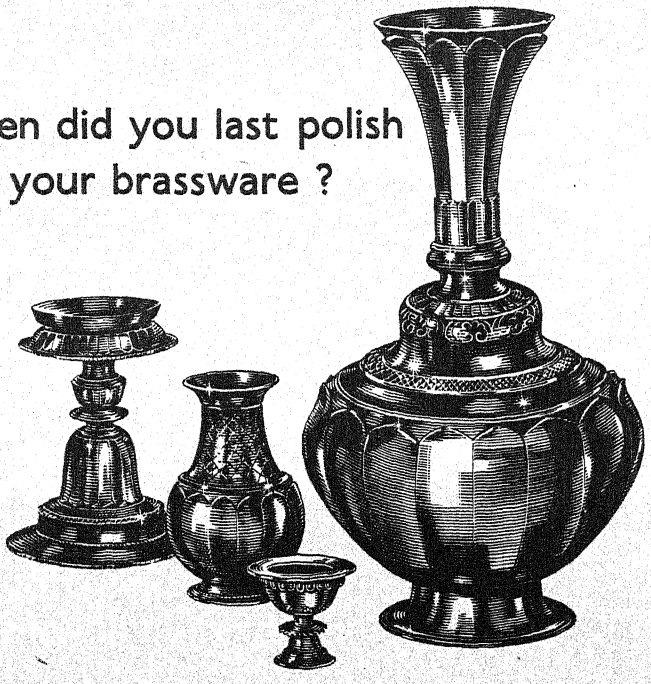
It was three days before I could steel myself to take the plunge. Meanwhile, to justify the delay, I studied Sam Anders's wares and methods and acquired the basic vocabulary of the trade. My first effort as a real-estate salesman was to meet a train from Chicago.

There must have been 100 salesmen and "bird dogs" at the station. (Bird dogs were simply spotters without licences, who flushed out prospects for salesmen and brokers.) When the passengers came piling off the train, they were met head on by this real-estate phalanx. For a while I watched from the side lines. When I did make a couple of tentative approaches, my prospects either sidestepped me or were swooped up by other salesmen. Within 15 minutes the station had emptied, and I was left standing frustrated and alone. Clearly I had no talent as a salesman.

Then a little old lady struggled off the train with three suitcases. She said she hadn't been able to get a porter and would I please find her a taxi. There was no taxi (there never was a taxi in Miami when you wanted one), so I told her I had a broken-down Ford if she didn't mind driving in that.


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She had a reservation at the Hibiscus House, which was impressive, and had come down from Chicago by Pullman, which was even more so. Only the *élite* were able to get such reservations. Her husband had died a few months before, she said, and she had decided to come to Miami and maybe invest a little money in real estate.

At this, I came alive. I told her I was with the largest, most absolutely reliable firm in Miami, and I made a date to take her out at ten o'clock the next morning and show her round. My first sale, I figured, was as good as made.

But next morning when I called for her the receptionist handed me a note. It said Mrs. Brownell was extremely sorry, but shortly after I left her the previous afternoon she had a chance to get a real bargain that had to be snapped up immediately or missed. So she had bought it, and this morning the gentleman who sold it was taking her out to look at some other property.

Like most other hotels in Miami, the Hibiscus House ran a wide-open bar despite Prohibition. I seldom drank, and never at ten o'clock in the morning. But now I felt the need.

There were no other customers, and I sat there staring glumly into my glass. Finally the bartender asked what was wrong. I told him about Mrs. Brownell, and how she had lost her chance of a wonderful bargain. Since this was to have been my first sale, the office had let me have a choice piece of property to work with, one that was certain to skyrocket in value. It was a beautiful business site just off the Dixie Highway, one that any intelligent investor would be willing to pay at least 10,000 dollars for in two months. "How much is it now?" the bartender asked.

"Five thousand. Ten per cent down, 15 per cent on delivery of the abstract, the balance over three years." And, remembering a line I had heard Lou Kleinman use, I added, "A man could probably double his money on this before the deed of sale is complete."

"I'll take it," the bartender said. "How much is the binder?"

I didn't know, but I had another Kleinman formula for it; never under any conditions take less than 100 dollars—"unless they don't have that much, then take what they've got."

"The binder is 100 dollars," I told the bartender. "What time do you finish here?"

"Four o'clock," he said.

I told him I'd wait. I was learning. Just four months later that bartender did sell that same site for a 5,000-dollar profit. I know, because I sold it for him.

Working at the Trade

My initial fiasco taught me two things. First, to wait near the trains until the crowd thinned out. Slow passengers might be old or infirm, but they were not necessarily insolvent. Second, never to let a prospect

loose until I had closed the deal. If I couldn't get him to the office immediately, I took him to lunch or dinner, stayed with him until he went to bed, and was back at dawn to fend off other salesmen. Any real-estate salesman who honestly worked at his trade could make upwards of 1,000 dollars a month.

Much of my time, during the first two months, was spent writing letters, often to people I barely knew. "Have you heard from old Joe Blow lately?" I'd begin. "The last I heard . . ." This not only made the communication personal, but also might get me Joe's address, and I could write to him, too.

The rest of it was a form letter. All I had to do was to estimate my friend's finances and jot down suggested prices. "Don't worry," Kleinman advised me. "Whatever the amount, we've got something to fit it—just so long as it isn't cheap."

The final paragraph was the clincher: "I wish you could come down and see this country! There is no doubt in my mind that Florida is destined to become holiday headquarters for the world. Don't let anybody fool you that what is going on here is mere land speculation. That's what I thought before I came."

The Climate of Fantasy

Fantasy flourished in this speculative atmosphere, but I thought I was immune to it. I certainly had no intention of being stampeded into buying by the mass hysteria around me.

But one day I went to the drugstore two blocks away, for a packet of cigarettes. As I started back, I was cut off by a gorgeous and brilliantly bannered parade which included three bands on trucks, a troupe of bespangled girls on circus horses, and four elephants on each of whose massive hides was emblazoned in gold letters the name of the development: FLORIDANA.

Above the band music a powerful loud-speaker carried the raucous chant of a barker, as he told of the stupendous, unprecedented values being offered.

When the parade passed, I tried to cut in behind it to reach the office. This was a rash move.

I found myself caught up in a human maelstrom, a great surging crowd against which it was impossible to move. Willy-nilly, I was swept into a real-estate office selling Floridana plots.

I ended up pressed against a long counter on which cheques and large bills and sales contracts fluttered like confetti. A harassed young man in a sports shirt shouted at me, "How much?"

"Wait!" I yelled. I had no intention of paying anyone a commission on something I could sell myself. To stall the salesman, I told him I wanted to go out and look at the property.

"Where's the plan?" I asked. "I want to see what I'm buying."



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"See?" He stared at me in amazement. "But you'll only lose money that way. While you're out looking, somebody else'll buy the lot and it'll go up a thousand dollars. It doesn't matter where you buy. Just buy!"

Suddenly—and don't ask me how it happened—the conviction came to me that he was right.

I handed him a cheque for 1,000 dollars, took the sales contract he gave me and sheepishly edged out of the door.

Floridana sold out completely in that one day—all 12 million dollars' worth of it. The lots were in brisk demand, and three weeks later I was able to dispose of mine for 1,800 dollars profit.

From that time on I was in and out of land deals all the time, as were most of the other salesmen.

Architects of the Boom

The Florida boom could never have happened had not the Standard Oil millionaire, Henry Flagler, built a railway down the Florida peninsula.

Flagler, who had first come to Florida in 1888 on honeymoon with his second wife, had been charmed with the country. Although he was then past 50, he subsequently built an hotel in St. Augustine and pushed a railway through to Key West. It had been completed in 1912, only 13 years before.

The railway had opened up Florida, and when the Great War cut off their usual holiday spots in Europe, wealthy Americans discovered its attractions as a playground.

Another architect of the boom was Carl Fisher, who had been my unwitting host on my first night in Miami.

A chance encounter with a settler on Miami Beach—one of the few settlers then competing with the rats, mosquitoes and snakes in that dismal swamp—set him off on a great dream of developing the perfect resort town. Fisher took over the task of building a wooden bridge to the mainland, a project that had floundered for lack of money. He also undertook to drain the swamps, dredge Biscayne Bay, build sea walls, and at one time had such vast crews at work that the cost, even in those times of cheap labour, ran to 50,000 dollars a day.

Fisher was well along with his dream development, though nobody was buying it, when the First World War put a stop to everything. After the war, he put on an unprecedented campaign for his resort. He built swimming pools, tennis courts, a polo field, a yacht basin. The campaign had put Miami Beach across by 1921.

And now, four years later, Fisher was still building giant hotels and employing regiments of men.

My own hero among the master builders was George Merrick, creator of Coral Gables. In the bitter winter of 1898 his father, a New England preacher, had bought a citrus grove in Dade County and

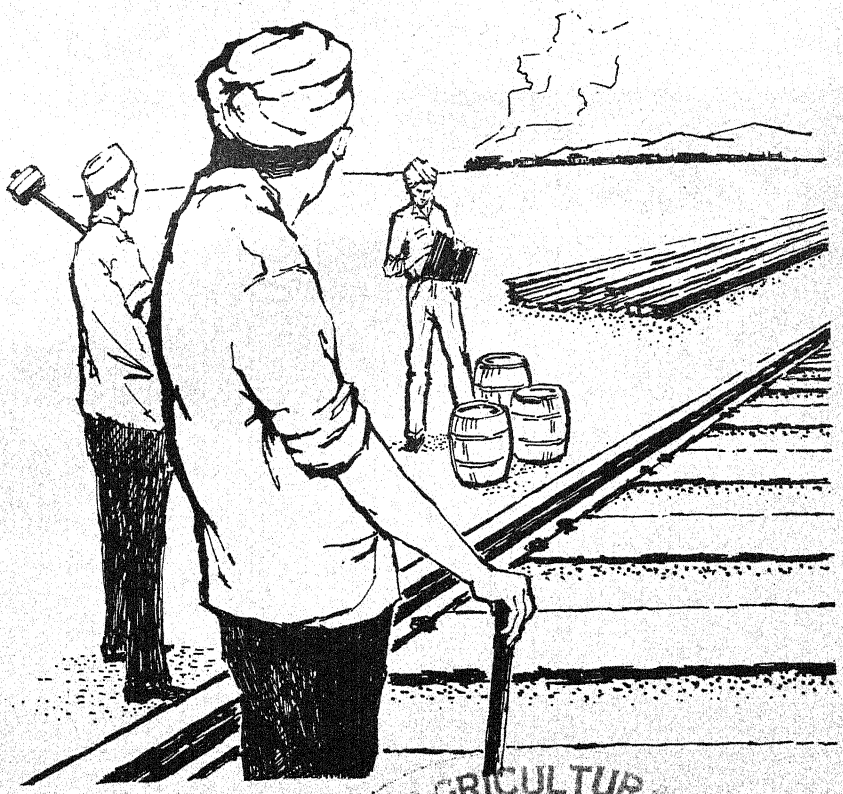
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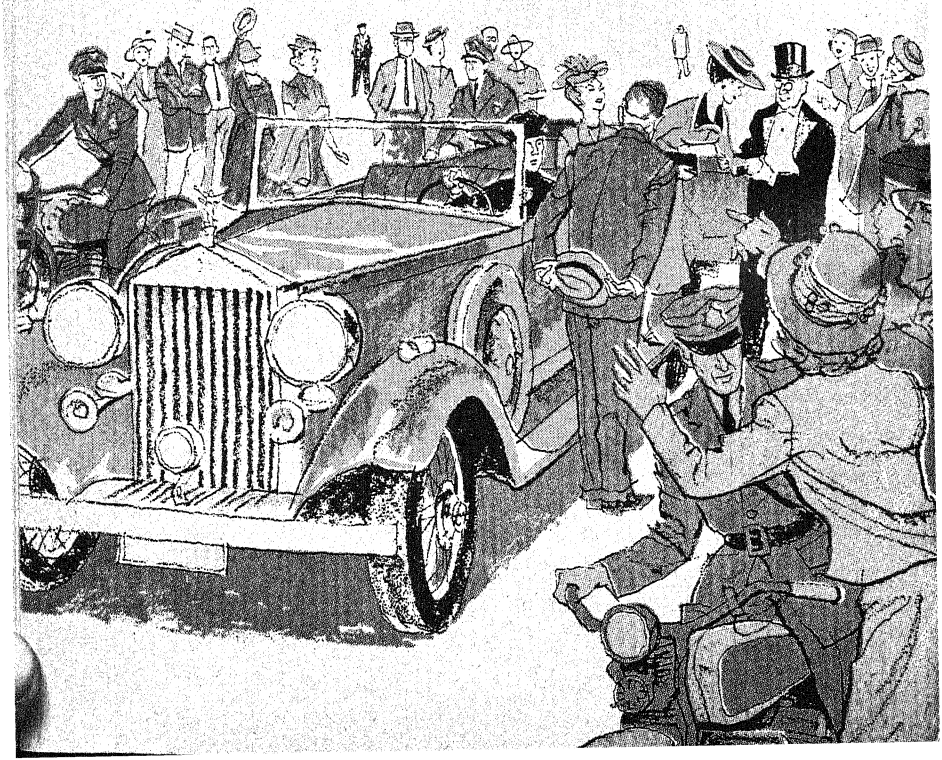


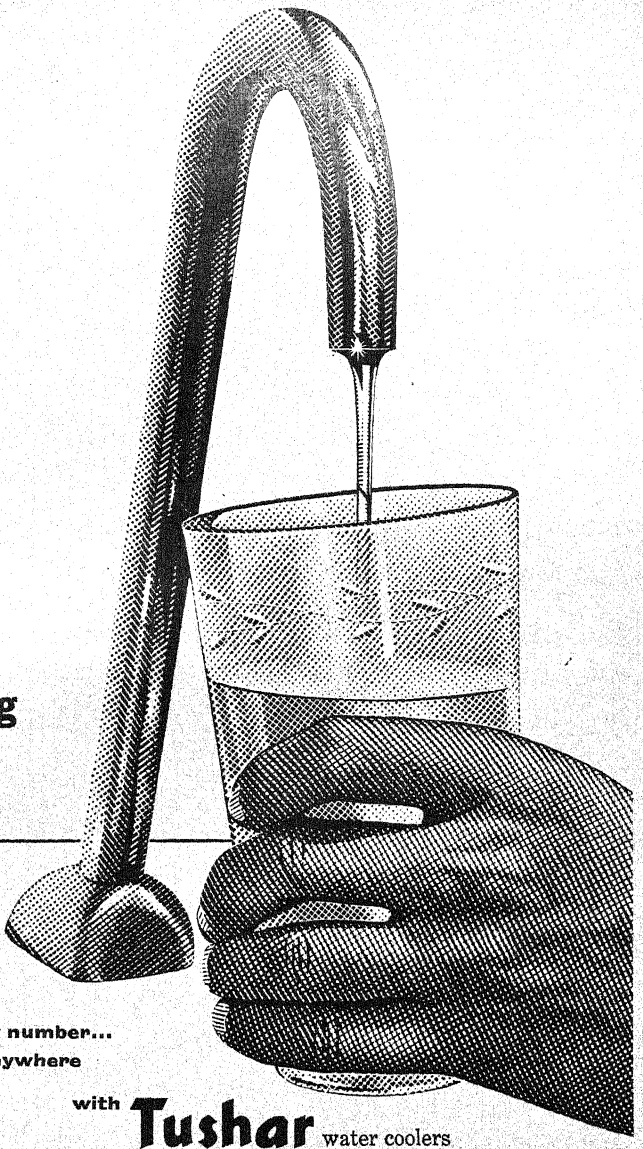
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brought his family down. To young George Merrick, Florida was Paradise, and very early he began planning a town as perfect as man could make it to fit such heavenly country. Never a rich man like Flagler or Fisher, Merrick had to move very slowly, but he managed to acquire 1,600 acres of land, and had plans laid out for it by a landscape artist. The architecture was to be Spanish, the planning all for beauty. Coloured pavements to cut the glare, a shopping centre, churches designed to fit the setting and, finally, a large university.

When Coral Gables opened for business in 1921, there was no great rush to buy, but Merrick hadn't expected a rush. He sold enough in driblets to keep going, and he kept on building. Eventually, however, he had to resort to high-powered promotion. It was then that "Doc" Dammers was called in.

"Doc" Edward Dammers was famous as the arch-promoter of the Florida boom. He was also its court jester. Uninhibitedly flamboyant, he wore an 11-carat diamond ring, outfitted his chauffeur with a different uniform for each day of the week, and never drove round the block without a motor-cycle escort.





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Doc acquired his medical title after he'd made a swing through New England prescribing and selling spectacles. The tour was profitable, but the authorities had been a little stuffy about it. He had come to Florida well ahead of the boom and had gone to work for an outfit that was desperately trying to sell lots on snake-infested Miami Beach.

Doc decided he could sell the lots by auction.

"First, I'll need a wagon-load of fancy dishes," he announced. "You can't catch suckers without bait."

To attract the crowds, he also gave away leather-goods novelties, opera glasses and "gentlemen's and ladies' solid gold watches." But he preferred dishes, since they were cheaper and far more conspicuous. A man carrying an armful of dishes made a much better advertisement than one with a watch in his pocket. Doc was a top auctioneer, a lightning-fast talker with a marked ability to hear bids inaudible to other ears.

"If old Doc Dammers can't sell it," people said, "it just ain't to be sold."

When the boom arrived, there was no longer a need to sell property by auction. There wasn't even time. But by then Doc had transferred to the ultra-dignified Coral Gables development.

High-pressure promotion man though he was, Doc was as responsive to the general atmosphere as a barometer. Sensing that Coral Gables was a high-class operation, he quickly changed his own pitch.

When the rush to buy did come—record sales for a single day in Coral Gables were about five million dollars—Merrick's dream stayed constant. He poured the extra wealth back into the development. And when he felt able to do without Doc Dammers, he sweetened the blow by allowing Doc to become the flamboyant mayor of the dream town.

Straws in the Wind

IN THE midsummer of 1925 the demand for Florida land still seemed bottomless, and the business of selling it continued to expand. One poetic state official prophesied that the boom would last "as long as the Gulf Stream flowed and birds sang in the sun." In the end even Sam Anders was unable to resist this siren music. One day he called me into his office and told me that he was going to become a developer, for it was the developers who were reaping the big, long-term money. He had acquired a large tract of farmland south-west of Coral Gables which he was calling Bel Air Gardens. With characteristic generosity he was giving his salespeople a chance to get in on the ground floor.

I had accumulated 14,000 dollars from my various real-estate sorties and I gladly plonked it all down on Bel Air Gardens. By the following winter, when the development would be complete, with lights,

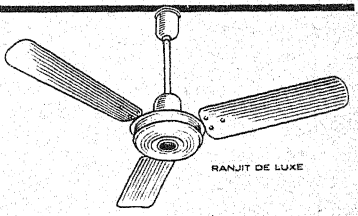


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streets, sewers and landscaping, I reckoned I would become a rich man overnight.

But every bubble has its bursting point, and the beginning of the end came—or so many people believe—when the "binder boys" moved in. These sharpies from Chicago, New York and other cities swarmed over Florida like locusts that summer, dealing exclusively in binders or options.

With a binder payment which involved a minimum of cash—as little as one per cent—it was possible to obtain an option on a property.

No payment would then be due until the deed was drawn up at the courthouse. There were so many land sales that the clerks were often two months behind with these documents of sale.

Banking on this delay, and on rising prices, these operators put binders on land they had no intention of buying, sometimes gambling that higher offers would force the owner to pay them an exorbitant price to release the rights. For 1,000 dollars they could thus tie up a 100,000-dollar property for two months. More often they simply sold the binder to a buyer who would then resell it. Sometimes a binder changed hands seven or eight times before an actual property sale occurred.

Such tactics forced prices up so far that they began to appear ridiculous, even to us.

Underwater Real Estate

ONE NIGHT in mid-July I received a telephone call from St. Petersburg. It was from an old friend of mine, Johnny Mardis. He, too, was in the real-estate business. "How about coming up to St. Pete for a couple of weeks' tarpon fishing?" he said. "We can charter a cabin cruiser and fish the bayous and rivers."

I hadn't had a holiday since I came to Miami, and I could now well afford one.

"Fine," I told Johnny. "I'm practically on my way."

The drive across Florida to St. Petersburg was a revelation. I had somehow thought of the boom as confined to the East Coast, particularly the Miami area, but I now found some of the loneliest, most God-forsaken areas of the state staked out for building lots.

Great plans were afoot, too, for draining the Everglades, and in one place, so help me, I came across a man putting in stakes from a dugout canoe. Okeechobee, which had a population of less than 1,000, was being proclaimed as the coming Chicago of the South.

Once I stopped to ask directions of a surveying party which was staking the edge of a swamp.

"You own a lot out here?" the foreman asked me.

I eyed him incredulously. "You mean you actually sell these lots?"

The foreman said that a company in Detroit had been selling them by

mail at 150 dollars each. They were only 25 feet wide, and some of them, he admitted apologetically, were a few feet under water. But all the lots he himself had surveyed, he told me proudly, were on relatively dry land.

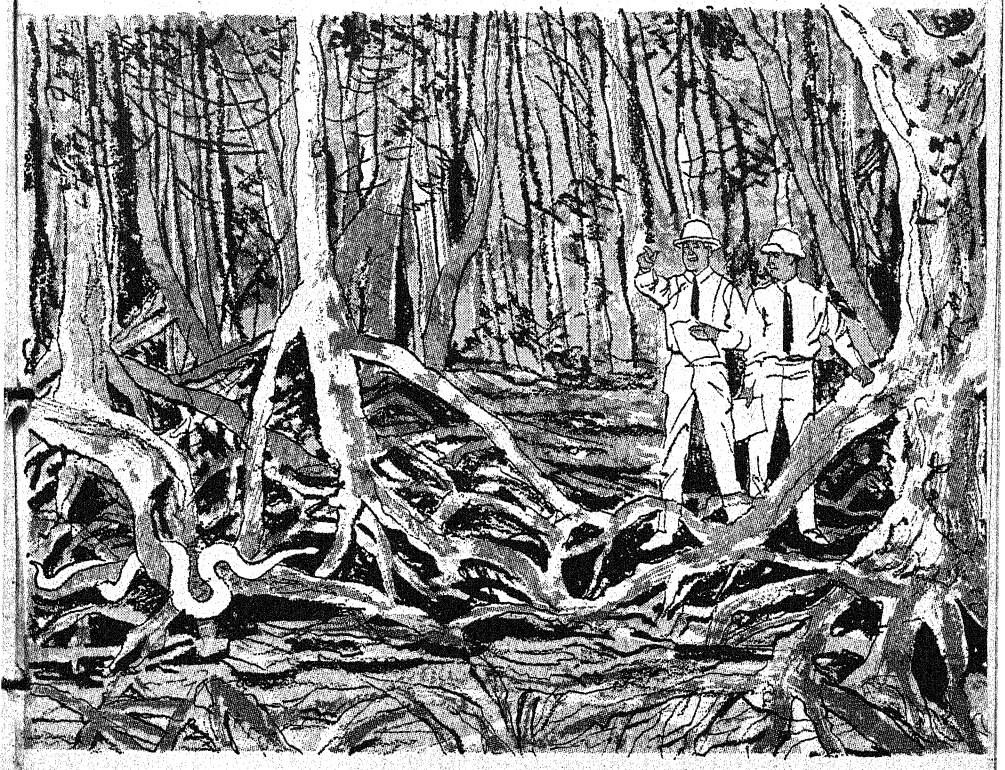
The Fish Begin to Run

I INSTANTLY felt at home in St. Petersburg. Central Avenue, where the Mardis office was situated, was a regular beehive of real-estate brokers, all pulsing with enterprise and feverish rivalry. The whole atmosphere was familiar.

The carefully organized fishing trip at first got us nowhere, and only in the last five days did the fishing get good.

Since Johnny and I were both obsessive fishermen, this belated luck tantalized us. Independently the thought came to each of us: Why give up now, while you're winning?

Why indeed? We were both in the upper income bracket, and I,



at least, was on the verge of becoming independently wealthy. Why shouldn't we live accordingly?

We continued to fish, and the fortnight's holiday we'd planned stretched to a month. In early September, when I finally prepared to drive back to Miami, I had my first twinges of uneasiness.

A recent ruling had said that income tax had to be paid on at least 50 per cent of any gain from a real-estate deal. Since most land deals averaged one-tenth cash to nine-tenths paper, this amounted to a tax on paper profits.

The St. Petersburg papers were full of stories about a railway hold-up. In the last two months the demand for building materials had so vastly increased in Miami—for office buildings, hotels and endless development sites—that the rail traffic could no longer cope with it. Bricks, timber, cement and sewer pipes had been ordered from far distant points, and shipped in freight-wagons garnered from all over the country.

The railway was unable to handle these myriad converging shipments, and freight-wagons were piling up on sidings waiting to be unloaded.

The impasse seemed a bad omen.

Trouble in Paradise

THE NEWSPAPER reports had not exaggerated. When I got back to Miami, I found it literally strangling under the freight pile-up. The railway was so choked that it couldn't even bring in necessary provisions.

A ten-day embargo was declared on every type of freight except foodstuffs.

Meanwhile, railway crews worked round the clock unloading accumulated shipments, and every available man, including police and firemen, was drafted to help them.

When I reported back to the office, Mr. Anders fell on my neck joyfully, then volunteered my services in the crisis, and for a week I, too, unloaded freight.

Such emergency measures seemed to have little effect on the situation, and the embargo was extended indefinitely. (It was to last for five months.)

Barred from using the railways, the hungry builders turned to the sea and, chartering any ship that would float, loaded up with timber and bricks and cement.

Many of these chartered vessels were powered by sail. When a ship keeled over, blocking the harbour, other ships piled up outside the port for miles—as if the town were under siege.

I found Florida a much grimmer place that autumn. Business was noticeably slower. Mr. Anders was nearly always tight-lipped now, and obviously worried. The embargo had wrecked his schedule for developing Bel Air Gardens. He had big contracts out for sewers, paving and landscaping, but without



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Lavoisier's efforts opened the way for better understanding of human physiology and of diseases involving the lungs. Lavoisier's interest ranged through all natural sciences. Unfortunately, he was executed during the French Revolution, as were many other leaders of thought.

Though individual scientists die, the spirit of unrelenting research to relieve man's ills goes on and on. It transcends barriers of time, of place, and of political stress, contributing to the ultimate benefit of peoples the world over.

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materials nothing could be finished. And I could not forget that I had 14,000 dollars invested in that project.

In November the Federal Reserve Bank raised the discount rate, precipitating a minor stock-market panic which drained extra money from Florida investors. In December Mr. Anders asked me to write to some of my clients, amicably reminding them that they were a payment or two—or three—behind on their purchases.

I wrote the letters and got a few cheques. But more replies were in this vein: "Florida is too far away. I'll never get back there . . . I must have been out of my mind . . . I'm going to forget it."

The end was already in sight. That spring I spent a week-end in Key West. When I got off the train on Monday morning, I picked up a newspaper and a small headline leaped at me.

Sam Anders was dead. I am sure that he died broken - hearted, for, as I was presently to discover, he certainly died bankrupt.

At one blow I had lost my employer, my friend and my hopes for making a fortune.

As far as I was concerned, the Florida boom was over. A few days later I drove back North again, no better off than when I had driven down, except that I now had a year of unprecedented—and unnegotiable—experience.

In September of 1926 the boom was over for everybody. The terrible hurricane that wracked the Miami area, taking 100 lives and destroying millions in property, definitely put an end to it. Bankruptcies now occurred almost daily, one setting off another like dominoes in a row.

Once the boom was over, many reasons were advanced for its collapse: the adverse income-tax ruling, the punitively raised discount rate, a minor country-wide depression, and so on.

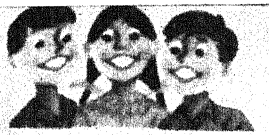
But Doc Dammers unerringly pointed out the greatest single deflationary factor.

"The main trouble," Doc explained gravely, "was that we just ran out of suckers." THE END

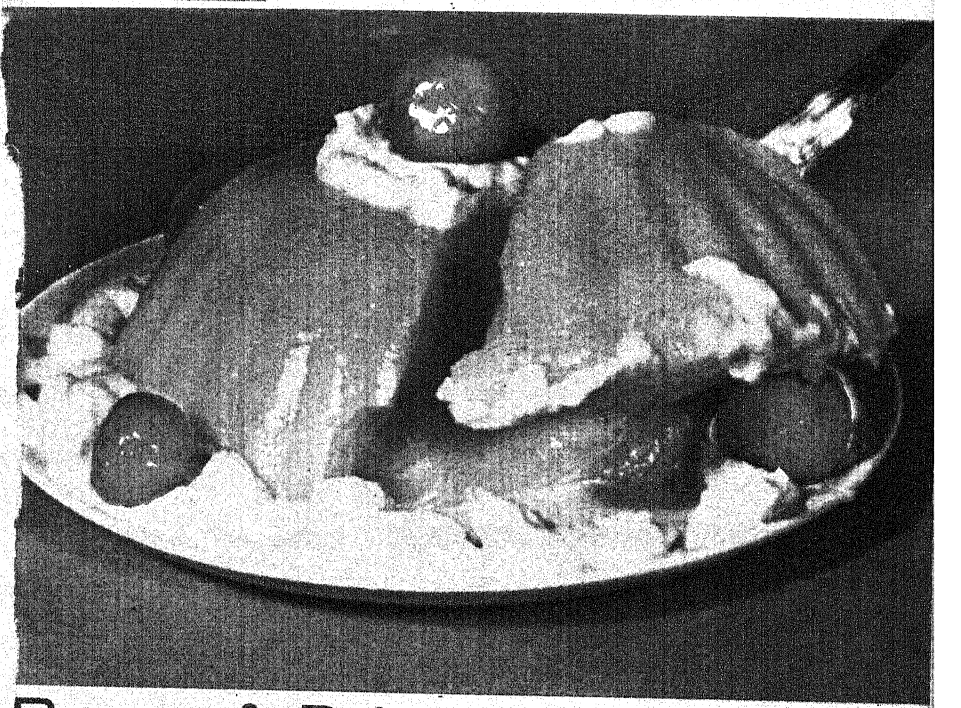
The Long and the Short of It

ALFRED GWYNNE VANDERBILT's observation on the essential difference between an Englishwoman and a Frenchwoman: One June he was leaving London for Paris and, on the way to the airport, his English hostess remarked, "Alfred, this is June 21st, the longest day in the year." Across the Channel, that same evening, his French dinner partner said, "M. Vanderbilt, it's June 21st, the shortest night in the year."

—*D.A.C. News*



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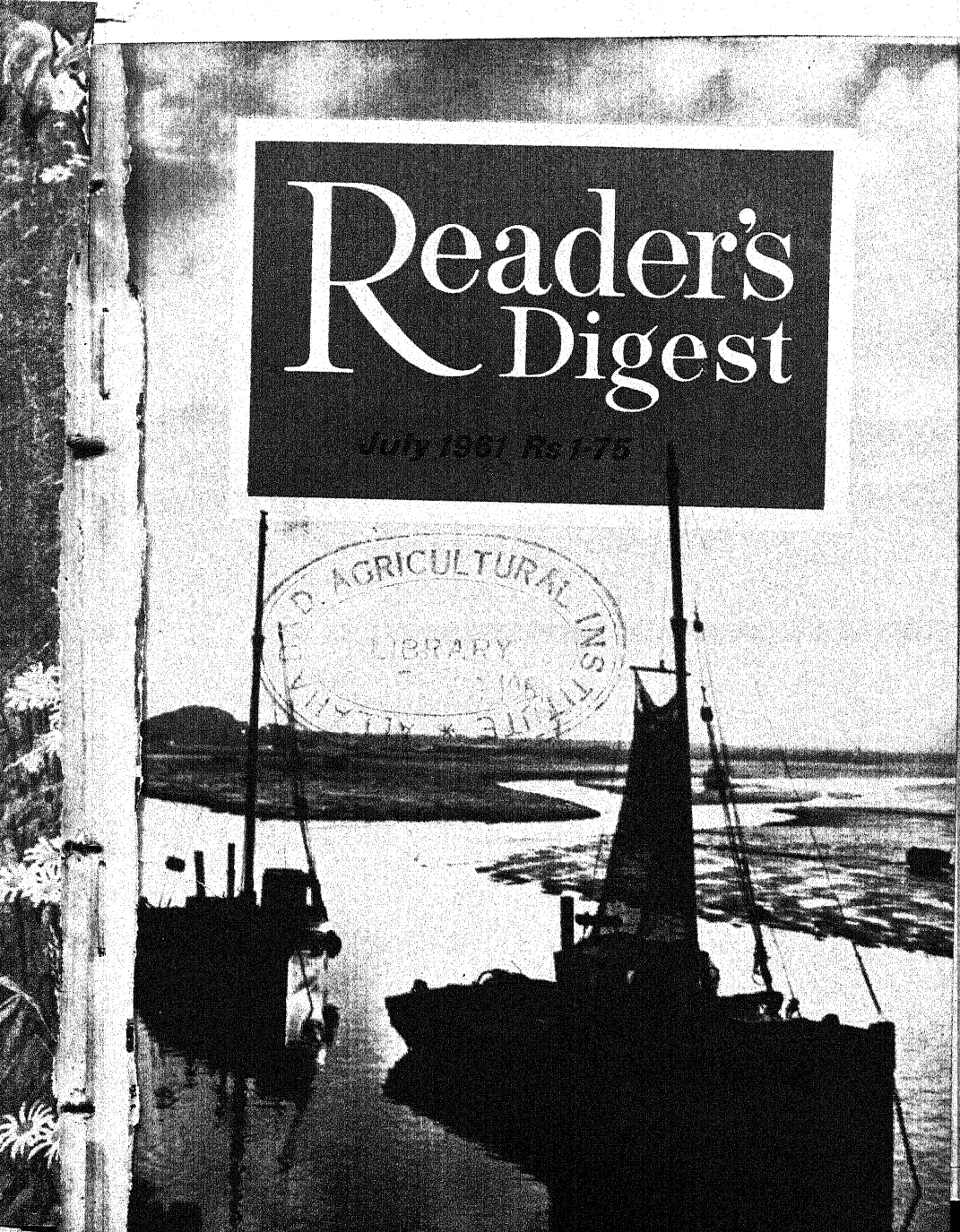
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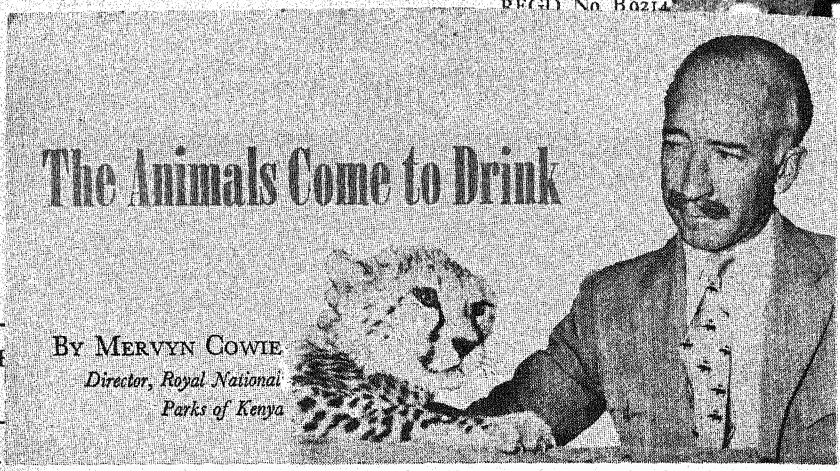
Reader's Digest

July 1961 Rs 1-75



REGD No. B0214

The Animals Come to Drink



By Mervyn Cowie
Director, Royal National Parks of Kenya

Scores of Kenya's wild animals, threatened with extinction by poachers when they roamed far afield in a desperate quest for water, have been able to remain in the safety of the National Parks. The reason: man-made bore holes and other schemes are bringing water back to a few of their drought-dried drinking-places.

These rhinos, elephants, antelopes, zebras and lions cannot know that their salvation is due to the generosity of readers of The Reader's Digest.

A recent issue of this magazine contained a forthright report by Katharine Drake describing how poachers and lack of water were responsible for the extermination of much African wild life.* A footnote invited contributions to our "Water For Wild Animals Fund" from which we are financing the drilling of the precious bore holes and a major pumping project.

From Britain, the U.S.A., Scandinavia, Canada, Australia and other lands has come a stirring response. A 12-year-old schoolboy gave his birthday money. A businessman in Scotland sent his personal cheque for an unconditional gift of ten thousand pounds. In some countries readers organized auction sales of "jumble" and donated the proceeds to our Fund. Youth clubs, office staffs and local associations all sent gifts.

This unstinting, world-wide response underlines the compassion and generosity of Digest readers; it demonstrates the extent to which they react positively to the articles in their magazine. All of us who are striving to preserve Africa's wild life are deeply grateful.

Mervyn Cowie.

Tens of thousands of animals are still in danger and vast areas of the National Parks need water. Contributions should be sent to: Water For Wild Animals Fund, c/o Mervyn Cowie, Kenya Royal National Parks, P.O. Box 2076, Nairobi, Kenya.

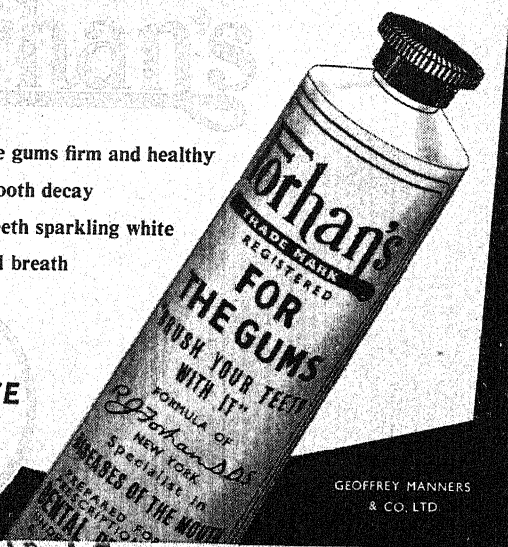
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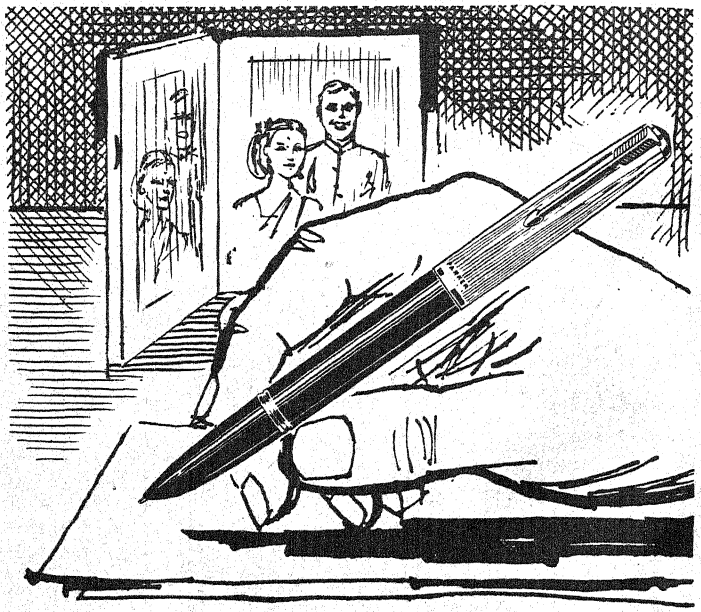
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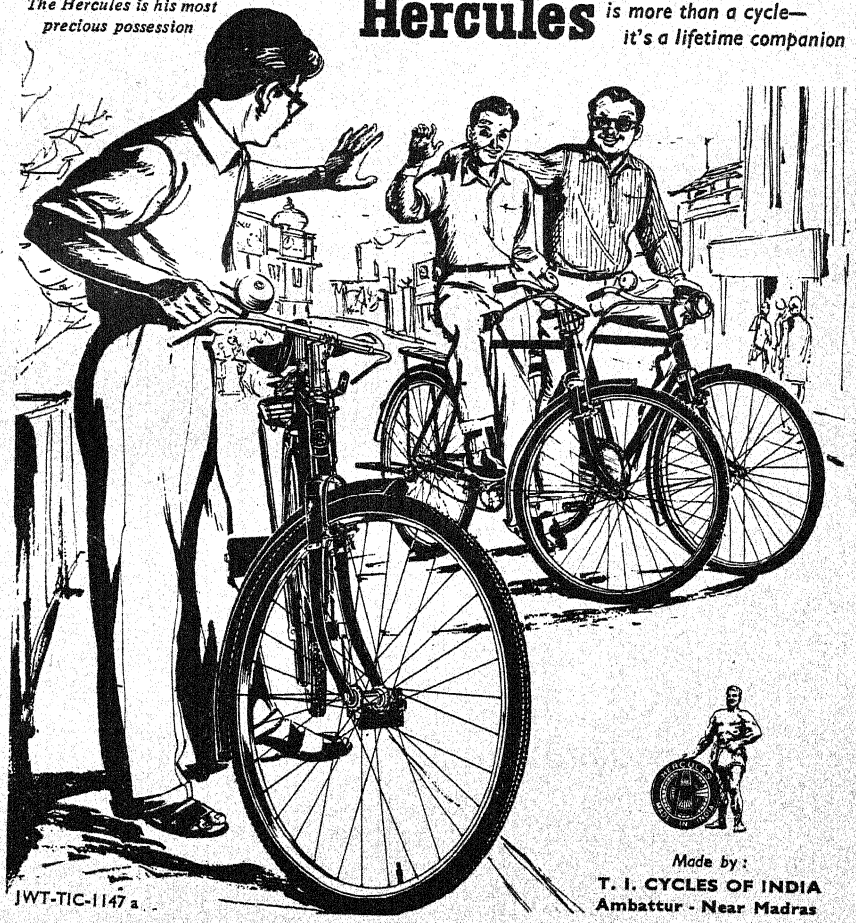
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The Reader's Digest

VOL. 79 NO. 471 JULY 1961

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Quotable Quotes

LIFE is like playing a violin solo in public and learning the instrument as one goes on.
—Samuel Butler

THE greatest blessing of our democracy is freedom. But in the last analysis our only freedom is the freedom to discipline ourselves. —Bernard Baruch

THERE is just one thing I can promise you about the outer space programme: your tax money will go farther.
—Wernher von Braun

STUDENTS don't come to the university to educate themselves. They throw themselves down in front of their teachers like a pile of boards to be turned into furniture. —William Albrecht

THE trouble with today's individualists is that they're getting harder and harder to tell apart.
—Carl Antczak

ONE of the best ways to persuade others is with your ears—by listening to them. —Dean Rusk

THIS MONTH'S COVER:

Fishing Boats at Sunset

(*Colour Photograph by H. Smith*)

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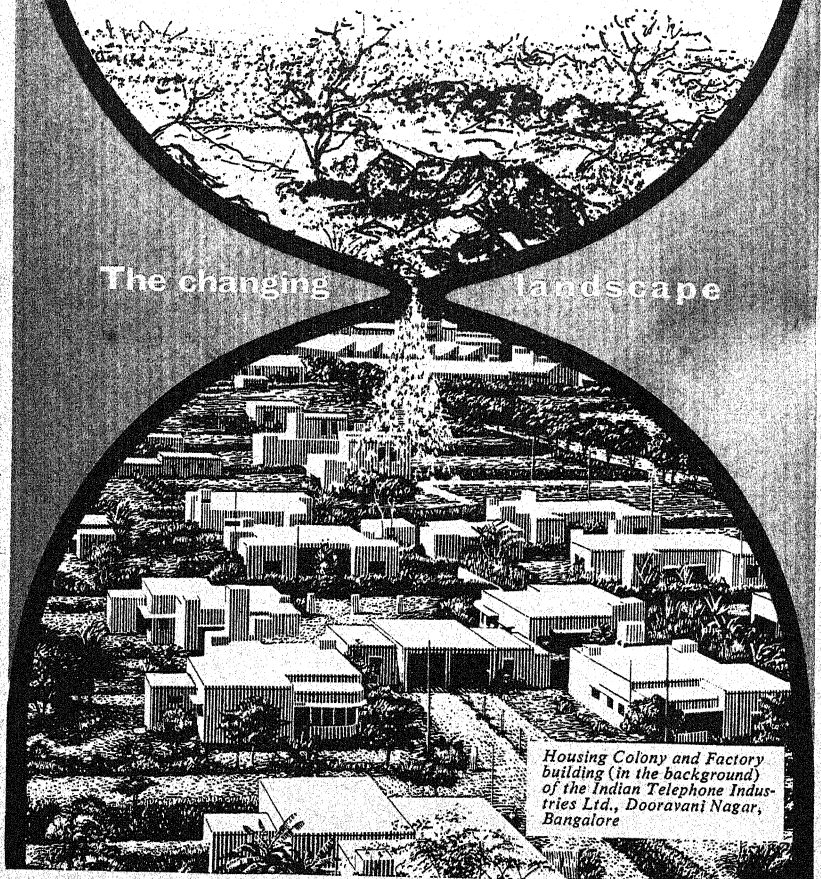
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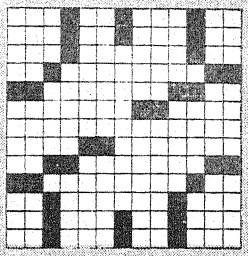
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Housing Colony and Factory building (in the background) of the Indian Telephone Industries Ltd., Dooravani Nagar, Bangalore

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IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER



By Wilfred Funk

"Language is the dress of thought," said Samuel Johnson. Listed below are 20 words which make useful contributions to thought. To test your knowledge of them, tick the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word.

Answers are on page 14.

(1) **verve**—A: impudence. B: enthusiasm. C: sudden turn. D: evasion.

(2) **formidable** (for′ mĭ da b'l)—A: difficult to overcome. B: conventional. C: impossible. D: contemptible.

(3) **lineage** (lin′ ē ij)—A: aristocratic manners. B: total length. C: rigging of a boat. D: ancestral line.

(4) **aspirant** (as′ pĭ rant or as pīr′ ant)—A: one who is eager for advancement. B: recluse. C: one who has trouble breathing. D: successful person.

(5) **inane** (in āne′)—A: clumsy. B: silly and pointless. C: mad. D: plain.

(6) **volatile** (vŏl′ a tīle)—A: elusive. B: deceitful. C: proceeding from one's own free choice. D: changeable.

(7) **incendiary** (in sen′ dĭ er ĭ)—A: overambitious. B: tending to inflame. C: pertaining to magic. D: unceasing.

(8) **badger**—A: to slap. B: decorate. C: pester. D: exhaust.

(9) **nocturnal**—A: drowsy. B: secret. C: pertaining to night. D: harmful.

(10) **impugn** (im pūn′)—A: to attack as false or untrustworthy. B: burden. C: compliment. D: defeat.

(11) **pivotal** (piv′ ŭt al)—A: steep. B: pointed. C: serving as a crucial factor. D: round.

(12) **obeisance** (ō bā′ sance)—A: dignity. B: curtsy. C: overweight. D: submission to command.

(13) **haggle**—A: to make untidy. B: wrestle. C: wrangle. D: cheat.

(14) **stodgy**—A: stunted. B: gruff. C: sturdy. D: dull.

(15) **inclement** (in klem′ ent)—A: restless. B: harsh or severe. C: provoked. D: peaceful.

(16) **ubiquitous** (ū bĭk′ wĭ tŭs)—A: pleasant. B: servile. C: disagreeable. D: present everywhere.

(17) **warren**—A: tenement. B: judicial order. C: small bird. D: gully.

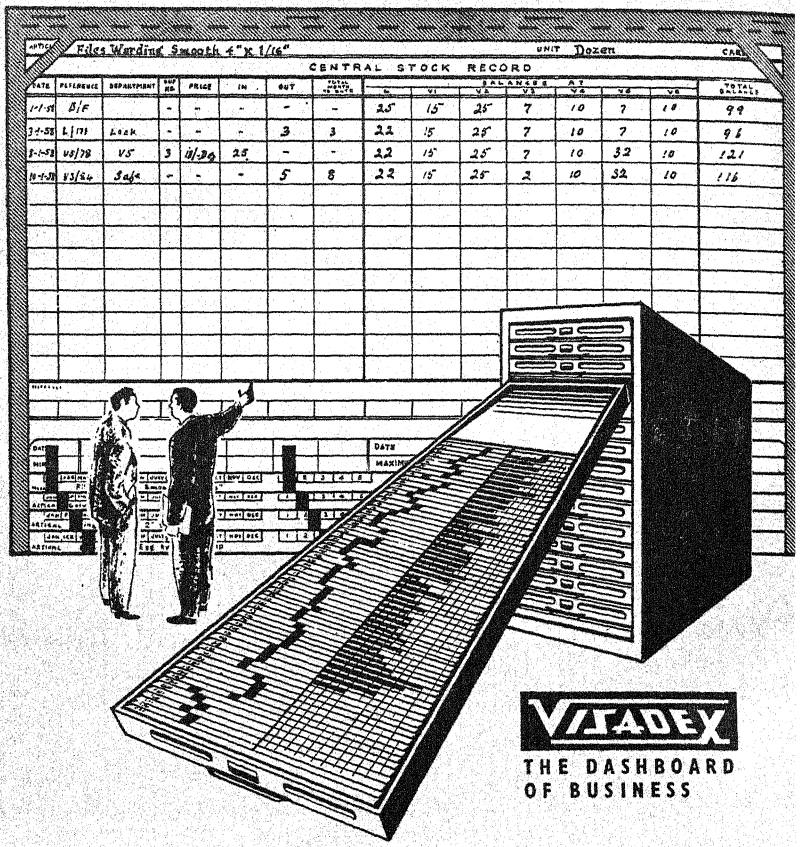
(18) **abrade** (ab rād′)—A: to unravel. B: accuse vehemently. C. rub off by friction. D: spread out.

(19) **warrant**—A: to justify. B: argue. C: arrest. D: long for.

(20) **ambivalent** (am bĭv′ a lent)—A: surrounding. B: characterized by simultaneous liking and hatred. C: deceptive. D: equally skilful with both hands.

(*Now turn to page 14*)

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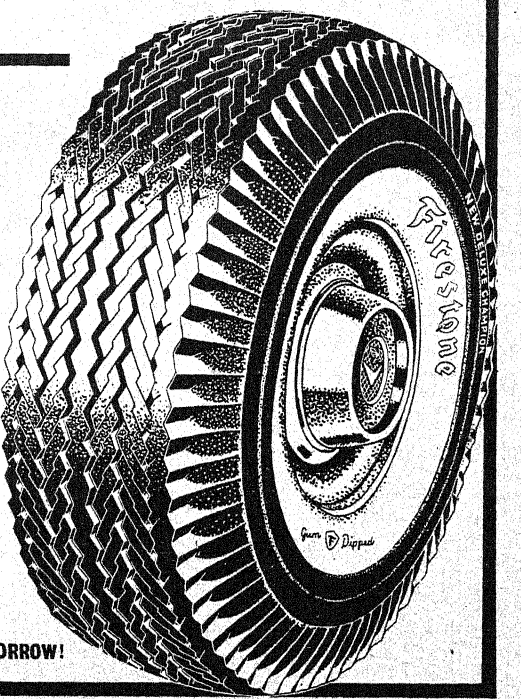
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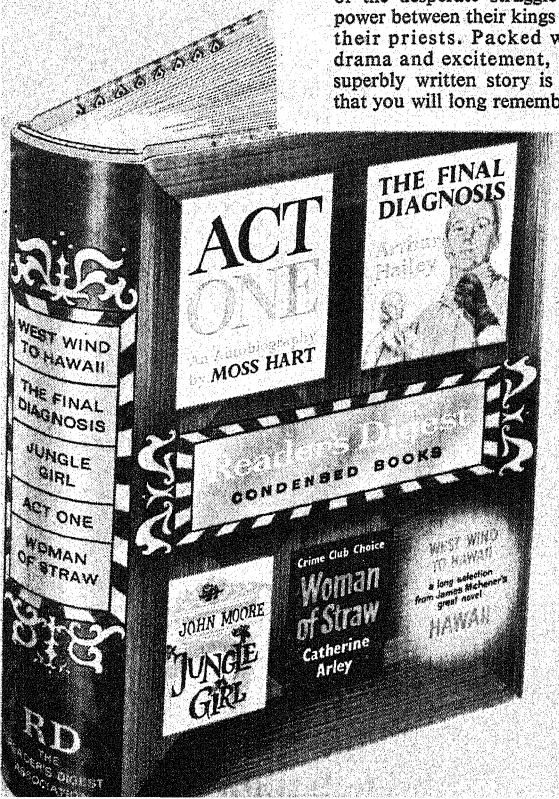
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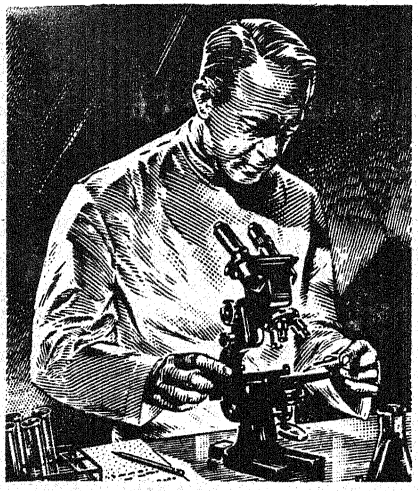
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Answers to the quiz on page 7

(1) **verve**—B: Enthusiasm; animation; vigour; as, to play the piano with *verve*.

(2) **formidable**—A: Difficult to overcome; dangerous; tremendous; as, a *formidable* adversary. Latin *formidabilis*, "exciting terror."

(3) **lineage**—D: Ancestral line; as, of royal *lineage*. Latin *linea*, "line."

(4) **aspirant**—A: One who is eager for advancement; ambitious person; as, an *aspirant* to public office. Latin *aspirare*, "to reach towards."

(5) **inane**—B: Silly and pointless; without sense; as, *inane* conversation. Latin *inanis*, "empty."

(6) **volatile**—D: Changeable; fickle; as, a *volatile* temperament. Latin *volatilis*, from *volare*, "to fly."

(7) **incendiary**—B: Tending to inflame or excite; inflammatory; as, an *incendiary* speech. Latin *incendere*, "to set on fire."

(8) **badger**—C: To pester or annoy; worry or irritate persistently.

(9) **nocturnal**—C: Pertaining to night; as, *nocturnal* habits. Latin *nocturnus*, "by or at night."

(10) **impugn**—A: To attack as false or untrustworthy; as, to *impugn* one's motives. Latin *impugnare*, from *in-*, "against," and *pugnare*, "to fight."

(11) **pivotal**—C: Serving as a crucial factor or turning point; as, a *pivotal* battle. French *pivot*, "peg."

(12) **obeisance**—B: Curtsy or bow; also, respectfulness; homage; as, to make *obeisance* to the queen. Old French *obéissance*, from *obéir*, "to obey."

(13) **haggle**—C: To wrangle or dispute, especially about price or terms; as, to *haggle* with the shopkeeper. Old Norse *höggva*, "to hew."

(14) **stodgy**—D: Dull; lacking lightness and vivacity; uninteresting; as, a *stodgy* person. Dialectal English *stodge*, "to fill overfull."

(15) **inclement**—B: Harsh or severe; as, *inclement* weather. Latin *inclemens*, from *in-*, "not," and *clemens*, "mild."

(16) **ubiquitous**—D: Present, or seemingly present, everywhere; as, the *ubiquitous* air. Latin *ubique*, "everywhere."

(17) **warren**—A: Tenement; a building as crowded as a "rabbit warren"—a plot of ground set aside for the breeding of rabbits. Anglo-French *warenne*, "enclosure, preserve."

(18) **abrade**—C: To rub off by friction; wear away; as, to *abrade* the skin. Latin *abradere*, "to scrape off."

(19) **warrant**—A: To justify; be sufficient ground for; as, evidence sufficient to *warrant* prosecution. Old French *guarant*, "writ or order."

(20) **ambivalent**—B: Characterized by simultaneous liking and hatred for an object or person; as, *ambivalent* feelings. Latin *ambo*, "both," and *valens*, "strong."

Vocabulary Ratings

20–19 correct ..... excellent
18–16 correct ..... good
15–14 correct ..... fair

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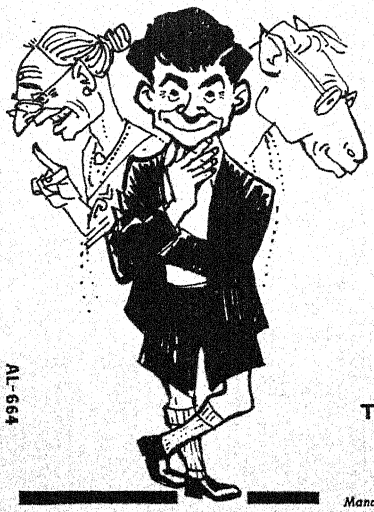
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A jet pilot's harrowing account of what has been called "the most prolonged and fantastic parachute descent in history"

I Fell Into a Thunderstorm

By Lieutenant-Colonel William Rankin
(United States Marine Corps)

It was just before 6 p.m. on July 26, 1959, when I heard a thump and a rumbling sound behind and beneath the cockpit I was sitting in. Another Marine pilot, Lieutenant Herbert Nolan, and I were making a routine high-altitude flight in two F8U Crusader jet fighters. We were *en route* to our home base at Beaufort, South Carolina, and I had just climbed up past 47,000 feet to get over an unusually high thunderstorm in the vicinity of Norfolk, Virginia.

Quickly, I scanned my instruments. I was at Mach ·82 (82/100 the speed of sound), and nothing appeared to be wrong. Still, the thump and rumble were abnormal sounds. I was about to call Herb to let him know I was expecting trouble, when I heard the sounds again. Then, suddenly, the red fire-warning light flashed on! I knew I had only seconds to analyse my situation and decide what to do, for the red warning light meant, in effect: DON'T WASTE TIME, EJECT!

Instinctively, I cut back on power and called Herb: "Tiger Two, this is Tiger One. I'm having engine trouble. I might have to eject."

Herb replied instantly: "Roger, Tiger One. If you have to go, let me know." That was my last communication with him.

The fire-warning light went out now, but my r.p.m. indicator started unwinding frighteningly. In five or six seconds my indicated engine speed went from about 90 per cent to zero. I was having a one-in-a-million kind of emergency—"engine seizure." Some awful friction,

perhaps due to loss of oil, had caused the engine to "freeze."

I reached to my left and pulled the handle to actuate the emergency power turbine. Nothing happened. I pulled again. The handle came completely out of the cockpit wall.

There was nothing more I could do. Without power, I could not dive to a lower, safer level for ejection. Nor could I stay with the plane much longer, for it might stall and fall into a wild spin. But no one, so far as I knew, had ever *ejected* at this altitude, at any speed, supersonic or subsonic, with or without a pressure suit or some protective clothing. The temperature outside was 70 degrees below zero, and I was wearing only a summer-weight flying suit, gloves, helmet and ordinary shoes.

Perhaps I could survive frost-bite without permanent injury, but what about decompression? I was almost ten miles up, where the air is so thin that the blood in a man's body, lacking the shield of a pressure suit, could literally come to the boil.

And what about those dark, massive, rolling thunderclouds below? If there was one thing I had learnt in flight training, it was to avoid thunderstorms. I vividly recalled flying through one several years before: the turbulence was so violent that it flicked the plane over on its back and I'd barely managed to regain control. If thunderstorms were so hazardous for an aircraft in flight, what would one do to a mere man? Still, there was no alternative. I gripped the ejection-curtain handles and pulled—hard.

The nylon curtain which protects the pilot's face from windblast during ejection came down before my eyes. Then I heard and felt the ejection-seat fire—a tremendous kick in the rear.

As I shot up and out of the plane, a wall-like blast of air hit me. The coldness of the air, as I rushed through it at 500 miles per hour, was shocking. My face, neck, wrists, hands and ankles felt as if they were on fire. Then, seconds later, the burning sensation turned to a blessed numbness.

At the same time I felt the almost unbearable pain of decompression. I could feel my abdomen distending, stretching, until I thought it would give way. My eyes felt as though they were ripped from their sockets, my ears seemed to be bursting, my entire body was racked by cramps. Once I caught a horrified glimpse of my abdomen, swollen as if I were in well-advanced pregnancy. I had never known such savage pain.

Strangely, there was no immediate sensation of falling, only of zooming through the air and spinning like a pinwheel, my limbs trying to go in every possible direction at once. After a while I felt a surge of elation. In spite of everything, I was conscious! *Hang on,* I thought. *You might make it yet.*

I was in a free fall, which I knew must continue until my parachute

opened automatically at 10,000 feet. Now, what was that beating against my face? My oxygen mask! I had just left an aircraft where I had been on 100 per cent oxygen. I would soon need more to avoid unconsciousness and possibly serious brain damage. But my body was spread-eagled, and the "g" forces were so great that I could not move my arms to get at the mask.

Suddenly, as I entered a dense overcast of grey and white clouds, I was able to pull in my hands. I grabbed the oxygen mask and held it to my face. Connected with an emergency oxygen bottle in my chute pack, it would give me a three- to five-minute supply.

In denser atmosphere now, I was feeling a little better. By remaining conscious, I said to myself, I would be able to report in detail what had happened. It would be good news to high-altitude flyers: *We can survive decompression at extreme altitudes.*

Something was streaming down my face and freezing. Taking my right hand away from the mask, I saw that it was covered with blood. As I was to learn later, I had bled from the eyes, ears, nose and mouth as a result of ruptures caused by the decompression.

The clouds were darker now. I looked at my watch—and all my confidence in survival vanished. The luminous dial was barely visible, but it seemed to indicate four or five minutes after six. I knew I'd left the aircraft at exactly 6 p.m. at approximately 47,000 feet. Undoubtedly I had slowed to terminal velocity in a few seconds and was now falling about 10,000 feet per



minute. Why hadn't my chute opened? Had I fallen past the 10,000-foot mark? In this blind overcast, I might be only a few hundred feet from crashing into the ground.

I felt a tremendous desire to open my chute. Just then, however, my confidence was somewhat restored by the realization that my body was being pelted by hailstones. The freezing level for rain? Must be 10,000 feet or more. Good. Keep on free-falling.

Suddenly my body lurched violently. My chute had opened by itself. I made a rough calculation: *I'm at the 10,000-foot level. Descending at the rate of about 1,000 feet per minute, I should be down in about ten minutes.*

Utterly elated, I took off the oxygen mask. It was all over now, I thought; the ordeal had ended.

But it hadn't. I was about to enter the centre of the thunderstorm. With incredible suddenness and fury, a massive blast of air jarred me from head to toe and sent me soaring up and up and up. Falling again, I saw that I was in an angry ocean of boiling clouds spilling over one another, into one another, digesting one another. I was buffeted in all directions—up, down, sideways, clockwise, counterclockwise, over and over. I was stretched, slammed, pounded. I vomited repeatedly.

At times my chute seemed to lose its precious billow, and I thought it a miracle that I did not go streaming towards earth with a long, narrow white tail—my collapsed chute.

The wind had savage allies. The first clap of thunder came as a deafening explosion that literally shook my teeth. I didn't *hear* the thunder, I actually *felt* it—an almost unbearable physical experience. If it had not been for my closely fitted helmet, the explosions might have shattered my eardrums.

I saw lightning all around me in every shape imaginable. When very close, it appeared mainly as a huge, bluish sheet several feet thick. It was raining so torrentially that I thought I would drown in mid-air. Several times I held my breath, fearing that otherwise I might inhale quarts of water.

The storm seemed endless, and there were times when I felt I must die of sheer exhaustion. One thing, however, sustained me: the ability to continue to *think*. Once, when a violent blast of air sent me careering up into the chute and I could feel the cold, wet nylon collapsing about me, I was sure the chute would never blossom again. But, by some miracle, I fell back, and the chute *did* recover its billow. *Well,* I thought, *if this damn thing can survive, so can I!*

Finally I sensed the turbulence lessening. Coming out of the overcast at last, I caught my first joyous glimpse of green earth.

Now, I thought, *gather your wits. Don't get killed, after all this, in a bad landing.*

I was over the tall, sharp treetops of a dense evergreen forest—sweeping past them, I estimated, at 35 to 50 miles per hour. At the rate I was zooming towards them, I was likely to be impaled. Instinctively, I gritted my teeth, closed my eyes, crossed my legs and cupped my groin.

I felt a tremendous jerk. Luckily, my parachute had caught in the treetops, and like a large pendulum I swung out wide and then crashed back against a tree trunk. I slid the rest of the way to the ground and lay there stunned.

Every part of my body ached, and my entire face felt raw and sensitive. *Don't lie here doing nothing,* I thought. *You need medical help—and soon. Get going!*

I looked at my watch. It read 6.40 p.m. A descent that should have taken a little more than ten minutes had taken 40! Shaky and shivering, I struggled free of the chute.

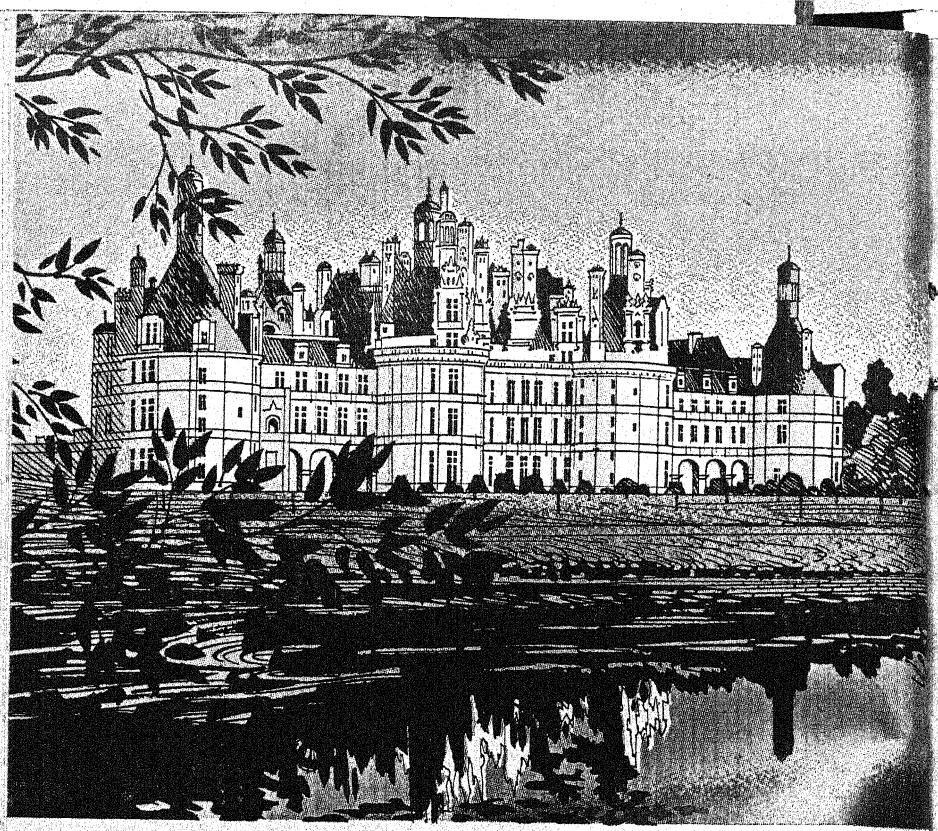
Now, jungle knife in hand, I stumbled through a tangle of underbrush to a cornfield. Over the tops of the stalks I could see headlights of moving cars. A road! I half-ran, half-stumbled towards it. Several cars passed me, ignoring my shouts and frantic gestures. I must have been a terrifying sight standing there in the purplish twilight in my tattered flying suit and helmet, with a large knife in my hand, blood caked on my face and oozing from my mouth, nose and ears.

Finally, as a car went by, I sank to my knees. About 50 yards down the road I saw its red brake lights go on. It turned and came back. The driver motioned me into the front seat. He was Judson Dunning, a farmer, with his wife, three young sons and a teenage cousin. I asked where we were. Near Rich Square, North Carolina, he said. That was some 75 miles from Norfolk.

For two weeks I was kept under constant observation at the hospital at my base in Beaufort by a small army of flight surgeons, cardiologists, orthopaedists, general surgeons and eye-ear-nose-throat specialists. They were astounded that I had suffered no serious damage, apart from severe bruises, lacerations, a badly cut finger, general swelling (especially of the eyelids), slight haemorrhage in one eye, some early difficulty in focusing on small print, widespread discoloration of skin (mainly due to frost-bite), and sprains and strains of ligaments, joints and muscles. My sense of equilibrium had been impaired, and there had been signs of personality changes and forgetfulness. But gradually my equilibrium and memory returned to normal.

Around mid-August I was discharged from the hospital. After a programme of physical rehabilitation, a long session with the psychiatrist, and a pressure-chamber test, I was cleared to fly again.

Two days later I went up in an F8U. As soon as I was airborne, I knew I was back where I belonged.



The Château of Chambord where Son et Lumière recreates a romantic era of France's sumptuous past

Son et Lumière Brings History to Light

By Robert Littell

THIS SUMMER, in a dozen countries, before more than a million enthralled beholders, some 80 of the world's historic castles, churches, palaces, pyramids and temples will set the stage for the spectacle of *Son et Lumière*—"Sound and Light"—a happy marriage of solid stone and winged imagination which has added a new sister to the dramatic arts.

A *Son et Lumière* show is a

Condensed from The Diplomat

pageant of resurrected time, without visible orchestra or actors. Voices, music and stereophonic sound effects come from tape recordings broadcast through hidden amplifiers, while lamps, concealed behind masonry or trees, burn bright or dim in harmony with the action, change colour with the mood, follow the ghostly characters as the script bids them move from place to place. One by one, history's illustrious dead seem to step from their dusty frames; they speak, plot, sing, love, die; their incorporeal feet tread unforgettably the avenues of the spectator's mind.

Three nights a week, from mid-June to mid-September, *Son et Lumière* at its best can be heard and viewed at Versailles, that most royal of all palaces, where three centuries of French history are unrolled. You stand with a thousand others before the palace's immense façade, hushed, in total darkness. The statues and decorations on the roof are dimly silhouetted against clouds only a shade less black. Suddenly the silence is riven by a peal of trumpets, the night abolished by a cataract of flashing light. From everywhere, from nowhere, a clear voice fills the heavens. *"Once all this was only wilderness and swamp..."*

The light vanishes, the voice is stilled.

As if from very far away and long ago come the baying of hounds, the silver note of a huntsman's horn. A spotlight picks out the corner of the château where, many years before the great pile was begun, there stood a simple hunting lodge.

In 40 minutes the many-coloured moving lights—now high, now low—the disembodied voices of kings, queens, courtiers, mistresses, soldiers, mobs—now here, now there—take you from Louis XIII's hunting lodge to the signing of the First World War's peace treaty in the Hall of Mirrors. Candles seem to flicker from behind the stately window-panes; minuets from stringless violins rise, float and die away.

You attend the daily ceremonial of Louis XIV as, one after another, amplifiers pick up and pass along the cry that moves before him through the palace—"Gentlemen, the King . . . the King . . . the King . . ."—and the sharp tap, tap of his tall cane as he goes from room to room.

No flesh-and-blood actor could be as haughtily, majestically regal as the picture summoned up in your imagination by the tap, tap, tapping of that electronic cane upon non-existent polished floors.

You hear—yes, you almost see—Queen Marie Antoinette begging the Marquis de Lafayette to save her children as the angry rabble from Paris hammers on the doors. Lights playing on the palace shift from the white of royal lilies to the tricolor of revolution.

At the end, the voices and the music fade, the light is swiftly quenched, the sky-wide curtains of

night and silence fall upon the bygone years. Often, after such a performance, the audience bursts into applause, though no actors come out to take a bow. The specially composed music, played and sung by the orchestra and choir of the Paris Opera and the French Radio, the voices of the members of the *Comédie française* who take the roles, are all recorded on a magnetic tape that has been placidly unwinding in a small remote room.

Son et Lumière is the invention of a French architect, Paul Robert-Houdin. In 1927 he became curator of four historic monuments in the region of the Loire, one of them the immense, floridly elegant Renaissance château of Chambord, built by François I. Between the two world wars, Robert-Houdin had watched his country take the lead over all others in the art of illuminating public buildings. For years, Paris was the only city in the world to do so. The Eiffel Tower, the Arc de Triomphe, the Place de la Concorde, the cathedral of Notre-Dame and many other monuments were made to blaze up into the night.

After the war, 30 castles along the Loire were illuminated. The summer it was opened, sixty thousand tourists visited the "Route of the Châteaux" by night. Yet no matter how skilfully the searchlights were placed, as a show it was lifeless—for there was nothing to see but fixed, immobile light, and nothing at all to hear. Night after night the ancient buildings seemed to say, "Once upon a time"—but they never went on to tell the story.

One evening the curator of Chambord was caught out-of-doors by a sudden thunderstorm. As he watched, the haughty castle was transformed. The walls flickered and glowed under lightning strokes which lit them from every side; for shimmering fractions of a second the forest of turrets and chimneys, of cornices and casements, was painted red, blue, white, or the colour of sulphur, while the sky crashed with the storm's artillery. Robert-Houdin felt as if he were looking at Chambord for the first time. The old stones had been awakened by the wand of magic.

Literally in a flash, the thunderstorm showed Robert-Houdin how to animate those splendid but static illuminations. Why not use the empty châteaux not only as backdrops but as actors in historical spectacles—combining light, music, voices and sound effects, which would take substance in the imaginations of watchers?

The first *Son et Lumière* spectacle was unveiled at Chambord in the spring of 1952. It took three months to prepare the script and lighting arrangements. The production was a huge success. Said the *Figaro* critic: "A new mode of artistic expression has been born." The cost, some 15 million francs, was repaid by admission fees within a year.

Now, one after another, the great

châteaux of the Loire Valley were equipped with *Son et Lumière*. Palaces and holy places elsewhere in France were also wired for the recapture of history. Some 40 shows have been staged by Robert-Houdin alone.

A performance no summer visitor to Paris should miss is the *Son et Lumière* dramatization of the return of Napoleon's body to Les Invalides. With rolling drums, saluting cannon, the click of arms presented, the rumble of the funeral carriage, the clopping clang of horseshoes upon cobblestones, Bonaparte's sarcophagus is carried across Paris into the Court of Honour. Though there is not a ray of light, the coffin bearers move from archway to archway with such life-like precision that every head in the audience moves with them, and at every moment one expects to see the glint of muskets or a shadowy face.

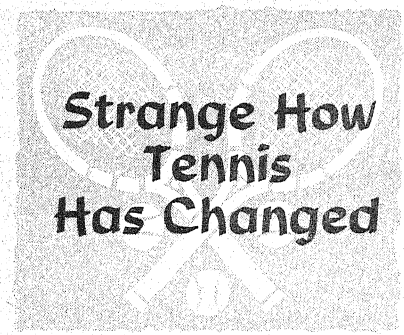
Robert-Houdin has patented *Son et Lumière* in French, but the method is free for anyone to use. As a result, this revolution in dramatic mass entertainment is travelling far beyond its French birthplace to light the monuments and great moments of many nations. In Britain this summer, visitors will be able to see *Son et Lumière* spectacles at Greys Court, Henley, the mansion which Henry VIII gave to Sir Francis Knollys, and at Stirling Castle, the seat of Scottish kings for hundreds of years. Other performances of *Son et Lumière* are being staged against the background of the ruins at Baalbek in the Lebanon, the Parthenon in Athens, the Pyramids and the Sphinx in Egypt, the Forum in Rome, the Royal Palace in Madrid, Middelburg Abbey in the Netherlands, the Jeronimos Monastery in Lisbon—and dozens of other spots.

Learning the Hard Way

THE ORIGINS of some of the time-honoured practices in higher education do not tend to strengthen our confidence in these practices. Note the profound analysis and study which undergird America's widely accepted idea that a college education consists of four years of post-high-school study.

The main reason for the four-year college course in the United States today is that Harvard adopted it in 1636. Harvard adopted it because Oxford and Cambridge had it. Oxford, when started in the middle of the 13th century, adopted it because English parents, who had been sending their sons to Paris to study informally, decided some years earlier that four years of university study would be a reasonable length of time to stay away from home. In this careful, studied, scientific fashion we in America have concluded that four years constitutes a complete college education.

—S. G. Umbeck, President of Knox College, U.S.A.



By Elliott Chaze

Recently I despaired of golf, and on a glistening hot afternoon I decided to resume a habit known as tennis.

I had not played this game for six years. With what amounted to less than cunning I chose as my opponent a man who neither drinks nor smokes. (I smoke two packets of cigarettes daily.)

During our preliminary warm-up I discovered that in tennis one must run considerably. This had slipped my mind. In memory I recalled only the striking of the ball from various angles. Transport didn't enter into it. You were here. You were there. You just hit the ball.

The truth is, I now found, that you must strain every valve and vessel to the limit to earn the privilege of hacking at the ball. You must swim rivers of sweat, burn scarlet scabs on your nose in the sun and run, run, run. Gone is the insolent floating grace of yesteryear, the hard-curving stroke. When you brake to a dead halt, your now ample middle slings forward long after your feet are still.

And the serve. Remember the glow you used to get when your service came round, the fresh steel of forearm, shoulder and calf? It's different now. When I cranked up, there was a bleak crunch in the working shoulder—the sort of thing you hear when you cut a lettuce heart with the edge of a fork. Twice I threw the ball too high and lost it in the sun. On another occasion I threw up two balls at once, stepped on the third ball and did a half-split. Someone sniggered on the next court.

At game's end my companion jumped the net, the way they do in the newsreels, and without looking at me said he was tired. "Let's take a break," he said. "It's hot out there." He breathed evenly, and there was barely a bead of sweat on him. I tried to smile, and my lip hung on dry teeth. "All right," I mumbled.

As we leaned against a wall at the end of the court, it hit me with a sorrowful slap what time had done to my personal machine, which only a handful of years ago was springy and brimming with careless strength. Nevertheless, I'm playing tennis again soon. I have thought it out, and I believe that if comfort and self-satisfaction are the things that destroy a man, tennis must be the key to eternal health.

Britain's Gentle Amazon

By Donald Culross Peattie

The story of Emmeline Pankhurst's fight for women's suffrage

Emmeline Pankhurst was known to the public of the 1900's as a militant who fought for Women's Suffrage.

In private she was a cultivated lady, completely feminine, frail in body and sensitive in spirit, a widow with four children and the slenderest of incomes. But she was consecrated to the passionate belief that her sex, if given the franchise, could right the injustices, cruelties and squalor that she saw all round her.

For 40 years women in Victorian England had been campaigning for the vote. As a young woman Emmeline Goulden had felt instinctively the justice of their arguments. Her own parents, though professed Liberals, were bewilderingly partial to her brothers. Her education counted for little in contrast with theirs. She had to make the home

attractive to them—no special thought was given to her comfort. Her resentment against this Victorian code grew with her experience. And her marriage in 1879 to Dr. Richard Pankhurst, a Liberal politician who believed in women's rights, forged this resentment into a weapon of steel. And she found plenty to resent.

In the workhouse of which Mrs. Pankhurst became one of the governing board, old women had to sit on backless benches; pregnant girls were kept at hard labour till the hour of childbirth; little girls, without underclothes and coughing with bronchitis, spent long winter hours on their knees scrubbing cold stone corridors. Mrs. Pankhurst found that women teachers were paid less than men, though they taught more classes. Women elected to municipal governing boards to deal with women's affairs were ousted from office by men judges. Legally the English woman was an infant; she might hope for chivalry and protection, but never for justice and independence. Wherever Mrs. Pankhurst turned in protest, she met the scornful opposition of aldermen, clergymen and statesmen. The established order was sacred; to wish to change it was either sentimental or treasonable and irreligious. For more than 25 years she and her followers worked strenuously to break down by argument the walls of prejudice.

Then, according to tradition, Arthur Balfour advised Emmeline Pankhurst to "kick up a row." From that day, men who had never heard of women's suffrage read daily in the papers of "suffragette outrages." Window-smashing and arson were common news. Church ceremonies were interrupted, royalty "insulted," and the sanctity of British sport was despoiled.

She had found the Englishman's vulnerable spot: he hates scenes and sensationalism. Women treated him to nothing else. Their price for calling off the rumpus was the vote.

It was Mrs. Pankhurst's own daughter, Christabel, who announced in 1905, "I shall sleep in prison tonight," and set out with Annie Kenney, a mill hand, to heckle Sir Edward Grey, a Government candidate in Manchester. When Annie Kenney asked him what the Government proposed to do about women's suffrage, he refused to answer. Christabel got up and put the same question. The hall went into an uproar. The girls were punched in the face, kicked and thrown down the steps, bleeding. When they rose and tried to speak, they were arrested and jailed.

From that time on, no candidate was allowed to sidestep the burning issue. Women followed Winston Churchill round from meeting to meeting, heckling him unmercifully. Lloyd George told his listeners, when women questioned him, to "pay no attention to the mewing of those cats."


Falconer.

Another Pankhurst daughter, Sylvia, and Annie Kenney gathered up the women of London's slums and marched to Caxton Hall, where Mrs. Pankhurst made her first great speech. Stirred by her simple and poignant eloquence, the women advanced on the gates of Parliament and were pushed back by police ordered to prevent them being heard.

At that moment the militant campaign began. Fashionable young Emily Davidson placed a bomb in the cellar of Lloyd George's unfinished house. A young woman art student slashed the Sargent portrait of Henry James in the National Gallery; tombs in Westminster Abbey were defaced. Acid was poured into letter-boxes; women with hammers smashed the plate glass in Regent Street and Bond Street shops. Outside Dartmoor prison, where Mrs. Pankhurst, seized as the instigator of the violence, languished in jail, women sympathizers set fire to the forests. On "Black Friday," when the women again marched to Parliament, they were ridden down by mounted police, kicked and beaten. Two were punched and kicked to death; others chained themselves to the railings so that they could not be dragged away. Clergymen, undergraduates and dons yelled at them while the police beat them.

In prison, suffragettes fared no better. Mrs. Pankhurst invented the hunger strike and, following her example, hundreds of girls underwent the tortures of forcible feeding by the stomach tube. Mrs. Pankhurst escaped by threatening to bash the doctor's head with a toilet ewer. Other women were overpowered and given forcible bowel feeding. When the Members of Parliament on the Government benches heard of this they roared with sadistic joy.

With every fresh arrest of the Pankhursts, thousands of converts flocked to the cause. When in a fashionable congregation the prayer was read for the ministers of state, two women got up and chanted, "God save Emmeline Pankhurst." Before vergers could throw them out, a pious Christian male had smashed one of the women on the nose. Asquith and McKenna, coming out to play golf at Balmoral Castle, found the flags removed, and signs demanding votes for women in their places.

At Epsom on Derby Day, Emily Davidson dashed out in front of the royal box, seized the King's horse by the bridle, and was crushed to death by the animal's fall.

To break the telling effect of the hunger strike, the Government passed the "Cat-and-Mouse Act"—under which prostrate strikers were released until they were well enough to be jailed and tortured again. Detectives watched Mrs. Pankhurst's home after she was thus let out, and repeatedly dragged her back to jail, fainting and protesting. Girls impersonating her often

got themselves arrested, while she escaped by a back door to address a meeting. Once, when detectives tried to drag her from the platform, they found it protected by barbed wire which the women had hidden in a screen of flowers. Athletic young women swung Indian clubs in answer to truncheons.

The attention of the King was sought in petition after petition, none of which got farther than the Home Secretary's waste-paper basket. When, finally, Mrs. Pankhurst announced that she would carry a petition to Buckingham Palace personally, one of the largest police forces ever assembled in London barred her from the gate. Next day, the Home Secretary insisted that it would be improper for him to forward a petition from a woman who had been jailed with common criminals.

Once, when the King and Queen were attending the theatre, three women, locking themselves in another box, delivered through megaphones a ten-minute harangue on forcible feeding and clubbings, before the police could drag them away. A débutante, on being presented to the King, cried, "For God's sake, your majesty, stop forcible feeding!"

Inside Parliament there was uproar. Member after member was converted, either by the sincerity or by the suffering of the suffragettes. By 1913 the Government was on the run; it could not, even with regiments of police, protect Cabinet Ministers, royalty or property from unarmed women.

The suffragettes' coffers were filled by wealthy sympathizers. Influential people got them out of prison. Great barristers began to defend them. The movement had always been fashionable, and was constantly attracting society girls, college girls, young art students. Some made it a condition with their admirers that they too should join the fight. The angry mobs that were daily worsting the police now had as many men as women in them.

And then, with victory almost in their grasp, Mrs. Pankhurst called off the whole campaign, ordered women everywhere to drop even the demand for the ballot. For Britain had entered the World War and she believed that women should devote all their energy to winning it.

Probably it was the selfless devotion of women in the death struggle that won men's ultimate admiration. All over the world women were getting the vote, even in Russia. In 1917 victory came easily. Lloyd George, Asquith and others rushed to be on the winning side; Parliament acquiesced. In February 1918, the Royal Assent was granted, and all British women over 30 could vote. A few years later the "Flapper-Vote" extended the ballot to girls not actually minors.

Strangely enough, victory did not bring happiness to Emmeline Pankhurst. Now that the struggle was

won, her purpose in life had died. Her personal life had been sad. The death of her husband had ended an almost ideal marriage. A son died. Her daughters quarrelled bitterly over policy. She was old and broken. After making several unsuccessful efforts to repair her personal fortunes, Emmeline Pankhurst—once the great radical—agreed, in 1928, to stand as a Conservative in an East End constituency.

In the heart of her district she took a tenement room. All her life she had fought for others against squalor, overcrowding, misery; now she was their victim. Old memories crowded round her. She would rouse women to one more great battle . . .

Her daughter, summoned by friends, found her dying. On June 14 her valiant spirit passed over.

Today her statue, like Oliver Cromwell's, stands where the Houses of Parliament can see it. But better than that is the memory, still cherished by those who knew her, of her passionate, mournful voice, and especially of her eyes—those marvellous level eyes that had flashed such scorn upon the hypocritical and cowardly, and gazed in such compassion upon the sorrows of the world.

Hot and Cold War

ONE OF the untold stories of the dark days of the war was recently disclosed in an advertisement for the Berlitz language schools.

In mid-1942 a colonel appeared at the New York offices of Berlitz. Emphasizing that secrecy was urgent, he asked if the school could teach 300 soldiers to speak Norwegian in six weeks. Berlitz replied that by summoning its Norwegian instructors from all over America the job could be done. In a short time the instructors were assembled, and a few days later the soldiers arrived. All were pledged to secrecy and the six-week course began. At its conclusion the soldiers were brought to England, issued with cold-weather kit—and then, thoroughly puzzled, they participated in the landings in North Africa.

Berlitz was later informed that the venture had been a hoax from the very start. Army intelligence experts presumed that it would be impossible for the 300 soldiers and their instructors to keep completely quiet about the project, particularly with other students aware of the large number of soldiers in the school. The presumption was correct. The German High Command heard of the Norwegian instruction and, as a result, expected an invasion of Norway.

—Robert Alden

For years the preferred way to bring to life a heart that had stopped beating was an emergency chest operation and massage of the heart itself. Now a new and simple technique may be destined to play an important role in medicine and first aid

If a Heart Stops Beating— There's Help at Hand

By Paul Kearney

In London's National Sporting Club a few months ago, a 50-year-old man collapsed and apparently died. His heart stopped, he had no pulse and his breathing was at a standstill. Until recently there would have been little hope for him. A few hard fist-blows on his chest might have started his heart beating again. Possibly forcing pure oxygen into the lungs could have done it. But the chances would have been small. In an emergency operation his chest could have been cut open and his heart massaged. Such operations are performed frequently, but even in the best-equipped hospital this is a measure fraught with risk.



But this man was lucky. A doctor at the Club had read a report in the *British Medical Journal* describing a new technique which promises to revolutionize the emergency treatment of cardiac arrest—a technique almost as simple in its way as mouth-to-mouth breathing for starting respiration. Developed in the United States, at Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, it is called "closed-chest heart massage." This technique requires no surgery and

no equipment. It is applicable not only in heart attack but in drowning, choking, electric shock, chemical asphyxiation, or any other accident which causes the heart to come to a standstill.

To revive his patient, the doctor stretched him flat on his back on the floor. He tilted his head up and back, pointing his chin towards the ceiling to keep his tongue from obstructing his windpipe. "With the upper part of my right hand I pressed and released my hand over the lower part of his breastbone," the doctor says. "For the first half-minute nothing happened, then slowly he began to show signs of life."

Heart massage is performed by placing the left hand on top of the right over the patient's heart. With a quick, firm thrust the rescuer pushes down, hard enough to depress the chest; this squeezes some of the blood out of the heart into the big arteries. The hands are then lifted to let the patient's chest expand and allow some blood from the big vein to flow into the heart.

This is done about 70 times a minute: press . . . release . . . press . . . release . . . It helps if the rescuer has an assistant who can begin mouth-to-mouth breathing to force oxygen into the victim's lungs. (If the rescuer is working alone, the chest pressure provides some ventilation of the lungs anyway. But respiratory aid does tremendously increase the victim's chances of surviving with his brain undamaged by lack of oxygen.)

After a minute or two of this treatment, the man at the National Sporting Club groaned and began to recover consciousness. Later that evening he was able to return home with his wife, telling her casually, "I must have passed out." Says the doctor who revived him, "I doubt whether he realized that his heart had stopped beating for some time."

The heart massage technique was developed by Dr. W. B. Kouwenhoven, a Johns Hopkins electrical engineer, with the help of staff members of the Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine. The doctors experimented with it on dogs for two years before attempting it on human beings.

One day a 35-year-old woman's heart stopped while she was undergoing an operation. The surgeon massaged her heart without opening her chest; after two minutes her pulse returned, and the surgeon went on with the operation.

The heart of a 12-year-old boy suddenly stopped while he was being given anaesthesia. A 45-year-old man's heart stopped and he fell to the hospital floor while he was removing his clothing for an examination. An 80-year-old woman's heart stopped while she was undergoing an operation for cancer. In each case the Johns Hopkins doctors revived the patients with closed-chest massage. They brought back 14 of the first 20 cases they tried it on, or

70 per cent. Subsequently they used the technique successfully in 44 out of 56 more emergencies—a remarkable record when compared with the results of cutting open the chest to massage the heart direct. (Even in hospitals this more drastic method has proved only about 40 per cent effective.)

As Johns Hopkins doctors are quick to point out, the figures aren't quite as optimistic as they seem. Whatever the technique used, some resuscitated heart-arrest patients die, hours or days later, of the very thing that caused the original arrest.

Still the results were so impressive that in May last year Dr. Alfred Blalock, senior surgeon at the hospital, had the technique taught to the Baltimore ambulance service. In the first three months, the ambulance men revived six cases of heart standstill, in the street or in the victims' homes.

Now instruction courses for doctors are being organized throughout the United States by the American Heart Association. The lectures stress eight points:

1. Check for pulse—the easiest place to detect it is not in the wrist but in the throat, on either side of the windpipe near the collarbone. If no pulse is apparent, start working at once. Don't waste seconds in going for equipment or help. For the great peril of any heart or breathing arrest is anoxia: i.e. lack of sufficient oxygen, carried in the blood, to feed the brain. The brain is the most sensitive tissue of the body, and the results of oxygen starvation become irreversible within a few minutes—usually about three—after respiration or circulation is cut off. A victim who survives belated treatment thus faces the possibility of extensive brain damage.

2. Lay the patient face up on a solid support, such as the floor; a bed or couch is too flexible.

3. Tilt the head far back. (If the head sags forward the patient may be asphyxiated while you work.)

4. Kneel so that you can use your weight in applying pressure. Place the heel of your right hand on the breastbone, as illustrated on page 35, with fingers spread and raised so that pressure is only on the breastbone, not on the ribs.

5. Place your left hand on top of the right and press vertically downwards, firmly enough to depress the breastbone one to one-and-a-quarter inches. (With a child, use only one hand and relatively light pressure.) The chest of an adult, resistant when he is conscious, will be surprisingly flexible when he is unconscious.

6. Release the pressure immediately, lifting the hands slightly, then repeat in a cadence of 60 to 80 thrusts per minute, approximating the normal heart action.

7. The patient should be taken to hospital as soon as possible. Even if apparently normal heartbeat and respiration have resumed, professional care will be needed.

8. Continue the massage until you get professional medical aid to take over, or right into the emergency ward of the hospital. Continue too, if possible, the mouth-to-mouth breathing, until someone arrives with a supply of oxygen. If you are on your own and the victim shows no response, continue trying until rigor mortis sets in.

Medical men find it increasingly hard to say when a person is really dead beyond recall. Many of the old signs—like dilated eye pupils which won't contract under a bright light—are no longer considered valid. Thirteen years ago an eminent surgeon set a heart beating after 75 minutes of open-chest massage. Johns Hopkins doctors recently revived another patient after 105 minutes of closed-chest massage and administration of oxygen. Sometimes, as Yandell Henderson, the great Yale physiologist, once said: "The engine is merely stalled and needs to be cranked."

Closed-chest massage, in proper hands, is proving to be a highly useful method of cranking it up.



Behind the Scenes

BOB FOSSE, on being replaced as director-choreographer of the short-lived Broadway musical *The Conquering Hero:* "I conceived this show. I outlined it. I cast it. I choreographed it. I drew the first sketches for the design. I directed it. And the first thing that goes wrong, they blame *me!*"
—Leonard Lyons

A FAMOUS actress was described: "Emotional? Why, she cries when a traffic light is against her." —E. W.

OVERHEARD in a Hollywood office: "Face up to it, Francine—your last picture turned 28 cinemas into bowling alleys." —Mike Connolly

"ACTING is pretending," says an actor, "and the most difficult part is pretending you're eating regularly." —Earl Wilson

AN OBSERVER was dazed by the endless procession of indefatigable ants in Walt Disney's *Secrets of Life.* "They know nothing but work, work, work and sex, sex, sex," he remarked. "Where they find time to spoil picnics, we'll never know." —*Time*

ACTOR Walter Slezak's doctor advised him to give up those intimate little dinners for four—unless he has three other people eating with him.

Personal Glimpses

THE CELEBRATED actress Mrs. Patrick Campbell was travelling with her tiny white Pekingese, Moonbeam. In describing her encounter with certain port officers, she recalled: "I knew the law, of course, but I knew how poor little dogs suffer away from their masters. Moonbeam trusted me so; I couldn't betray him. I made up my mind to take him through with me. So I tucked him into my bosom and covered him with my cape. I smiled my prettiest. I sailed up to the barrier. Everything was going splendidly—until my bosom barked."

—George Middleton

WHEN HE was created a Cardinal, Monsignor Roncalli, then in Paris as papal nuncio (and now Pope John XXIII), was honoured with a reception given by the President of the French Republic. During the reception a French nobleman asked the new Cardinal if he was related to the family headed by the Marquis of Roncalli.

The Cardinal, who comes from a family of simple farmers, replied with a smile, "Up to now we did not belong to the same family, but I think that starting from this moment we will become more and more related."

—Contributed by Guido Artom

IF ANY producer needs an actor to fill an absent-minded role, he would do well to typecast James Stewart. As his wife, Gloria, testifies: "I was finally discharged from the hospital after a lengthy stay following the birth of our twins. I was in a wheel chair and went down in the lift while Jim brought the car round to the ambulance entrance where we were to meet.

"I went down all right, but Jim wasn't there. Twenty minutes passed, and the nurse asked, 'Where could he be?' Knowing the man, I said calmly, 'He's forgotten.' She protested, 'He *couldn't* have forgotten!' I just said, 'Take me back upstairs. He'll phone.'

"Sure enough, the phone rang. Jim had got into his car and started home. On the way he stopped at a studio where the photographer asked, 'How is Mrs. Stewart?' Jimmy bleated in horrified tones, 'Mrs. Stewart!' and dashed to the phone to tell me he'd be right over.

"He hadn't forgotten the babies, because they'd been home for a month—he'd just forgotten me." —*S.E.P.*

DURING HIS vaudeville days, comedian Fred Allen was playing to a sticky audience that sat on its hands throughout his act.

When he returned to his dressing-room a fellow performer asked: "How did it go, Fred? Did you kill them?"

"No," said Allen. "They were dead when I got there." —M. J.

As man gets closer to the moon, the budget for the project soars. Where will it end?

The Next Step To Outer Space

By Harland Manchester

THE FIRST heat of the great man-in-space race was won by the Soviet Union in April, when the Russians succeeded in putting a man into orbit. Meanwhile, in the United States, there is controversy over the value of the whole breath-taking gamble, whose aim is the ultimate domination of the solar system. In one camp is an impressive array of astrophysicists, engineers, generals and manufacturers, backed by vast laboratory facilities with an insatiable thirst for funds. In the other is a growing group of alarmed scientists who hold that the risks of man in outer space are appalling, the costs prohibitive and the benefits limited. They say that unmanned instrument-bearing satellites and space probes can do scientific exploration jobs better and cheaper.

Whichever is right, it is true that each new discovery about space adds a few thousand million dollars to the estimated price of man's ticket to the moon. For one thing, recent research indicates that much of space above approximately 500 miles

out is criss-crossed with radioactivity in which no man could long survive without hundreds of pounds of shielding and plenty of luck.

First, the moonbound astronaut would hit the Van Allen Radiation Belt, composed of two great tyre-shaped layers of charged particles which surround the earth's "waist" from about 500 to 52,000 miles out, with holes at the earth's poles.

Some of this radiation could be dodged by shooting the astronaut's craft out through the holes, but this would not solve the problem. According to recent studies at least 9 cwt. of shielding would be required to protect one man—and double that amount for two. Since at present it takes 9 cwt. of fuelled craft to put one pound of payload into space, this would add about 500 tons to the take-off weight—and incalculable millions of dollars to the price.

After the moonbound astronaut dashes through the Van Allen belt, he faces an even greater hazard: the showers of penetrating nuclear particles which follow solar flares. Solar flares of average intensity occur several times a year, but now and then comes a giant flare, with radiation many times the lethal dose. There was one such hurricane of radiation in May 1959; last November the most severe storm for years occurred. It has been estimated that as much as 20 *tons* of metal per man might be needed to shield a space crew against the worst effects of such a flare—far too much even to consider. Nothing can be done except to try to forecast the big flares and hope for the best.

The breaking point of the human body and mind in the artificial environment of a space capsule is also uncertain. There is lack of gravity, for instance.

In a test of prolonged weightlessness, Captain Duane Graveline, clad in a skin-diver's suit, spent seven days buoyantly immersed in a tub of warm water, while doctors monitored his physical condition. He became weaker each day, his bones lost calcium, his blood pressure became critically low, and he slept for less than seven hours during the ordeal. It was concluded that without regular exercise, or some form of artificial gravity, astronauts will become too weak to perform essential tasks on arrival.

The problems of feeding the space man and disposing of his wastes are being intensively researched. It is estimated that a man will need about seven pounds of food and water per day. Since a round trip to Mars might take 520 days and require two tons of food for each man, there is a point in space navigation at which the cost of victualling a single crew could equal the U.S. Gross National Product.

To cut food weight, U.S. researchers are studying the possibility of using sunlight to raise nutritious, fast-growing algae during flight.

Scientists' wives have been concocting soup, biscuits and other titbits from such algae. The exhalations and body wastes of the crew could be processed to support a compact algae factory, which in turn would yield enough oxygen, food and water to supply most of the crew's needs.

Another suggestion is that astronauts could be quick-frozen or drugged before take-off so that they would need no food during a long voyage. In Britain and America, small organisms are being quick-frozen to see if this idea has a future.

Despite all difficulties, some military men say that the U.S. must reach the moon first at any cost as a national-defence measure.

Brigadier-General Homer Boushey, director of Advanced Technology, U.S. Air Force, strongly advocates a lunar missile base, which, because of the traditional military advantage of "high ground," could, he says, dominate the world.

"Such plans are nonsense," says Dr. Lee DuBridge, president of the California Institute of Technology. "Why transport a hydrogen warhead 240,000 miles to the moon," he asks, "just to shoot it 240,000 miles back to earth when the target is only 5,000 miles away? If you launched a bomb from the moon, the warhead would take five days to reach the earth. The war might be over by then. An ICBM can reach any target on earth in 20 minutes."

As for the cost, Dr. Herbert York, director of Research and Engineering for the U.S. Department of Defence, has estimated that it would take about 6,000 million dollars to put one man on the moon. The cost of a moon *base* might easily run to many times that amount.

National prestige is cited by many as a compelling reason for putting man in space. Dr. Vannevar Bush, head of the U.S. Office of Research and Development during the war, scoffs at this motive, calls the man-in-space programme "a vastly overrated stunt. I think a Guatemalan Indian is much more interested in getting a drug to cure his sick child than he is in an astronaut riding through space. There is nothing a man can do in space that can't be done better and more cheaply by instruments.

"Suppose it would cost 1,000 million dollars to put a man on the moon. For the same money you could support 1,000 research projects for 40 years. We need more basic research in physics, chemistry and biology. We need to finish the job of handling arthritis. We need to know more about the genetics of viruses. I believe we can spend money to better advantage on earth than by shooting it into space."

Many other experts concur. Three years ago President Eisenhower's 18-man Science Advisory Committee made the same point. Their warning went unheeded.

A committee headed by Dr.

Jerome Wiesner, President Kennedy's science adviser, has sharply questioned the priority given to the Mercury Programme—which is designed to test human capabilities over a relatively short range. Although the worst ogres of outer space will not be met on the Mercury flights, they will still be hazardous and expensive. The project is now expected to cost about 500 million dollars—more than twice the original estimate. Critics say there is little that the encapsulated man can do but go along for the ride and show whether he can take it.

Despite all warnings, pressures for crash programmes in space are tremendous. Thousands of scientists and engineers, hundreds of contractors great and small, many investment and public-relations firms, and scores of universities have a direct or indirect financial interest in the millions it will take to put men in space. The cold war makes it easier to justify any prodigal appropriation by running up the flag.

No one will deny that some day man may reach the planets more safely and cheaply. But an increasing number of America's responsible scientists and national leaders are urging the nation to develop the vast resources on this planet in a mature and useful manner—and not to shoot the works with Khrushchev in a game of Russian roulette.

Number, Please

A TELEPHONE operator answered a call from a call-box and heard a request for a long-distance number. "What number are you calling from?" she asked. "It's right there on your dial."

After a moment's hesitation the voice replied, "1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-0."

—Tom Sims

* * *

Seeing Red

BORIS PASTERNAK, Russia's Nobel Prize-winning novelist, said out loud what many of his fellow countrymen have doubtless thought secretly about the Communist bosses:

"They don't ask much of you. They only want you to hate the things you love and to love the things you despise." —*Life*

SOMEONE sarcastically asked Robert Hutchins, former president of the University of Chicago, if Communism was still being studied at the university.

"Yes," replied Hutchins, "and cancer at the Medical School."

—Harold Seymour

"No subject in the world is more sensitive and more laden with emotion." Our children need not merely biological facts but an understanding of the true meaning of love

WHAT NOT TO TELL A CHILD ABOUT SEX

By Ardis Whitman

For several decades "modern" parents have tried to give their children all the facts about sex, honestly and forthrightly, as casually as if they were talking about arithmetic.

Has it worked?

It is hard to find evidence that the current generation is a whit wiser in any more profound and meaningful sense than were the generations of the past. Nor have we learnt to take care of the very problems that sex information might be expected to solve. Illegitimacy rates have risen markedly in recent years; the number of children found suffering from deep emotional damage is on the increase; innumerable surveys show that young people are desperately uneasy and uncertain about how they should behave with one another.

Can it be, then, that there is something wrong with our basic premise that information is the answer—that if only we give our children all the facts they'll be well on the way to a happy sex life?

A number of thoughtful people now believe that this premise *is* wrong. They believe that, while the facts are necessary and important, they are no cure-all, and that we should stop our exclusive concentration on *what* we tell our children about sex, and start paying some attention to *how* we tell them.

Troubled by the results of our twentieth-century bluntness,

psychologists increasingly emphasize four don'ts for parents.

1. Don't tell the story of sex matter-of-factly, as if you were talking about the weather. Why should we be "scientific" and detached about something that we don't feel in the least detached about ourselves? When we pretend that *we* have no feelings about the subject, what else can our children think but that it's a subject unrelated to feeling?

Naturally we find it difficult to talk about sex as if it were nothing special. It *is* special. No subject in the world is more sensitive and more laden with emotion.

2. Don't tell children too much too soon. Children aren't alike. While three-year-old Johnny is plying his mother with questions, it may turn out that Bobby, at the same age, couldn't care less. Moreover, adults are often astonished to discover that the child didn't understand at all what to them seemed so clear. They forget how strange the information is, and how little experience children have with which to receive it.

Mrs. Selma Fraiberg, a child psychotherapist, tells of a six-year-old boy who planted a packet of cucumber seeds beside a telegraph pole "so's me and Polly can have a baby next summer." And his parents had been *so* explicit!

But even if the child could understand, would this mean that he should have it all at once? "The modern child is often jaded at 14," says the distinguished child psychiatrist Dr. Hilde Bruch. "He knows so much, he has nothing to wait for. Parents should leave a child something to find out, to learn about when the time comes, so that he may have a sense of the miraculous and joyous instead of merely an anxious curiosity."

No doubt it is a good thing to know the human anatomy. No one can deny that we are physical creatures. But we are a great deal more than that. Love between a man and a woman is—and always will be, one hopes—a matter of the heart and spirit, and no chart has been invented which can teach that.

Answer your child's questions, but don't use every passing query as a springboard for telling him all you think he will ever need to know. When three-year-old Lucy asks where babies come from, ask her to tell you where *she* thinks they come from. Then you'll be less likely to tangle your fact with her fantasy, and you'll know better how much fact is needed.

3. Don't violate your own privacy. So hectored have parents been by the demand that they be "frank" that many have transgressed their own natural feelings of modesty in the name of sex education. One "enlightened" mother was upset because she didn't feel comfortable when nude in front of her children. A father was disturbed because his four-year-old daughter wanted to watch him at the lavatory. He felt

he should satisfy her curiosity but admitted that he didn't want to.

Many psychiatrists today feel that such "immodest" behaviour is unwise and possibly dangerous. Often it arouses a premature erotic interest, and may also produce a serious conflict in the child who senses that his parents aren't behaving naturally or spontaneously. Parents should stop feeling that there ought to be no secrets between themselves and their children.

4. Don't think of sex education as a cataloguing of dangers. To be sure, there *are* warnings that we must give our children. But let's keep them as few as possible, lest we make our children as mistrustful of beauty and tenderness as Victorian parents were of the physical aspects of love. Sex is not primarily a pitfall, a dilemma, but one of life's great joys.

What fun it seems when we first take a child to the zoo, or when he first sees snow falling! Couldn't it seem the same when we first tell him about the miracles of birth and love?

The truth is that a child may get a better sex education from parents who never once open their mouths on the subject but who clearly love each other and are sensitive to the rights and dignity of other human beings, than from all the textbooks and anatomical information in the world.

A child learns best about sex from parents who love him and each other and are considerate of each other. He learns about it when he is taught to communicate his feelings to those he loves, when he is given the chance to exercise tenderness towards what is small and dependent, when he is taught to respect the reserves and the longings of another human being, when he learns that discipline and self-control are part of the search for everything we treasure. A wise old neighbour of mine said once, "Colts and young ones—they learn best in a green field."

We'll be wise to give our children more of the green fields of life, fewer of its clinical facts. We'll be wise to let them approach the wonder of sex gradually, for the best things in life always come to meet us little by little, as we grow in wisdom to understand them.

To Whom it May Concern

WORKMEN demolishing a building found a note in a chimney-piece. Dated Oct. 11, 1878—the year of construction—it read: "We want to inform you that we are better men than those who tear this mantelpiece down." —P. E.

IN BARCELONA a woman dropped and broke an old clay jar. Inside she found a gold ring with this note: "For the lovely hand that destroys my crude work." —*W.N.S.*

When Rigged Bids Made the Sparks Fly

The indictment reads like a mystery thriller, with its evidence of secret meetings, codes and fixed deals . . . The prisoners in the dock were not gangsters, but a group of respected businessmen. Here is the full, fantastic story of how they methodically conspired to flout the laws of honest competition

On a November day in 1955, a small group of men sat down in an hotel room in New York to talk over a business matter.

To an outsider, the meeting might have seemed a casual get-together of business acquaintances. In reality, indictments point out, it was part of a multi-million-dollar plan to control the marketing and pricing of products used by the electric-utility industry of the United States.

The full dimensions of what the U.S. Government called a "combination of conspiracy" are now coming to light. What went on, over a long period of years, resulted in the broadest set of convictions under the laws controlling monopolies in the history of American business.

The men who got together in the New York hotel room were officials of three of the U.S.A.'s biggest and most respected electrical-equipment manufacturers—General Electric, Westinghouse and Allis-Chalmers. Before their meeting broke up, they had worked out a gentleman's agreement to split up the market for three big turbine-generator orders for nuclear power plants.

Their quiet gathering, it turned out, was just one in a long series of secret meetings held in hotels, motels and private clubs, after which the men were careful to destroy notes or memos that might prove incriminating. Involved, in addition to those named, were 26 other

manufacturers. All told, the 29 supply 95 per cent of all equipment sold in the United States for the generation, transmission and control of electric power—their combined sales amounting to about 1,750 million dollars a year.

The whole affair had many of the aspects of a mystery thriller. Records give this picture:

The "conspirators" went to great lengths to avoid detection. They used code numbers for identification, and addressed one another by first names only. They set up elaborate schemes for deciding who would get which orders. They never used company letterheads. They rang each other at home, at odd hours, from call boxes. At hotels, the men registered separately and avoided chance encounters in foyers or public places.

The result, according to evidence sifted by four grand juries, was that these makers of heavy electrical equipment had fixed and maintained prices, had allocated all available business among themselves, had secretly arranged bids and rigged prices. Over the years, government agencies and private firms buying such equipment had been asking for sealed bids, as required by law. They believed that by doing so their needs would be supplied at the lowest competitive prices in a free and open market. Instead, the successful bidder, and the price he was to ask, had been agreed upon in advance.

"Trail" of Expense Accounts. The investigation of the conspiracy started in 1957. According to William Mayer, chief of the Philadelphia office, Anti-trust Division of the Justice Department, complaints had begun to dribble in, reporting "something phoney in the pricing structure" of the heavy electrical-equipment industry. FBI agents, working for months, dug up fragmentary but inconclusive evidence. Then, in the spring of 1959, the Tennessee Valley Authority, one of America's biggest buyers of electrical equipment, reported what it considered "flagrant examples of identical bidding" for its business. The investigators stepped up their efforts, and in July a grand jury was called into session. Company records were subpoenaed and witnesses called to testify.

By comparing the companies' expense-account records, the investigators discovered that officials of various companies had been together in the same city at the same time, frequently staying at the same hotels. Three other grand juries interviewed over 100 witnesses.

Out of all this came the indictment of 29 firms and 46 of their executives on charges of violating the Sherman Anti-trust Act, which forbids any actions in "restraint of trade," including price fixing and the division of markets.

The cases did not go to trial. All the defendant companies and most of the individuals pleaded either

guilty or *nolo contendere* (no defence), and were sentenced in February of this year. The guilty corporations were fined a total of 1,787,000 dollars; 44 individuals were fined 137,500 dollars. In addition, seven executives were sent to prison for 30 days each, and 24 others were given suspended prison terms and put on probation. Still pending are 19 civil suits, and there is a possibility of scores of suits by municipalities and utility firms for triple damages.

Phase-of-the-Moon Formula. In one case, centring on a type of equipment known as "power switch-gear assemblies," a group of men met 26 times in 11 months. There was no guesswork in the way they operated. As the indictment said in this case:

"Representatives of all of the defendant corporations would allocate bids to federal, state and local governmental agencies according to the following approximate percentage shares: GE, 39 per cent; Westinghouse, 35 per cent; I-T-E Circuit Breaker, 11 per cent; Allis-Chalmers, 8 per cent; Federal Pacific Electric, 7 per cent."

In order to quote nearly identical prices to electric-utility companies, industrial corporations and contractors, the manufacturers used a sophisticated formula described by anti-trust lawyers as the "phase of the moon" formula. The pricing scheme provided for automatic rotation of bidding positions every four weeks. The price spread between the manufacturers' quotations was kept narrow enough to eliminate any real price competition, yet wide enough to give the appearance of competition.

Four Quadrants and a Code. Another method for dividing markets, worked out by manufacturers at a secret meeting in Philadelphia in November 1958, became known as the "quadrant" system. The country was divided into four geographical areas — North - west, South - west, South-east and North-east. Companies were assigned to each quadrant, and a representative from one company was picked as "chairman" to allocate business within the quadrant. This system was put into effect on December 1, 1958.

In still another secret agreement involving the sale of circuit-breakers, the principal participants were given code numbers. Former U.S. Assistant Attorney-General Robert Bicks, head of the Anti-trust Division and responsible for the electric-industry prosecutions, explained the code . . . "there would be later communication, either by phone to homes with just first names used, or by letter to homes with just first names of senders with no return address, and this wonderful code which appears for the first time in this case. The numbers were: 1, General Electric; 2, Westinghouse; 3, Allis-Chalmers; and 7, Federal Pacific. What happened to 4 or 5 and 6 until I-T-E came in remains

THE ELECTRICAL-equipment case shows how pervasive and powerful shoddy ethics can be if they once get hold of an industry. General Electric, which has repeatedly emphasized that the conspiratorial practices were in direct violation of its stated company policy, secured a statement from the U.S. Government which in effect absolved its chairman, president and directors of knowledge or involvement.

The question remains: If they didn't know what was going on, why didn't they?

And the clear implication remains that in a giant corporation, just as in any other civil or military organization, actual practices are not always what the organization charts and policy guidebooks say they are.

Of the individuals, some seem to have drifted into the conspiracy, some to have been drawn in by their superiors. But all were incontrovertibly involved in a vast, clandestine effort to escape the sometimes harsh forces of a free market by deceit, evasion and double-dealing.

That the individuals could point to corporate pressures as justification is an indictment of their own lack of ethical backbone. One of the saddest aspects of the case was their readiness to "go along" even with the illegal and unethical, salving their consciences with comforts.

—From an editorial in New York *Herald Tribune*

a mystery. The communications referred only to 1, 2, 3. When I-T-E came in, in 1958, it got 6, and 7 was for Federal Pacific . . ."

Toss of a Coin. Curious sidelights emerged as the anti-trust cases were prepared: company representatives involved in the suits used various ways to decide who would get a particular order, or take the lead in announcing a price change. The indictment alleges that, at a January 1959 meeting in Philadelphia, the toss of a coin decided which company would initiate a plan for quoting prices on electrical equipment for the U.S. Navy and which would be low bidder. When one manufacturer decided to put out a new type of electric starter, the participants talked the firm out of marketing a "low quality" starter to sell at about two-thirds the price of the starter then in existence. Instead, the company agreed to put out a "high quality" starter.

"Conscience" and "Policy." After the sentencing of the defendants, Mark Cresap, Westinghouse president, announced the formation of a new anti-trust section in the corporation's legal department, and a detailed plan of enforcement within the company to assure future compliance with anti-trust laws.

Allis-Chalmers noted that its top management did not believe that the men involved in the conspiracy acted with criminal intent.

Said a company statement: "Any

improper acts . . . were done in a completely mistaken effort to serve their company without assurance or hope of personal gain."

U.S. District Court Judge Cullen Ganey, in sentencing the individual defendants, all of whom are men highly respected in their communities, said he was convinced that, in the majority of cases, "they were torn between conscience and an approved corporate policy, with the rewarding objectives of promotion, comfortable security and large salaries."

Judge Ganey also repeated the prosecution's statement that the whole conspiracy "flagrantly mocked the image of that economic system of free enterprise which we profess to the country, and destroyed the model which we offer today as a Free World alternative to state control and eventual dictatorship."

Press Interviews

NOEL COWARD was once approached by a reporter for the London *Star*, who asked, "Mr. Coward, would you like to say something to the *Star?*"

"Certainly," Coward replied. "Twinkle." —Leonard Lyons

HANS ULRICH KEMPSKI, generally regarded as West Germany's best newspaper reporter, takes few notes during interviews in order to encourage people to talk freely. But once, interviewing a German politician who was notorious for retracting statements given to the Press, he concealed a miniature recorder in his coat pocket.

Suddenly, half-way through the interview, the hidden recorder began to make a loud humming sound. At that, the politician looked at Kempski blandly and asked, "Excuse me, Herr Kempski, is that your tape recorder or mine?" —*Newsweek*

THE FIRST U.S. Presidential Press conference on record was granted by John Quincy Adams—but not willingly. The President was swimming in the Potomac when a newspaperwoman, Anne Royall, surprised him. She sat on his clothes and vowed she wouldn't budge until he gave her an interview.

The Potomac was chilly, and Adams finally granted her request.

—George Dixon

THE CHIEF of Naval Operations was holding a news conference in Canada. Asked what he had to say about the kidnapping of American sailors at Guantánamo, Cuba, he replied, "Nothing. That's an international business, and I've got to stay out of it."

"But," persisted the reporter, "the Admiral of the Atlantic Fleet said something about it, didn't he?"

"No," answered the C.N.O. "He just said nothing in more words."

—Lieutenant Harry Padgett

Laughter the best medicine

IN THE remote village where I live, everybody knows everybody else. That is why the motherly old lady, sitting in our local doctor's crowded waiting-room, was trying so hard to place the small boy next to her. "Let me see," she said, "you must be a Baxter."

"No," the boy said. "I'm not."

"Well, well, I certainly would have taken you for a Baxter," the old lady babbled on. "You resemble them so much."

For a moment the boy was silent. Then, in a voice that caught the attention of everyone in the room, he said, "We used to live next door to the Baxters." —Contributed by E. Sanders

A COUPLE who had moved into a new flat had quite a housewarming party. The hi-fi was going full blast, guests were jiving, someone was playing the bongo drums—and then the phone rang.

The hostess answered. When she hung up, she turned to her husband with a bright smile. "I'm very glad we didn't take that flat downstairs," she said. "The man just phoned to say that it's awfully noisy down there."

—Jack Sterling

A FOURSOME was playing golf when suddenly a nude woman dashed by. She was quickly followed by a man in a white suit; then another man in a white suit; still a third man in a white suit; then a fourth, also in a white suit, carrying a bucket of sand. He in turn was followed by a fifth man in a white suit.

This was too much for the golfers, so they stopped the last man and asked what it was all about. The woman had escaped from a near-by institution, he explained. Every so often she would take off all her clothes and dash out of the building, and the attendants would have to catch her and bring her back.

"Well, what about the man carrying the bucket of sand?" asked one of the golfers.

"Oh," replied the man in the white suit, "that's his handicap. He caught her last week."

—Contributed by Philip Humphrey

THE PARTISAN social infighting now going on in Washington is slightly more ruthless than that waged on a political level. At a recent diplomatic reception, a Democratic lady, who had been out of Washington since the Truman days, nodded a greeting to a Republican lady and murmured something to the effect that it was nice to see her again after eight years.

"Oh, yes," the Republican lady replied. "I don't remember your face, but I do recall the dress." —C. S.



We Took the High Roads Through Europe

When this American family crossed the Atlantic, six were able to live nearly as cheaply as one—while having six times the fun

By Phyllis Blodgett

A book on a library shelf started it all. The title was something like *How to Travel for Less.* The last chapter was called "You Could Even Go to Europe." That did it!

There was 12 dollars in my bank account—the one my husband had opened for me, saying, "Now, dear, you can save for whatever you want." (I think he expected it would be new loose covers or nursery wallpaper.) Our baby, Nancy, was brand-new and since her big

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There was 12 dollars in my bank account—the one my husband had opened for me, saying, "Now, dear, you can save for whatever you want." (I think he expected it would be new loose covers or nursery wallpaper.) Our baby, Nancy, was brand-new and since her big

brother and two elder sisters would never think of leaving her behind, I reckoned that it would be about three years before we were eligible for a Grand Tour of Europe. No matter what, I decided, in those three years the bank account would have to increase to the necessary amount.

That's when we started eating tuna-fish casseroles. Roasts were constructed of hamburger. There wasn't an egg concoction that I missed. We cancelled pocket money for the duration and cut film-going to the bone. For recreation we studied maps pasted on the kitchen wall—beautiful, colourful maps sent to us free from the foreign department of a large oil company.

There was 150 dollars in my bank account when I wrote to the New York tourist offices of every country in Western Europe: "My husband and I and four small children plan to drive through your country in about two years from now. We shall be on a very small budget. Would you please send us literature?"

To hold all the literature that arrived, we had to use my clothes basket. England sent information on sights of interest to children in and around London. France sent a list of "modest accommodations" for Paris and environs. Italy told us where to buy petrol coupons and thus save 30 per cent on the cost of fuel when we drove to Rome. Switzerland supplied us with a timetable for trains that would carry us —as we sat in our car—through the mountain tunnels if snow should close the passes. We would have to hire a car. The British tourist people supplied the name of a firm which could provide what we needed—a high, bus-like vehicle with benches along the sides for naps. Cost: 225 dollars for a month.

I brought home armfuls of travel books from the library. We played quiz games at the dinner table. Five-year-old Paul knew the location of the tower that leans; eight-year-old Elizabeth knew that *merci* is "thank you" in French. When her father asked, "Can we afford an ice-cream cone in Italy if it costs 50 lire?" Mary Lee gave the correct answer: "Yes, that's just eight cents!" My husband, Charles, and I each took a course in a foreign language; he studied German while I took French. He thought that we'd get twice as many words for our money that way.

Off-season travel is cheaper, I had learnt. Also, avoiding the summer peak meant that we wouldn't have to make reservations ahead, except in big cities. So we planned to leave in April—at the start of the school spring holiday. We would drive from our home in Illinois to New York, park our car at Idlewild Airport, fly to London in the economy end of a plane, unload our gear into the waiting station wagon, cross the Channel on the ferry and tour Europe for four weeks.

Our budget was 20 dollars a day

for food, lodging and all other expenses for the six of us—including admission fees for castles, taxi fares in London and the cost of four pairs of wooden shoes in Holland. In addition, there would be the round-trip plane fare (family plan), the car hire and other transport expenses.

Finally, in January, with every dollar saved from the holidays we hadn't taken and the ageing car we hadn't replaced, our savings reached the grand total of 3,000 dollars. We set out to make a trial run of the luggage. We made lists of everything to be packed: long socks, heavy sweaters for damp cathedrals, crepe-soled shoes for cobblestones, rubber bands for Nancy's pigtails, face cloths, stretchable clothesline, health certificates, our picture dictionary, the schoolbooks which would keep the children up with their classwork. We even included four little Easter baskets. (We were landing in London on Easter Day, and the Easter bunny was going to make that flight, too.) And we didn't forget our loose-leaf notebook, listing our daily itinerary, notes on what to see, names of inexpensive hotels. We had gained an education in the months spent preparing that notebook.

Then we packed it all in borrowed duffel bags and in our own dilapidated luggage. All six pieces, plus Nancy's new aluminium push-chair, were carried out and carefully fitted into our car—then brought back into the house and unpacked. Our neighbours must have thought we were dotty.

At last it was April! We packed everything up again, this time for keeps, and were off to conduct our Blodgett tour of Europe.

The station wagon was waiting for us at London Airport when we landed. The hire firm's man sent us on our way with the cheerful admonition, "Keep to the left when you go right on the roundabouts"—and we were off to see the Queen. We did, too—an hour after our arrival we saw her wave to her subjects as she left Windsor Chapel, where she had been attending Easter service.

Other people waved to us, too. All over Europe. We wondered if it was because of the size of the car, so large and high. Perhaps they waved because we were generally going the wrong way in a one-way street. The English bobbies, the French gendarmes, the Italian *carabinieri* all straightened us out with a smile and a salute. Friendly townspeople pedalled ahead of us on their bicycles and guided us to our destination.

Petrol-station attendants, often attractive young women, presented the children with fruit and handed us the proper change, all without a word of English. At least we think it was the proper change. Interested bystanders would oversee the transaction and nod to everyone concerned that all was right.

We stopped each day before noon

at little village stores to buy bread, cold meat, cheese, biscuits and fruit for our picnic lunches. Dinners we ate in restaurants. The *wiener schnitzel* and *sauerbraten* and those heavenly French *omelettes* made up for all the economy hamburger meals we'd eaten at home. In Belgium we had Châteaubriand served on a silver platter, preceded by asparagus soup and followed by an astonishingly small bill for an elegant dinner for six.

Mary Lee's calculation on the price of ice-cream cones, as it turned out, wasn't quite right. Ice-cream cones, at least for Nancy, were free. Everybody liked her pigtails.

The towns where we stayed overnight had clean, attractive hotels. Prices ranged from three dollars a night for all of us, including breakfast of hard rolls, cocoa for the children and coffee for us, up to seven dollars a night without breakfast. My phrase, *"C'est trop cher"* (it's too expensive) got us rooms under the eaves every time. The higher you climb, the lower the price. That was a good reason to pack lightly—we carried our own bags.

How we climbed! We climbed the narrow steps in the Tower of London. We lurched round and up the stone steps in the Tower of Pisa. (They lean just as the tower does.) We climbed down the Eiffel Tower's iron steps. We climbed up the hill in Cochem, Germany, dragging the push-chair behind us, to see a famous castle. We climbed up a mountain slope in Adelboden, Switzerland, to pick early spring mountain flowers. We climbed a dike to get a picture of a trio of Dutch windmills. We climbed the stairs of a London bus. We climbed down the curving road to the sea at Portofino to take a motor-boat ride along the Italian Riviera. And, finally, we climbed all over the ferry that carried us and our station wagon back across the English Channel.

It was a story-book adventure in living colour—an animated history lesson our older children will never forget. And the younger children found delight in every turn of the road. The men in wooden shoes bottling quarts of milk in a dairy. The Swiss chalets, designed like dolls' houses. The Girl Guides who entertained our little ones with ring-a-roses, Roman style, on the Appian Way. The chimney sweep wearing a black top hat, pedalling along on his bike. The pretty Italian girls carrying water from their ancient town well in brightly coloured plastic pails.

The pictures changed as we drove from country to country, but the ease with which we crossed borders never varied. The only time a customs official ever opened our baggage was when we returned to America. Then the U.S. inspector opened only one suitcase—full of dirty clothes. He gazed at the mess, then at the six of us and said, "Did you *really* have a good time?" Oh,

we really did! Certainly it was an ambitious enterprise, travelling with the children and moving all six of us around; but then we had six times as much fun. Besides, we would rather travel a bit roughly than stay at home in style.

We're all home now, and guess what we're having for dinner? That's right—hamburger.

But I've just taken a good book out of the library—*Around the World on 80 Dollars*. Maybe in three more years . . .

Philosopher's Dictionary

GENIUS is a promontory jutting out into the future.
—Victor Hugo in *William Shakespeare*

POETRY is a way of taking life by the throat. —Robert Frost

CONTENTMENT is the smother of invention. —Ambrose Bierce

A TWINGE of conscience is a glimpse of God. —P. U.

HYPOCRISY is the homage vice pays to virtue. —La Rochefoucauld

LOVE is friendship set to music. —*Ladies' Home Journal*

BOREDOM is an emptiness filled with insistence. —Leo Stein

* * *

Relatively Speaking

ON THE death of U.S. Senator Richard Neuberger in March 1960, Hall Lusk was appointed to finish out Neuberger's term. "When a representative of the Governor offered me the job," Lusk said, "I decided I'd better phone my wife to see how she felt about it. I asked her, 'How'd you like to be the wife of a United States Senator?' She thought about it a minute and then asked, 'Which one?' " —Willard Clopton

JUST after his election as U.S. President in 1912, Woodrow Wilson visited an aunt who was almost deaf. She asked him how he was now employed, and he bellowed into her ear trumpet that he was now the President.

"Of what?" enquired the old lady.

"Of the U.S.A.," Wilson shouted back.

The aunt closed the discussion by snorting, "Don't be silly!" —B. C.

The French *Had* a Word . . .

By Judith Friedberg

Though I've seen it often enough, I still get a jolt when I walk up the Champs - Elysées and see the sign near the Arc de Triomphe which proclaims the presence of *Le Drugstore*. Right there, close to the spot so sacred to Frenchmen, the words seem almost sacrilegious.

Recently I dropped into *Le Drugstore*. I by-passed a counter loaded with *les gadgets* and headed for the tables at the back. It's frightfully chic these days to drop in there for *le hot dog* or *le hamburger* ("l'ot -daug" and "l'ambourgair") doused in ketchup. I ignored *les sandwichs* (sawndwEETCH) and that other rare treat, *le hotfudge,* and decided on *le five o'clock* (tea).

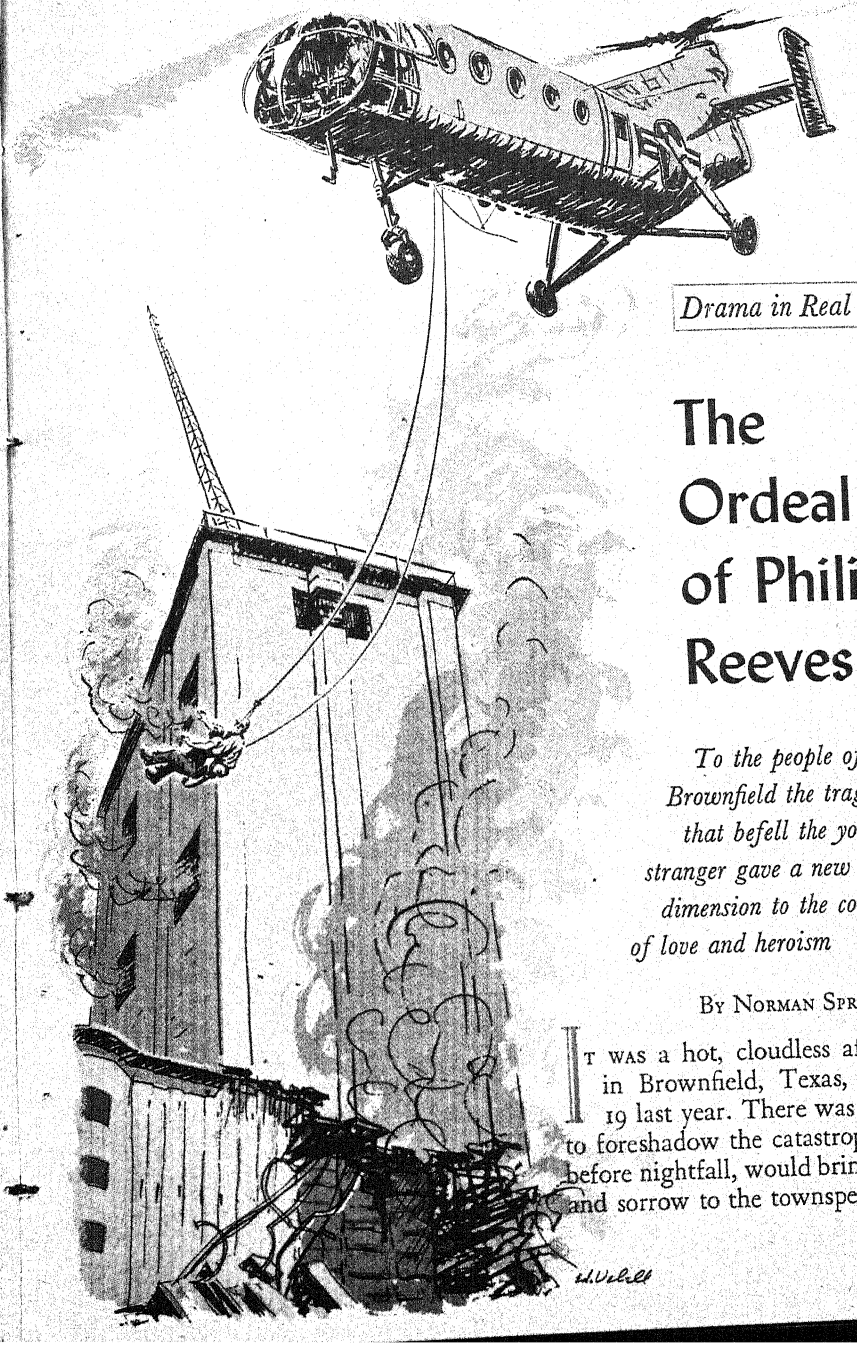
There was still some time before I had to go to a near-by *Snack* to meet my date, who was taking me on to *un cocktail* (a party, not one drink). So I dropped into the airline office to check a reservation. From the far end of the counter came bits of excited conversation between a very Gallic couple, who wanted to get on *le jet,* and the harassed young man on duty, who was shouting, *"HoKAY, hoKay!"* I retreated to *Le Snack,* ordered *un Coca* and began to read the paper.

Since we had planned an evening out with some people from home who wanted to see the real Paris, I turned to the entertainment pages. The critics and I both rejected a new film about *les gangsters.* I didn't come to Paris to see how to perform *un hold-up* (it's oldOOP if you ever have to report one). *Le music hall* looked better. *La starlette* there possessed plenty of *le sex-appeal.* The paper's correspondent reported that she was *la hot stuffe.*

But on the other hand, perhaps our guests would prefer *le boxe.* Tonight, said the page devoted to *le sport, un champion*—no longer *le boxeur* he used to be and with a tendency to get *groggy* early—was to fight. The betting was that he'd be *knockouté* (pronounced k-nock-OOTAY).

All this explains why 3,500 Frenchmen recently banded together in an organization known as *L'Office du Vocabulaire Français* (Office of the French Vocabulary), whose main aim is to save the purity of the language from the Anglo-Saxon invaders.

It seems that no one need worry these days about speaking French —except perhaps the French.



Drama in Real Life

The Ordeal of Philip Reeves

To the people of Brownfield the tragedy that befell the young stranger gave a new dimension to the concepts of love and heroism

By Norman Spray

It was a hot, cloudless afternoon in Brownfield, Texas, on July 19 last year. There was nothing to foreshadow the catastrophe that, before nightfall, would bring horror and sorrow to the townspeople and

test the courage of Brownfield's lean, sun-hardened men. From a stranger the town would learn something about love, and from one of its citizens something about heroism.

The stranger was 17-year-old Philip Reeves, who had followed his fiancée, Sandra Wilson, also 17, to Brownfield from their home town of Cotton Valley, Louisiana. He had found a job at the grain elevator of the Goodpasture Grain & Milling Company, and she was living with her sister and brother-in-law. In two weeks they were to marry.

Now, five minutes before knocking-off time on that hot afternoon, Philip was on the topmost floor of the elevator's "headhouse" superstructure, which rose 70 feet above the concrete storage bins, which themselves towered 102 feet. From his dizzying height he could see mile after mile of flat, sandy, sun-baked surrounding farmland.

At that moment, 28-year-old Donald Ethington, line foreman for the city's electricity authority, was sitting with his crew in the Best Yet Café, 150 yards down the street. Just as the waitress put their coffee on the table, the building shook violently. Ethington heard two muffled whooshes.

"The elevator's blown up!" someone yelled.

"Let's get there, boys," Ethington said. "There'll be hot wires to cut down." For Ethington, there was to be more. Much more.

Seconds before, observers in the street had seen what looked like a flash of lightning as a spark set off highly explosive wheat dust that had accumulated during the two-day unloading of the bins. Feeding on the dust, the blast shot through the tunnel beneath the huge storage bins.

Two explosions followed, like trains crashing—shattering windows 250 yards away and hurling concrete and timber 500 feet into the air.

Four men working at an unloading ramp next to the bins were dashed to earth as the blast knocked out the wall. Bombarded by concrete and steel, two of them were killed instantly; another died several days later. Beneath the storage bins, the tunnel operator was buried alive in a sea of grain.

Fire and smoke roared up through the headhouse so furiously that the townspeople who gathered at the scene were sure that no one caught there could be alive. They were astonished when a man's face appeared through the smoke and flame at a first-floor headhouse window.

There was no ladder outside, no rope—no way down. It was impossible for a man to jump beyond the jutting storage-tank roof into a safety net. Yet he had no choice but to try.

He was trapped by fire on all sides but one. Horrified, the crowd watched him leap. He hit the tin

roofing of a catwalk and rolled off on to the roof of a grain tank.

It was only then that they saw Philip Reeves in the topmost window of the headhouse, 163 feet above ground. "Help me!" he cried frantically. "For God's sake, help me!" He was in agony, and people just stood there, watching! He screamed to a man he recognized: "Shorty! Shorty! Are you going to let me burn to death?"

"Who is he, Shorty?" demanded a man who feared it might be his own son.

"His name is Reeves," Shorty said. "A new kid in town."

The man's taut face relaxed—and those around seemed relieved that he was not a son, husband or brother of someone they knew. At the same time, they were ashamed. Somewhere this fellow Reeves had parents or kin.

The suspense was almost unbearable now. How long could the boy hold out in the fearful heat before jumping to his death? Desperate, people began to think of things that could be done.

By two-way radio, firemen who had arrived on the scene called crop-dusting pilot Chick Clark, who was in an old biplane spraying cotton just outside the town. Could he drop a rope to the trapped man? Clark got four 100-foot lengths of one-inch rope. Another pilot, Bill Dempsey, rode in the front cockpit. As Clark approached the burning elevator from the south-east, diving in at 120 m.p.h., Dempsey let one of the lengths of rope trail—hoping to drape it over the headhouse where Reeves could reach it, tie it to something and lower himself to the top of the bin. On two successive tries, the rope floated like a kite in the hot, rising air.

Meanwhile, a telephone call was made to Reese Air Force Base at Lubbock, 40 miles away, to ask for a helicopter.

The call was received at 5.10 p.m. At 5.15, a tandem rotor H-21 helicopter was airborne.

In an effort to keep Reeves from jumping, the Rev. James Tidwell, of Brownfield's First Methodist Church, was now talking to him through an electronic loud-hailer. "Hold on, boy," he shouted. "We are pulling for you. We're going to get you down."

Reeves was rapidly losing strength. He moved the upper half of his body out to the point where it seemed he must fall, then went limp. His head struck the wall beneath the window.

"He's dying!" a woman shrieked, and fainted. The crowd hushed.

Tidwell thought fast. "Get your head up, Reeves," he ordered. "A helicopter is on the way. Look to the north, boy. Do you see it?" With what seemed enormous effort, Reeves lifted his head.

But as the helicopter approached, the pilot immediately saw a problem the townspeople hadn't foreseen—a radio antenna reared 50 feet

above the top of the headhouse, preventing any attempt to work in close to the structure. He was further hampered by the turbulent air above the burning elevator. The rotors beat air down into the fire, and flames roared back 50 to 100 feet high. Even so, the pilot moved in to a point where his lowered cable sling was a scant three or four feet from Reeves. To those on the ground, it looked as if Reeves could leap into space and catch it.

The helicopter inched closer, still closer. Then *whap!*—one of the rotor blades struck the antenna and, as the pilot veered off to land his crippled machine, Reeves, cried, "They've left me."

"No, they haven't, boy!" the minister shouted back. "The pilot is radioing for another helicopter. It'll be right down."

Reeves seemed not to hear. He lifted one leg over the sill, as if intending to jump. For two minutes he remained poised, while Tidwell talked frantically. Reeves made no acknowledgement of the minister's pleas, but it was obvious to the crowd, now 3,000 strong, that he was changing his mind. It was as if he had found new courage from some unseen source. He dropped his leg back inside the headhouse.

At Reese Air Force Base a second helicopter crew was assembling. And at a landing strip outside Brownfield the two crop-duster pilots, Clark and Dempsey, were preparing to go after the menacing antenna. They tied a grappling hook to a rope, and Clark aimed his ancient biplane straight at the headhouse. The plane bobbed about as it roared into the turbulent air over the inferno; then there was a crash as the grappling hook hit the antenna, another, as 20 feet of it fell to earth.

Now Reeves was again hanging limply at the window. He could never hold on to a sling, even if the second helicopter should reach him with one. In this moment of crisis, the line foreman, Don Ethington, father of four children, pushed through the crowd. Ethington did not know Reeves, and he had never been in a helicopter in his life; but he asked the fire chief to instruct the helicopter to land before attempting a rescue. "I'm going after the boy," he said simply. Ethington, carrying a lineman's safety belt and a 100-foot length of rope, jumped into a pick-up truck.

Captain Keaver Holley landed his helicopter in a near-by field just as the truck arrived, and the wiry, ten-stone Ethington leaped up into the gaping midsection door. "Tell the pilot to hover well above the antenna," he said to the flight surgeon. To Sergeant James Holloway, the hoist operator, he said, "Let me down beside the north wall of the headhouse. Put me as close to the window as you can."

Captain Holley was already in flight when Ethington tied his safety rope to a metal support inside

the helicopter. Sergeant Holloway handed him the sling. Ethington slipped into it and snapped his own safety belt to it. Then, as the aircraft fought for position in the turbulent air above the headhouse, Ethington kicked his safety rope out of the door. "Lord, go with me," he said.

The crowd watched as Ethington was lowered from the helicopter. When he stopped, the pilot moved the machine over slightly. The effect on Ethington, 80 feet below, was to send him arcing through the air as if he were riding on a giant swing. At the apex of this swing he grabbed the headhouse window. It was impossible for the pilot to observe the action below. He took instructions from Sergeant Holloway, who even at this altitude was severely hampered by heat and smoke. "Right!" Holloway shouted. "Right." Then, "Hold it, hold it!"

As Ethington held the window sill with his left hand, he slipped a loop of the safety rope over Reeves with his right. Then he put his arm around Reeves and pulled him out of the window. He saw Reeves's fire-blistered flesh tear off as his burned body scraped over the sill. Both men dropped sickeningly for about eight feet—the sling line had slackened when the pilot adjusted the position of his helicopter—but Ethington kept his grip on Reeves.

"He's got him!" Holloway shouted to the pilot, and began hoisting the two men up. When they reached the helicopter door, Ethington lay in on the floor and pulled Reeves on top of him, forming a human cushion.

Down on the ground the people of Brownfield put all the suspense of the last hour and 40 minutes into one great cheer for Ethington and for the young man who was still a stranger.

AT THE HOSPITAL the next morning Reeves told Sandra Wilson, a sparkling-eyed brunette, how she had kept him from leaping to certain death. "I started to jump," he said. "Then I thought of you. I promised myself I wouldn't go until I could see you just once more—at least to say good-bye." He asked to see Ethington and thanked him for what he had done.

Brownfield virtually adopted Philip Reeves as he fought for life in the days that followed. Visitor after visitor came with flowers and gifts, and comforting words for Sandra, who stayed at his bedside constantly. Then, on the night of August 3, he cried out and Sandra moved to his side. "There isn't any use in getting a doctor or anyone else," he said. "I just want you."

Two days later Philip Reeves was dead. Even after a post-mortem, doctors couldn't say exactly why. It looked as if he had succumbed to sheer exhaustion.

In her grief Sandra has accepted this explanation. She knows that but for his love of her and Don Ethington's heroism, Philip Reeves would

have departed this life without telling her again as he did so often in the hospital: "I love you, Sandra."

Donald Ethington has been nominated for a Carnegie Hero Medal. And the town itself has come to see a meaning behind the tragedy. The Rev. James Tidwell, the man with the loud-hailer, has expressed that meaning. "Life is not great in terms of length," he said. "It is great in terms of quality. Every day this boy lived was a sign of victory, of a power beyond ourselves and yet within ourselves. He showed us the quality of love, and the power of love's determination; most of all, he showed us the power of ourselves.

"In our own town we found there were men who could do more than they thought they could. To help a young man they didn't even know, men did what had to be done—even the impossible. We cannot learn how to be heroes. But we can learn to accept nothing less than the best of ourselves. Philip Reeves taught us this. In the few short days of life we gave him, this boy revealed to us a miracle which can work for ever for good in human beings: the miracle of ourselves."

Bombproof

WHEN A government department sent out a request for information on what was being done to protect the local communities against H-bomb attack, one angry young mayor replied:

"Re atomic protection request, not worried here. We have a chamber of commerce which has repelled everything new for the past 50 years."

—Dan Bennett

* * *

Garden Fever

A WHIMSICAL letter from a novel, *Madame Claire,* by Susan Ertz:

Dear Stephen, I am so sorry you are feeling less well. How is the phlebitis? No one ought to suffer from anything with such a pretty name. Did you ever stop to think that the names of diseases and the names of flowers are very similar? For instance, I might say, "Do come and see my garden. It is at its best now, and the double pneumonias are really wonderful. I suppose the mild winter had something to do with that. I'm very proud of my trailing phlebitis, too, and the laryngitises and deep-purple quinsies that I put in last year are a joy to behold. The bed of asthmas and malarias that you used to admire is finer than ever this summer, and the dear little dropsies are all in bloom down by the lake and make such a pretty showing with the blue of the anthrax border behind them."

Life's Like That

MOTORING through Paris on our honeymoon, I didn't see the gendarme's upraised arm, and as a result I had a slight brush with a vegetable cart. The gendarme bore down upon us like a figure of doom, but when he reached the car, peered inside at the shiny new luggage and at the pretty girl by my side, he quickly sized up the situation.

Taking my wife's hand in his, he gravely kissed it. Then with true Gallic courtesy he said, "Had *Monsieur* paid full attention to his driving, *mon Dieu*—that would have been unforgivable." —G. W. AUSTIN

A PROPOSAL that five feet be cut off the flagpole to give better clearance for the flag among the trees precipitated a heated discussion at our community centre. Finally the chairman rapped for order.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "so that we'd finish the agenda, I cut five feet off that pole this afternoon. Now let's proceed." —D. H. STEINER

AFTER I'd spent a glorious two weeks painting in the Scottish Highlands, the rugged crofter with whom I'd stayed refused to accept money for his hospitality. But he declared that he'd be glad to have one of my water colours. "What is money?" he said with a shrug. "In a week it will be gone, but your painting will still be here."



Flattered, I mumbled something about the honour he was paying me.

"It's not that," he said with an impish smile. "I've a son who's determined to go to art school. I'm thinking that this water colour may persuade him to change his mind." —A. MURRAY

ON A BUS in Munich, I observed two young American girls poring over a map. They needed help, and I tried to work out how to butt in without appearing to be impolite. Suddenly one of the young ladies sneezed and I said, "Gesundheit."

To my surprise, the other turned to me and beamed. "Oh, good—you speak English!" —WILLIAM HEIMBACH

WHILE I was visiting New York, I met a woman who lives in a flat next door to the Soviet U.N. Mission Headquarters in Park Avenue. She said it was so exciting when Khrushchev was there that she spent hours looking out of the window. One day a policeman knocked on her door.

"Lady," he said, "there's been a report that somebody is keeping watch out of a window of this apartment 24 hours a day."

"It's me," she said indignantly. "This is my apartment. I have a right to look out."

"Well, it's only fair to warn you," he said, "there have been two submachine guns trained on you all the time—one by the Russians and one by us." —C. H. K.

IN A hospital for the chronically ill, it is a nightly ritual for the nurse to distribute small cartons of milk. Just before "lights out," she pauses at each door and asks, "Milk tonight?"

One evening a visitor smuggled in a bottle of whisky to celebrate a patient's birthday. Elaborate precautions had been taken to hoodwink the authorities. But as the patient and his visitor were gloating over their successful party, the nurse came by and called out, "Chaser tonight?"

—JOHN CRAIG

DRIVING through Clay County, Missouri, I remembered that this was where the famous outlaw Jesse James had lived with his family. I thought I'd hunt up the James homestead. Seeing an old man sitting in his garden with a jug of lemonade on the table, I stopped and said, "I wonder if you could give me some information?"

"Sure enough," he answered. "Come sit down a spell and have some lemonade."

I sat down. He filled our glasses and I ventured, "I understand the James family lived around here at one time —Jesse James."

The old man's face darkened. "Mebbe," he snapped as he looked away.

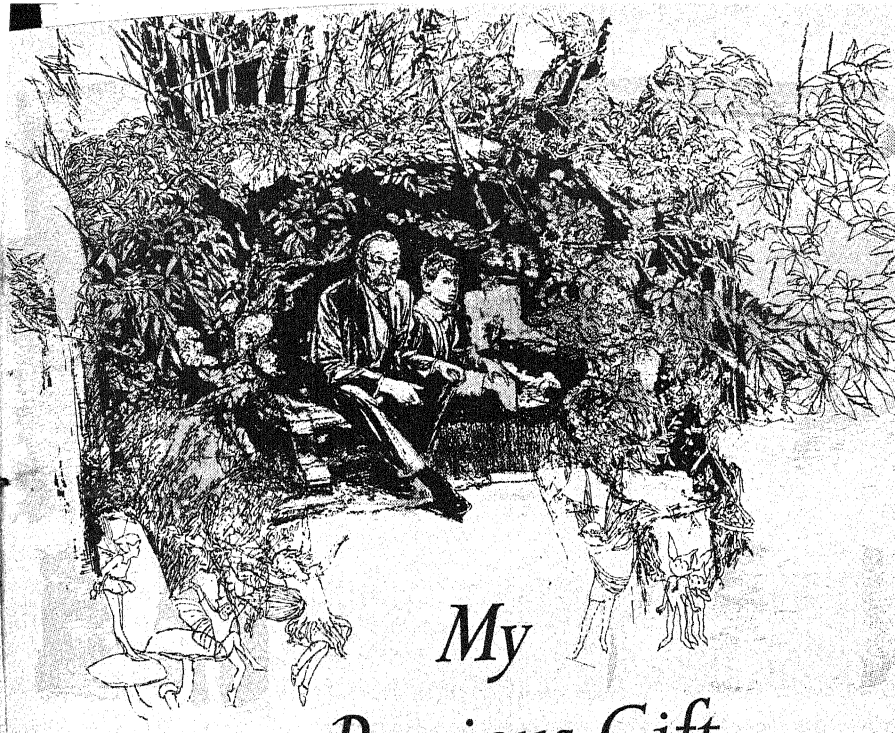
"Well," I pursued, "could you tell me where the house is?"

Cocking a suspicious eye at me, he asked slowly, "You a friend of Jesse's?" —NATHANAEL SHAFER

ABOUT NINE o'clock one evening, we were sitting in a restaurant on a trunk road, when in marched a couple with three pyjama-clad children. The father stopped at the counter for a cup of coffee and the mother marshalled the children towards the ladies' room. Twenty minutes later they emerged, scrubbed and ready for bed in the station wagon. They had enjoyed the comforts of a hotel room for the price of a cup of coffee. —MARY MAYFIELD

AN ATTRACTIVE, well-constructed blonde came into the gift section of the mammoth Hollywood store where I worked, to look at artificial flowers. She seemed to be having trouble finding what she wanted, so I asked her how she planned to use them. She laughed and, handing me two small pink flowers, said, "You wouldn't believe me if I told you."

A few days later I was in a night club and, as one of the solo acts neared its climax, I spotted something familiar about the performer. There in all her undulating glory was my blonde customer, clad in little else but the two pink blossoms I had sold her. —P. B.



My Precious Gift From Conan Doyle

By Selwyn James

To the world, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was the creator of Sherlock Holmes, master detective and brilliant logician. To me, when I was seven years old, he was the gentle-hearted man who led me through his garden one summer twilight and taught me to believe in the impossible.

No fairies? No pixies? Nonsense!
"See what happens when you believe"

The year was 1928. I was already a veteran non-believer in Santa Claus, and suspicious of the well-meant nonsense which adults use to

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ingratiate themselves with children. Yet nothing is so finely etched on my memory as the precious understanding Sir Arthur gave me that evening as we sat waiting among the rhododendron bushes.

Our home was a mile from his big Tudor mansion near the village of Crowborough in Sussex, where he wrote many of the masterfully woven tales that made Holmes and his bumbling friend, Dr. Watson, the best-known sleuths in all fiction. My elder brother, a playmate of the Conan Doyle children, often told of having seen him through his study window writing endlessly on large white sheets of lined paper, his lunch untouched on a tray beside him. "The Great Man Himself," my brother irreverently called him.

One summer afternoon, scrubbed and gleaming in my white flannel suit, I tagged along as my brother's unwanted charge to the Conan Doyle home. While he and the boys played tennis, I wandered off to explore the great rambling house.

Dodging the servants in the corridors, I came at last to a room filled with a dazzling array of painted toy soldiers set up in battle formation on an immense model landscape. A dozen regiments with tanks, horse-drawn field guns and howitzers were deployed in Flanders fields, while behind the lines were massed reserves ready to join the battle. I stood awe-struck, my heart beating in excitement at the heroic scene.

How long The Great Man Himself had been standing in silence behind me, I do not know. To me he loomed large—a thick-set, big-fisted man, forbidding behind his ample Victorian moustache and gold-rimmed spectacles. He wore a heavy, dark suit with high-cut waistcoat and big-knotted tie that seemed far too hot for summertime.

I lost my childish fear of him the moment he started to talk. He did not try to discover my identity with the questions usually asked of unknown children. He seemed to accept my presence quite naturally.

He squatted beside me and pointed out the famous regiments, recounting their battles in words so stirring that my imagination went wild with the sound of gunfire and bomb as the Coldstream Guards made their valiant stand at the Somme. I strode back and forth before them shouting commands, calling for every ounce of their courage, ordering repeated attacks until the enemy fled in confusion.

Then, suddenly, as the first pink-washed rays of sunset slanted through the window, Sir Arthur firmly took my hand. "You're tiring them out," he said—not meaning a reproach, but in the spirit of my game. "They have to fight again tomorrow." As reasonably as if he were announcing supper, he added, "Come on, let's go into the garden and see if we can find the fairies."

I remember glancing at him sharply, disappointed that he was,

after all, like other grown-ups. But not a flicker of mischief was in his face. We went outside—the innocent adult leading the worldly-wise child—and walked across the great lawn to a stone bench surrounded by rhododendron bushes. There we waited, out of sight of the house, until twilight settled over the garden.

"We must sit quite still," Sir Arthur whispered, "or they won't come out."

"Do they *mind* if we see them?" I asked, thinking to humour him.

Sir Arthur must have sensed my scepticism. Patiently he whispered that fairies and pixies will not show themselves to mortals who lack faith in their existence. To see, he said, you must fervently *believe*.

The garden was hushed; it was that hovering instant when time seems to pause and take a breath before plunging into night. I don't remember precisely when it was that I believed. Perhaps when a firefly lit up the tip of my nose, or when a bird or bat fluttered past my head. Maybe it was the pressure of Sir Arthur's huge hand round mine that brought on the wondrous feeling of belief.

I soared with him into a magical world where fantasy is real, where anything is possible. It was a world from which a part of me never came back. Yes, I saw the pixies and fairies as plainly as anything I had seen before or have seen since. A childish hallucination? Perhaps. But with my kindly teacher at my side, I discovered the limitless quality of the human imagination.

For what is true imagination but a belief in the impossible—and what is that but a launching site for creativity? Somerset Maugham saw it like this: "Man consists of body, mind and imagination. His body is faulty, his mind untrustworthy, but his imagination has made him remarkable."

The world Sir Arthur showed me, I am convinced, was visited by the great composers, poets and painters who return to us with their uniquely beautiful patterns of sound and sight. Surely Leonardo da Vinci visited that world, for he saw the vision of man flying like a bird in the sky. It must have been visited, too, by the "impractical" theorists of science who knew the moon was within our grasp centuries before its conquest became a matter of exotic fuels and heat-resistant alloys; by the great men of medicine who, even in the midst of plague, believed that one day mankind would be free of disease; by the ancient dam builders of arid lands who dreamed that deserts could be turned into vineyards—by all the great inventors and creators of every age.

For Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, a belief in the supernatural was perhaps a welcome holiday from the icy logic of the imperturbable Sherlock Holmes—or perhaps this belief was actually the wellspring from which his stories flowed.

Is this wonderful world of the imagination the private preserve of children and geniuses? It need not be. But many of us are so burdened by the mechanics of plain living that we never pause to hear angels singing to a Brahms symphony or see cherubs sliding down a rainbow.

"It does us good to retreat from common sense," a nuclear physicist once told me. "Now and then we should allow what we *feel* to make a mockery out of what we *know*." Anatole France was even more emphatic: "To know is nothing at all; to imagine is everything."

A brilliant lawyer showed me the "tortured abstracts" he paints for relaxation. "They're what I see in my secret world," he told me. "I wouldn't dare show them to my clients—they would think I was mad."

For others the retreat from common sense may take a different route. A businessman I know hikes off alone deep into the forests for a week every summer. He neither hunts nor fishes. He arms himself only with a knapsack and a small tent. "What on earth do you find to do there?" his associates ask him.

To me he confessed, "I eat and drink with the Seven Dwarfs. I walk hand in hand with Hansel and Gretel. And I come out of that wonderful place feeling ten years younger and strong enough in spirit to accomplish anything."

On that summer evening long ago, only my mother was impressed when I told of my adventure with Sir Arthur. "How lucky you are!" she cried. "Haven't I always told you that *nothing* is impossible?" For her, this belief held an exquisite kind of logic that never failed her. Our garden, for instance, was a riot of wild flowers. Mother dug them up in the woods and transplanted them—despite the warnings of horticulturists that they would wither.

"Bring back a palm sapling," she once wrote to my father in Africa. Dutifully, he lugged it home. "It will die—it stands to reason," he predicted glumly. Mother planted it anyway—probably the only palm tree to flourish in an English garden.

That same summer, her belief in the impossible was put to its sternest test. My brother's front tooth was knocked out of its socket by a cricket ball. Though he came home bloody and miserable, Mother had no time for his tears. "Where is the tooth?" she enquired calmly. When my brother shrugged, she whisked us all off to the cricket field where we searched until we found it, miraculously whole, in the grass.

Then we rushed with it to the family dentist. "Put it back!" Mother demanded.

The startled man tried to protest, but he must have seen my mother's eyes burning bright beyond common sense. He stuck the tooth back in my brother's mouth, braced it to the ones on either side, and stitched the gum. Within months the brace

was removed. Defying all dental logic, the tooth stayed rooted for the next 28 years. "See what happens when you *believe,*" Mother used to say tirelessly.

This same kind of unshakeable belief sustained me when my brother and I, separated by the war, were lost to each other for ten years afterwards. Every enquiry I made of such practical sources as army records, civil service rolls and professional directories failed.

Then one day in 1955 a letter postmarked Southampton came for me care of this magazine. My brother's wife had by chance seen my by-line on a Reader's Digest article. Wrote my brother, "I always knew I would find you. As Mother would have said, 'See what happens when you *believe.*' "

Do I still believe in fairies and pixies? I'll say this much: I strongly believe in believing in them. Anything that stimulates the highest reaches of our imagination makes life more joyful—and often more productive. I cherish the world Sir Arthur Conan Doyle introduced to me that summer evening long ago. I only hope my own children will discover its wonder, too. Perhaps they already have.

Not long ago I came upon Deborah, 6, and Leslie, 17, rapturously watching *Peter Pan* on television. I looked at my elder daughter closely when Peter announces that Tinker Bell is dying and implores everyone to save her. "If you believe in fairies," he cries, "clap your hands!"

Leslie's eyes were moist as both youngsters clapped vigorously. They turned to me for further support. Then I too began to clap, diverting their attention from my own brimming eyes.

Bird Brains

AT AN airport there's a pheasant who thinks he is an aeroplane. When a plane is taxi-ing along the runway, the bird appears from the weeds and struts alongside. And when the plane starts to take off, the pheasant goes racing after it and takes off, too. —*M.T.*

WHEN A truck driver stopped for breakfast, four sparrows flew out from under the bonnet of the truck and began picking up tit-bits from the street. Half an hour later the driver returned to the truck and started the engine. The birds flew back under the bonnet and drove off with him.
—Grace Streetman

LAST SPRING a pair of robins built a three-egg nest in a car of a monorail tram system. The robins even worked out a schedule, whereby one sat on the nest and went for a ride each time the tram made its 20-minute circuit, while the other gathered food and awaited its spouse near the base loading platform. —*B.R.*

FALL-OUT WOULD NOT PUT US "ON THE BEACH"

A popular novel and film have spread some dangerous misconceptions about what might happen in a nuclear war

By Stewart Alsop

"You say we've got to hold Berlin," the girl said, in an earnest, almost angry voice. "But that might mean war, and isn't it better to let Berlin go than to have everybody killed in the world and nothing left at all, like in *On the Beach?* Isn't anything better than that?"

The questioner was a girl with a pony-tail hair-do. She was part of a student audience to whom I was lecturing.

I have heard in other places the same question and the same reference to *On the Beach,* the novel and film about how the world might end after a nuclear war. The question disturbs me. I have done a lot of writing about the effects of nuclear weapons—my brother, Joseph Alsop, and I were the first to report the phenomenon of nuclear fall-out, for example—and I have never been disposed to discount the dangers of nuclear warfare. But it is simply not true that a nuclear war would mean "everybody killed in the world and nothing left at all, like in *On the Beach.*"

The late Nevil Shute, who wrote *On the Beach,* was a fine novelist. But a great many people have assumed that his book is a technically accurate presentation of the radioactive side effects of nuclear warfare. It is not. The plot of *On the Beach* is based on two assumptions about the nature of radioactive fall-out. Both assumptions are false. And they lead directly to the false assumption implicit in the girl's question: that anything, including surrender to Communism, is better than nuclear war.

Assumption No. 1 is that there is no protection against radioactivity.

More than one million copies of Nevil Shute's novel *On the Beach* have been sold in 14 languages since it first appeared in July 1957; and it is still selling at the rate of 33,000 copies per month. The film version of the story has been seen by some 30 million people, in almost every country of the world.

The story is set in Australia and, although no bomb has fallen in the Southern Hemisphere, a vast global belt of lethal radiation is slowly but inexorably moving over the world, killing everything in its path. So Dwight and Moira—or, if you prefer it, Gregory Peck and Ava Gardner—are doomed to an untimely end, like all the other characters in the book.

This is technically a lot of nonsense, under any realistic conditions of nuclear warfare. And even if it weren't nonsense, Dwight and Moira would have survived if they'd had any sense. All they had to do was to build themselves a radiation shelter, which they had plenty of time to do.

Two feet of concrete would have given them excellent protection against radioactive fall-out. If there were no concrete handy, bags of earth would have done the trick—three feet of earth for complete protection.

With two or three weeks' supply of food and drink, they could have sat it out in their shelter until the radiation died away to a sub-lethal level. Even if they were in an area of heavy fall-out, they could have emerged from the shelter quite unharmed.

The second false assumption is that radioactive fall-out remains lethal indefinitely. Remember the episode in which Swain, a member of the crew, escapes from the submarine *Scorpion,* cruising off the American coast, to return to his home town, which has been undamaged by bombs. According to the book, he could not last more than a week before succumbing to radiation.

This is nonsense, too. The action takes place well over a year after the bombs have stopped falling. Radioactivity from fall-out dies away very quickly—a vital fact which is virtually disregarded in *On the Beach,* but which could save millions of lives in the event of nuclear war. In reality Swain could have returned safely to his home within a few weeks at the most after the bombs had fallen, even if the town had been in an area of heavy fall-out.

Mind you, radiation is not a pretty thing and, if nuclear war comes, it will be no picnic. It is even theoretically possible that the human race will some day achieve the ability to end its own existence for ever, as in *On the Beach.* But that day is not here now, nor is it at all likely to come in our lifetime.

A determined padre and a group of Andean Indians show how all over the world "little fellows" can lift themselves up

Father Dan's Money Miracle

By Lester Velie

Two and a half miles up in the Andes, on the cold wind-swept shores of Lake Titicaca, the ancient town of Puno, Peru, not long ago leaped out of its centuries-old poverty and stagnation into the twentieth century. A home-made miracle did it.

Where earth-floored mud hovels stood before, hundreds of houses have sprouted, many with indoor plumbing and hot showers. Where 35,000 townsfolk had only their legs to get about on, buses and taxis now run. The town has an electric-oven bakery, a broadcasting station, and a refrigerated packing plant near by. Shops sport bicycles, sewing machines and refrigerators. And once shoeless, illiterate townsfolk have blossomed out as founders of their own businesses.

The man who breathed this life into Puno is a lean, 44-year-old six-footer who tells earthy stories in the Andean Indian languages of Aymara and Quechua. He is a bullfight *aficionado* and has done a bit of bullfighting himself. Called Father Dan, he is formally the Rev. Daniel McClellan, a Maryknoll Fathers missionary.

When Father Dan came to Puno, his parishioners earned barely enough money to live on. There was little or nothing to spare for emergencies: a doctor's bill, a burial, or even tiles for a new roof. Banks made no loans for personal needs.



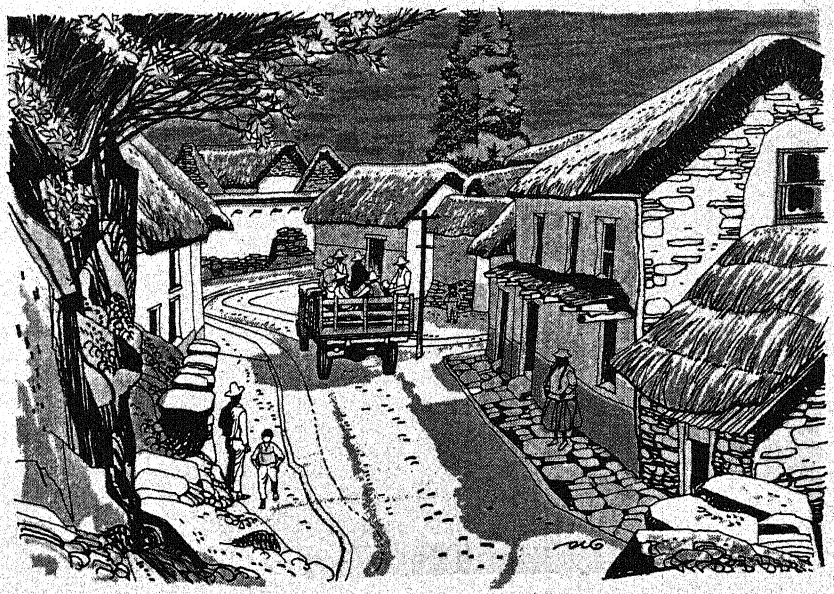
These drawings, from photographs, show the makeshift home of an impoverished Andean Indian family, and (opposite) a street scene in Puno today, with improved and modernized housing

In fact, in all the 85 miles between Puno and the Bolivian border, there was not one bank where 300,000 farmers and villagers could save or borrow. In a money crisis they turned to usurers, and paid as much as 50 per cent monthly interest. How could Father Dan tend to men's souls, when their minds were tormented by debt and their bodies were in want?

Puno, moreover, was the typical neglected stepchild of the Latin-American system that drains the wealth of the interior into the national capital and centralizes all government there. Did a street need paving? The petition had to go 500 miles and over two mountain ranges to Lima—there to gather dust on some ministry desk. Did the schools need benches? Money trickled down so slowly from Lima that children used rocks for school seats. Even if the people wanted to do something for themselves or their town, there was no capital to do it with.

Father Dan created that capital as food was created in the miracle of the loaves and fishes—almost out of nothing. To his parish house he called seven townsmen: two labourers, a judge, an office clerk, two doctors and an officer of the National Police.

"What our Puno people need," said Father Dan, "is lending money, working money." The faces before him grew long. This was not news. "And I know where to get it."



The faces brightened. "Look, let me show you." Father Dan took a copper *sole* (20 n.p.) from his pocket.

"By itself, in my pocket, this *sole* can't do much. But suppose 100 of us each put five *soles* into a savings pool, and did this every week for a year. See? The handful of *soles* would have grown to 26,000 *soles* [about Rs. 5,000]. They would be transformed from idle money into working money—that could be lent out. And as the loans came back in monthly instalments, the money's lending power would be multiplied. We could lend up to three times as much as we put in—some 78,000 *soles* in all!"

It turned out that the padre had been staying up at night studying how to set up a credit union. Through such unions in western Europe, the United States and elsewhere, he pointed out, some 15 million men and women have banded together in their factories, their offices, churches and villages, to save money together and to make loans to one another.

"But that's in rich Europe and richer America," Father Dan's listeners protested. "Will our suspicious villagers trust anyone with their few *soles?* Will they repay what they borrow?"

Father Dan talked down these doubts. Twenty-three Puneños put up 603 *soles* (about Rs. 120) to form a credit union. Today, after six years, it is the biggest in South America. In this do-it-yourself bank some 4,000 Puneños have accumulated an average of Rs. 420 each, and from it Rs. 55 lakhs in loans has already flowed.

In the credit union Father Dan has found a quick way to raise living standards in an underdeveloped country and to give people hope until land reforms and industrialization come to the rescue. He has hit on a form of self-help assistance that lets the proud individual keep his pride, and that develops the managers and risk-takers for a free, modern society. And, above all, he has taught the people to tackle their problems on a community level—a rare procedure in Latin America.

The Rev. Daniel McClellan looks out at the world with intense eyes set deep in a worn face. As a student he dreamed of life as a missionary with adventures in faraway lands. But the biggest adventure of all he found in people.

As a theological student at Maryknoll, in a New York City suburb, young McClellan would spend his free days in New York gymnasiums talking boxing with the bruisers training there and occasionally sparring with one. Or he would wangle his way backstage to make friends with theatrical figures, or talk aircraft with pilots at a Long Island airport, where he learned to fly solo. When he was ordained, there was "quite an assortment" of well-wishers on hand, his sister recalls.

In Peru, to build his "banks with

a heart," Father Dan needed his talent for people. One of the first borrowers to present himself at the Puno credit union was a ragged figure whose care-lined face and drooping shoulders spoke of the beaten man. His story, told in the Quechua tongue of his Inca ancestors, was a familiar one. He had borrowed 300 *soles* from a moneylender to bury his father. At 30 per cent monthly interest, he had already repaid three times the amount of the loan; yet he was no nearer repaying the principal than when he first borrowed the money a year before.

With Father Dan, the young credit union's loan committee—a secretary, a government clerk and a labourer—sized up the applicant. He had been among the first to join the union, painfully accumulating 30 *soles* of savings. His neighbours respected him. The committee granted the man a loan to repay the usurer. Now, instead of paying 360 per cent yearly, he would repay at what amounted to an annual rate of 6 per cent.

Mariano Cruz Rojas, an 18-year-old shepherd, walked nine miles in sandals made from old car tyres to apply for a loan. In his frayed poncho, mended homespun pants, and speaking only in Aymara, he seemed just another illiterate peasant. But his eyes glowed with intelligence, and he had an idea. If he could borrow Rs. 100, he could buy onion seed and sell it to the people of his village. He got his loan.

In a month young Mariano was back. He had sold his seed and could repay his loan. Now he wanted to borrow Rs. 190 to buy more. When he returned to repay this second loan, he wore shoes. With subsequent appearances and repayments he sported a suit, then a shirt and a tie. Within a year he was applying for his loans in Spanish. He learned to read and write, and soon was teaching others in his village.

Today, on loans from the credit union, Mariano Cruz Rojas has built up a farm-supply business that employs two salesmen. But for the union he would still be a shepherd.

News of Father Dan's credit union reached the far-away Wisconsin home of the world organization, the Credit Unions National Association (CUNA). CUNA was interested in spreading credit unions throughout Latin America, and sent a full-time specialist to Peru.

Father Dan, released from parish duties to devote all his efforts to credit unions, went to Lima. There he found the Latin-American contradiction of great wealth side by side with cruel poverty. Proud banks, grown great on the agricultural and mining wealth sucked into the capital, studded the centre of the city. Skyscrapers and luxury flats and a residential area of fine mansions gave it a modern air. Yet ringing all this, like a sullen army set for a siege, were some 350,000

of Lima's workers and lower-middle-class people—cab drivers, market porters, waiters—encamped in rusted tin shacks, many of them roofless, without water, without light and full of disease.

In this seemingly hopeless human jungle, among illiterate factory workers, handymen and labourers, Father Dan found the human material for credit-union treasurers and directors. Some members could save only one *sole* a week. Yet the small pools of capital helped cab drivers to repair their ancient cars without falling into the hands of loan sharks. Families borrowed to buy books and shoes and clothing for children when school opened.

Working outwards from the wilderness of the slums, Father Dan spread credit unions among bank clerks, naval officers, newspaper reporters, lawyers. Fifteen young Lima business executives formed their own credit union in order to learn how to organize them among wage earners. A textile manufacturer formed a credit union among his employees so that they could borrow and buy shares in his business.

Communists fought the credit unions. They argued that workers who solved their money problems through self-help reduced pressure on the boss. When this argument failed, they tried to take over the unions—unsuccessfully.

As the credit unions grew, a national federation of them was organized. With money contributed by businessmen and by bankers who themselves provided no banking service to the people, Father Dan set up a federation office staffed by five devoted young Peruvians.

On borrowed money Father Dan bought a car and started travelling to the far reaches of Peru's Andean highlands, coastal desert and jungles to form credit unions, audit them, nurse them. He raised dust on some 55,000 miles of primitive roads in two years. What the car couldn't reach, an Amazon river boat or an aircraft would.

He created a credit-union training centre at San Marcos University, in Lima, to which future administrators flocked. He journeyed to La Paz in Bolivia to form six pilot credit unions there. Venezuela paid part of the expenses of a credit-union workshop at which Father Dan's staff gave most of the lectures.

By the end of 1960 Father Dan could count more than 200 credit unions in Peru, serving 40,000 families. New credit unions were rising at the rate of three a week. He has created a pool of consumer credit and growth capital that now rivals the resources of some of the big banks, and he dreams of a larger goal. If one million Peruvians were to save only one *sole* a day, there could be as much as Rs. 20 crores of working money yearly—where none was before. And this could be achieved in other Latin-American countries, too.

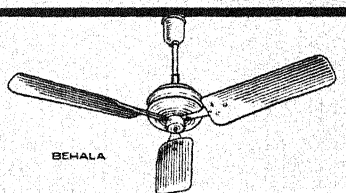
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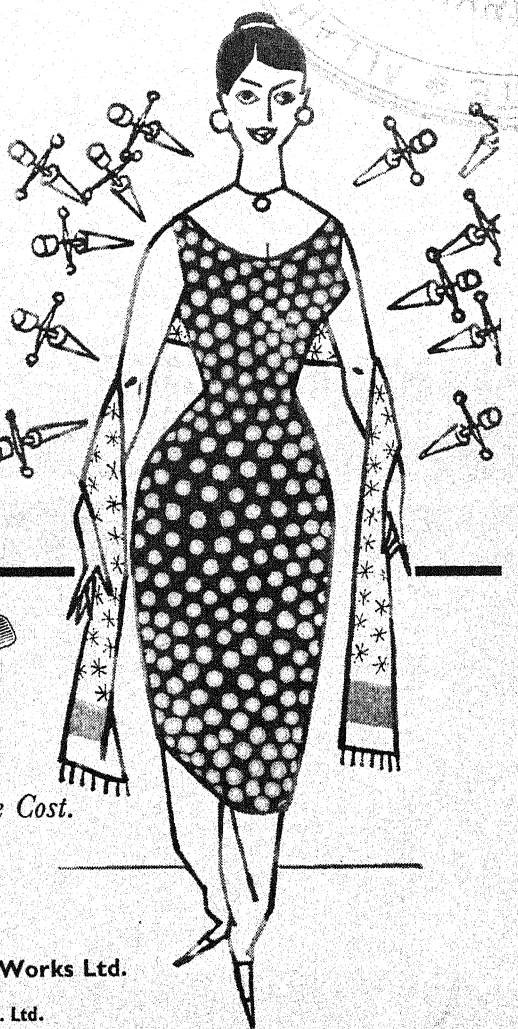
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can be done. The town got its first X-ray equipment when a doctor borrowed the money from the union. It got its first modern dental equipment with such funds, and its first bus. The number of trucks and cars in Puno's streets has doubled. Topping all this, 700 construction loans made by the credit union meant that many families now for the first time have floors and indoor tap-water.

Not long ago, when the townsfolk of Puno honoured Father Dan with a luncheon, a prominent Peruvian Communist, freshly returned from an expense-free junket to Red China, urged the townsmen to "break with their cultural past" and look to Communism as "the true road to progress."

In Father Dan's absence, a fellow missionary answered. "The Communists give us promises," he said. "But Father Dan has acted!"

"It's the little fellows all over the world who hold our fate in their hands," says Father Dan. "They spell the difference between the liberty we love and the life of slavery others would force on us."

Book Marks

DRESS DESIGNER Charles Creed says in the preface of his book *Maid to Measure:* "This book is dedicated to my friend Elspeth Grant, who wrote it for me." —UPI

ONE BOOKSHOP displays copies of Louisa May Alcott's *Little Women* under a poster proclaiming: FOUR YOUNG GIRLS TELL ALL. —*Saturday Review*

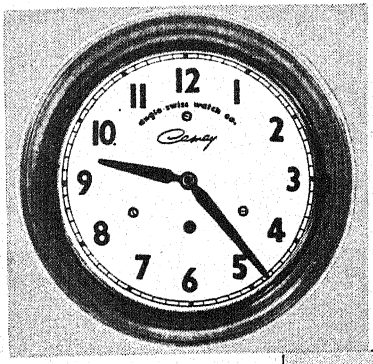
FROM THE acknowledgements page in *The Snake Has All the Lines* by Jean Kerr: "I wish to thank Miss Helen L. Carson, who was kind enough to read this book in manuscript and make a number of suggestions. Nevertheless, I felt it ought to be published." —Published by Heinemann, London

A LONDON BOOKSHOP recently adjusted itself to the bashfulness of some purchasers of Vladimir Nabokov's daring novel, *Lolita,* by supplying copies in the dust jacket of Lord Woolton's memoirs. Almost immediately a rival firm began supplying copies of Lord Woolton's memoirs in the dust jacket of *Lolita.* —*Daily Telegraph,* London

CHARLES TANSILL, a distinguished historian, always keeps a few bank notes between the leaves of Dante's *Inferno.* "When I ask myself, 'Where in hell did I put that money?' " he explains, "I know immediately where it is." —*C.T.*

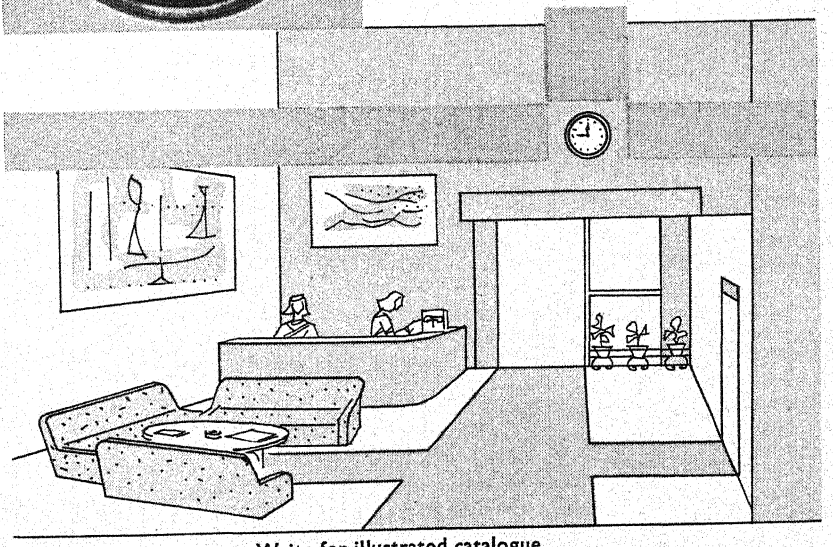
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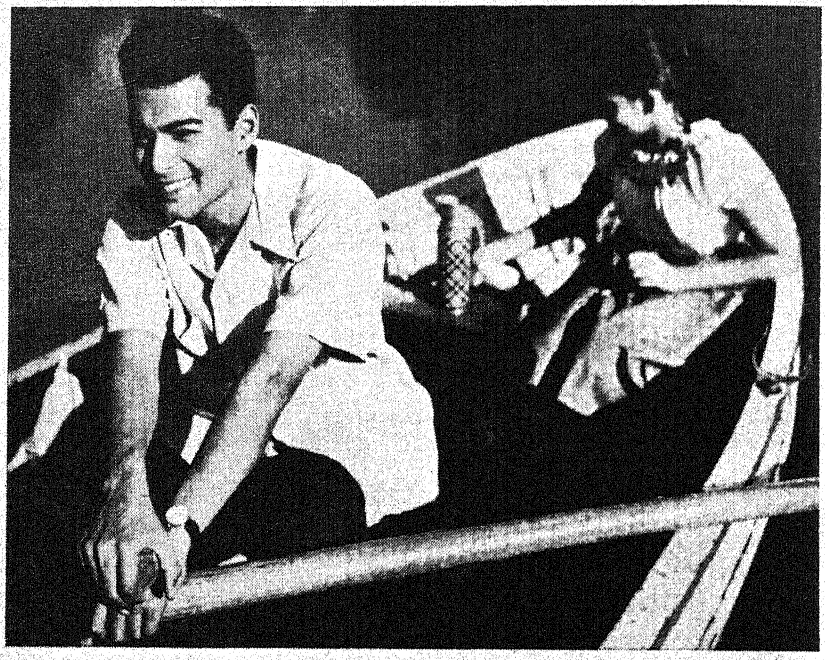
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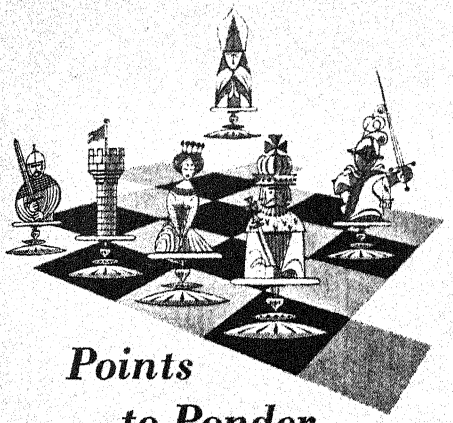
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Points to Ponder

W. Somerset Maugham in *Strictly Personal:*

If a nation values anything more than freedom, it will lose its freedom; and the irony of it is that if it is comfort or money that it values more, it will lose that, too. —Heinemann, London

Bernard Baruch in *Baruch: The Public Years:*

There is not much difference, really, between the squirrel laying up nuts and the man laying up money. Like the squirrel, the man—at least at the start—is trying to provide for his basic needs. I don't know much about squirrels, but I think they know when they have enough nuts. In this they are superior to men, who often don't know when they have enough, and frequently gamble away what they have in the empty hope of getting more.

—To be published by Odhams Press, London

Moss Hart in *Act One:*

In the grand design of any successful career the element of luck has been a powerful factor. Perhaps it could more accurately be called a sense of timing. Every successful person I have ever known has had it—actor or businessman, writer or politician. It is that instinct or ability to sense and seize the right moment without wavering or playing safe, and without it many gifted people flicker brilliantly and briefly and then fade into oblivion in spite of their undoubted talents.

—Secker & Warburg, London

Nan Fairbrother in *Children in the House:*

We love those we are happy with. We do. For how else can we know we love them, or how else define loving?

—Hogarth Press, London

Boris Pasternak:

Can a man control his future? Yes. Despite the system they live under, men everywhere have, I believe, more power over the future than ever before. The important thing is that we must choose to exercise it.

What we do today determines how the world shall go, for tomorrow is made up of the sum total of today's experiences. No one knows what the formula is, nor how slight a change may reshape the pattern to our heart's desire. Far from feeling hopeless or helpless, we must seize every opportunity, however small, to help the world around us towards peace, productivity and human brotherhood.

Charles de Gaulle:

The man of character finds an especial attractiveness in difficulty, since it is only by coming to grips with difficulties that he can realize his potentialities.





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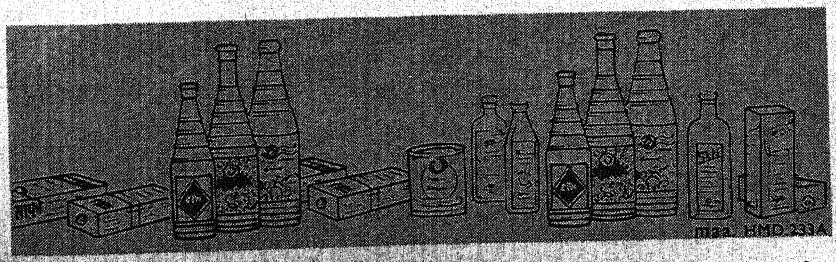
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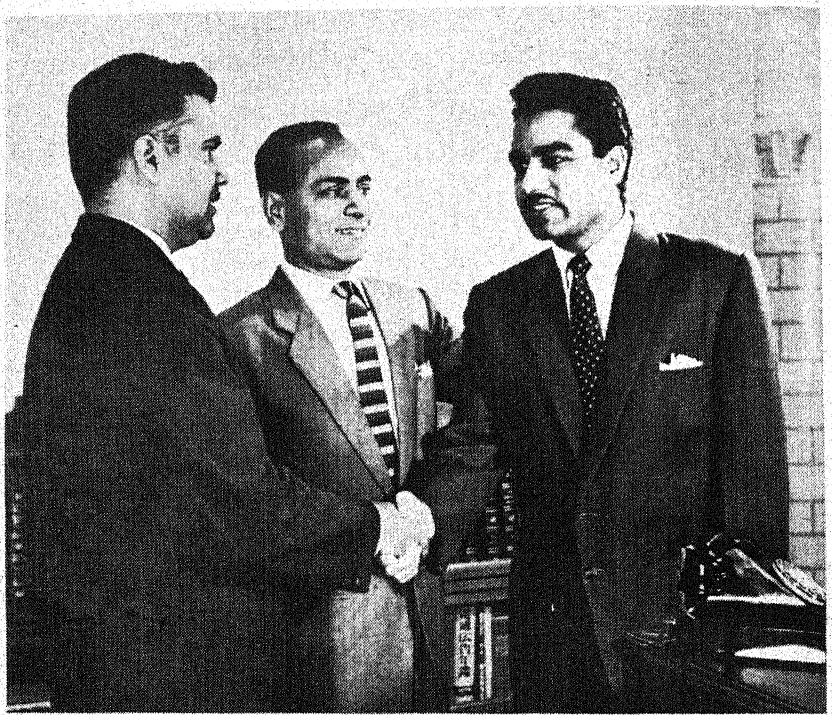
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What Colour Can Do for You

Some pointers for women, and for the observant male

By Howard Ketcham

Can colour temper our thoughts, raise our spirits, impart serenity—or, conversely, kindle excitement? Do car-drivers feel a greater challenge to pass a red, maroon or yellow car than a black, blue or green one? Will a red dress appear closer than a blue one the same distance away?

The answer to all these questions is "yes." Each colour has a decided influence of its own.

Modern chemistry has unleashed wonderful new colour possibilities—hues as fragile as mist, or as acid and high-voltage as a fluorescent flash—and industry has been quick to take advantage of them, particularly of their psychological impact. Showrooms, offices, aircraft interiors, cars and restaurants now blossom in shades carefully created for their emotional repercussions on the customer. Women, however, have been slower to utilize fully the powers of persuasion inherent in colour.

In general terms: Red is exhilarating; it stimulates the brain, the pulse, even the appetite (which is

An authority on the effect of colour on people, Howard Ketcham founded the first "colour engineering" firm.

Condensed from Harper's Bazaar. *© 1960 by Howard Ketcham*

why restaurant décor often features some variation of red) . . . Shades of pink have festive connotations . . . Yellow is energizing, conducive to conviviality and a sense of well-being . . . Green, the colour of nature, is soothing, refreshing, abates excitement . . . Blue induces a sense of serenity and relaxation . . . Grey is non-committal, and reduces emotional response . . . Purple —reconciling the far ends of the spectrum, blue and red—is enigmatic, dramatic.

Of course, the shade makes a difference. Certain yellows give an impression of cheapness, or even look sickly, while just a slight shift in tone will suggest instead warmth, gold and sunshine.

Texture, too, can alter the effect. A vivid colour, for instance, may look harsh in a flat, hard-surfaced fabric; whereas if the fabric has depth, and thus added light mutations, the colour will become vibrant and flattering. Moreover, any colour offset by a contrasting or harmonizing one changes its nature—sometimes drastically.

Since colour is merely reflected light, it is important to consider what light it reflects on the woman who wears it. Certain greens may heighten the ruddiness of a flushed skin (because green tends to impart some of its complementary colour—red), or intensify an olive skin-tone. A light lemon yellow will impart a glow to an extremely dark complexion. While pink is generally considered a universally becoming colour, a clear blossom pink will merely emphasize a very sallow complexion. Certain shades of bright red, on the other hand, can be worn with stunning effect by women of this skin type. And a vivid woman with strongly contrasting hair and skin colour can wear an entire outfit of emerald green or vermilion. Black and white—one the negation of colour, the other a compendium of all colours—are in a category apart. Almost everyone can wear them.

However, the ageing, with greying hair and fading colour, should beware of black, since it absorbs light and tends to drain light from the face.

Another point to remember is that the colour of the skin changes during the day. In the morning it is on the pale side, becoming rosier by mid-morning. Towards mid-afternoon there is a lessening of tonal intensity; and by bedtime, as the body wearies, the skin again grows comparatively pale.

Thus a woman may wear a colour in the evening that does not become her at lunch, and look stunning at tea-time in a shade which she would not wear at breakfast.

With practice, you can really *see* colour with a fresh, appraising eye and be alive to its nuances and radiance. It is at this point that colour becomes no longer a problem but a source of fun and experiment.

Ray Wilson's 18-Year Manhunt

He was 12 years old when his father was brutally murdered. Out of that searing experience came an unswerving determination to bring the unknown killers to justice

By Joseph Blank

SILENTLY THE murderer crept across the veranda of the house in Crestview, Florida, and raised his shotgun to the glass pane in the door. It was 8.05 on the night of March 15, 1940. Six feet away sat Les Wilson, father of six children and leading candidate for the job of sheriff of Okaloosa County. He was listening to the radio. Across the room sat his wife, Bama, and her father. In an adjoining bedroom was 12-year-old Ray.

The murderer fired.

With the roar of the gun Ray ran into the living-room to see a terrible thing: his father's shattered body lying on the floor. Later that night, in a cousin's house, the boy lay awake, crying and shaking—and making plans. He promised himself that some day he would do what his father would have done: clean up Okaloosa County. That night young Ray Wilson began running for county sheriff.

Located in the north-west corner of Florida, Okaloosa County (1940 pop. 12,900) with Crestview its seat, was notoriously rotten. Gambling slot machines were displayed in many ordinary places of business; nearly every bar, beer joint and billiard-hall boasted a gambling

room. Illegal whisky was openly made and sold. The organization that ruled these operations largely controlled the law. Thugs beat up citizens in the street. Each year murders and mysterious disappearances went unsolved.

Why didn't the law-abiding people of the community do something about it? A leading Crestview businessman says, "There was fear here. If you spoke openly against the machine you were picked up and brought in to see one of the leaders. He looked you in the eye and put his hand on the butt of his gun and told you not to cause any trouble. You damn well didn't."

Ray's father had been the exception. A small, bespectacled man, Les Wilson did cause trouble. He despised the gamblers and the thugs, and everyone knew where he stood. In the early 1930's he had been police chief of Crestview, and criminals stayed out of his jurisdiction. The crooks hated him, but his belief in the law won him a multitude of friends. Scores of men and women remember, even today, favours he did for them. Les operated a taxi business, and when people were ill he brought them food and medicine and drove them to doctors, refusing payment.

In 1940 when Les Wilson announced his intention to run for sheriff, most people conceded that his victory was inevitable. Soon rumours began to spread that he would never live to take office. One warning came to his brother, Fox Wilson. "Two weeks before the murder a fellow I knew walked up behind me in the street and whispered, 'Tell your brother they're fixing to kill him,' " Fox recalls. "I told Les about it and asked him if he didn't think he should drop out of the race and move away. He thought for a while and said, 'No, this is my home. I'll live and die here.' "

For a week after the murder, 12-year-old Ray couldn't get the tears out of his eyes. At night his mother sat in the darkened living-room, crying to herself. "And all I could do," Ray recollects, "was wait for the time when I would be old enough to run for sheriff."

While Ray was growing up, Fox Wilson searched for clues leading to the murderer. Most of the scanty evidence, including empty shotgun shells and wadding, mysteriously disappeared. In October 1940, the Governor of Florida, Fred Cone, had sent an investigating team to gather evidence. But it achieved nothing. In 1949 Governor Fuller Warren decided that the case was hopeless; no more of the state's money would be spent on it.

But Fox could never stop thinking about the case. He chased down every lead and rumour. He often awakened Ray in the night to drive with him to a corner of the county where, he had heard, a man "knew something."

After he left secondary school in

1946, Ray went into the U.S. Army and served two years with the infantry in Korea. He returned to Crestview, worked a year for a drycleaner, then moved to Port St. Joe, where he took a job in a paper mill. When he married in 1950 he told his wife, Virginia, that his decision to run for sheriff some day was part of their marriage vow.

Intelligent and hard-working, Ray advanced rapidly in the paper company. He could look forward to a good, secure life for himself and his family. "But he wasn't content," Virginia says. "Nearly every weekend we drove 148 miles to Crestview. Finally, I told Ray, 'You'd better tell your manager that we're going back to Crestview. You won't be happy until you run for sheriff.'"

They settled in Crestview with their child in 1953. Borrowing money, Ray went into a drycleaning business and built up the most successful one in the area.

Early in 1956 Ray reckoned that the time had come to run for sheriff. To the consternation of his friends, he put his business up for sale to raise the money for his campaign.

At the outset not a single politician, civic leader or important businessman supported him. For two months he campaigned from early morning till late at night. His platform was based on efficient, impartial law enforcement. He made no public issue of his father's murder.

As Ray gathered voting strength, his family and friends worried about him. Several times he was warned to "watch his step." He was offered 10,000 dollars to retire from the race.

Nevertheless, Ray ran and won. At 28 he became the youngest sheriff in Florida.

He immediately started to clean up the county. His policy was simple: if you broke the law, you were going to be arrested. The night before he became sheriff, the largest gambling establishment moved out of the county. Several gamblers and whisky smugglers tried offering him bribes—then quickly folded up their operations.

For six months Ray worked furiously, reorganizing the ten-man sheriff's department, jerking out every slot machine, shoving the thugs out of the county and setting a record for the destruction of illegal stills. The once-infamous county became as law-abiding as any in the state.

Then Ray turned to the question he, his family and the people of the county had long wanted answered: Who killed Les Wilson?

Finding the answer loomed as a big task. Ray's job as sheriff came first. Although the hunt was official business, it would have to be conducted at night and during weekends.

Ray asked Walter Steinsiek, superintendent of identification at the near-by Pensacola police department, to help him. "It looked

hopeless to me," Steinsiek says. "Seventeen years had passed. But Ray had a hunch that time had made the killer feel secure and that he was still around. He convinced me."

The two men read and re-read the old files on the case. They checked and discounted all the previous rumours and leads. For months Ray searched in vain. Then he picked up a trail that led towards Jesse and Doyle Cayson, brothers whom Ray had known since his boyhood. Significantly, Ray found that soon after the murder both men had become more prosperous; the suspicion that they had been the hirelings of the machine was strong.

But frustration followed frustration in Ray's search for the necessary proof. He and Steinsiek drove 9,000 miles in six months, seeking witnesses. Many were afraid to talk; others knew nothing.

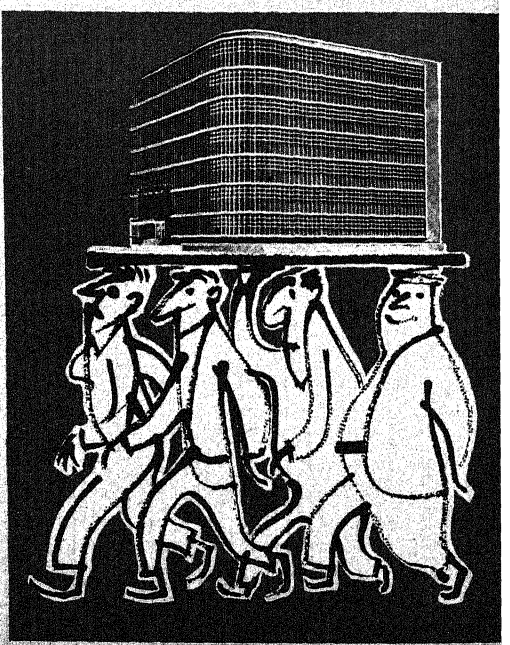
By July 1957, Steinsiek felt they had reached a dead end. "We had talked to more than 100 people," he said, "and we still didn't have enough evidence for an indictment."

Ray refused to give up. While he searched for evidence he saw the Cayson brothers frequently, but he never betrayed his feelings or changed his attitude towards them. "I felt sure that they knew what I was doing and were sweating it out, but trying not to show it," Ray says.

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"I wasn't afraid of their taking off. Running away would have been the same as a confession."

The first hopeful piece of information concerned a woman named Mattie, who allegedly had been close to the murderers.

She had vanished shortly after the murder, but Ray and Steinsiek managed to get the address of her mother. Through her, they learned that Mattie had twice changed her name and now lived in San Antonio, Texas.

When Ray and Steinsiek confronted Mattie, she refused to give evidence. "I'm afraid," she said. "I'll get into terrible trouble." She said that she had been with Jesse Cayson in a café about half an hour before the murder, and that Doyle had rushed in, saying, "The plans have been changed. Come on. We're doing the job tonight." She saw them leave with shotguns. Afterwards she was ferociously beaten with a tree branch—a warning to keep her mouth shut. A few years later, while driving, she and her husband were fired on. She left Crestview and tried to disappear.

Ray appealed to her. "With your testimony we can bring my father's killers to trial. I'll protect you."

She finally agreed. "I'll testify. I'm scared, but I've been waiting all these years to clear my mind of what happened that night."

As we said: We like to carry the load. May we carry yours too?

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They tracked down another essential witness, a woman who shortly after the murder had heard Jesse Cayson admit he had told several people that he shot Les Wilson. And when he was asked whether he had, he broke into tears of remorse and could not answer.

They found—after a full year's search—the switchboard operator who, it was rumoured, had recognized the voice and overheard the questions of one of the suspects when he telephoned a café near the taxi-rank to find out if Les was driving a taxi that night. She agreed to testify. In all, they located more than 20 people who could testify for them.

During the investigation several men approached Ray and asked pointedly if he wasn't afraid of a repetition of what had happened to his father. To avoid an attack, Ray let it be known that copies of the information and evidence were filed in several places.

In June 1958, after 18 months of work, 20,000 miles of travel and interrogation of more than 200 people, Ray appeared before a grand jury in Crestview courthouse and said, "I'd like to present evidence in the murder of Les Wilson." In secret meetings the grand jury heard Ray, Steinsiek and more than a score of witnesses.

They considered the case for two weeks, then ordered the two Caysons to stand trial. In November the accused were found guilty of first-degree murder.

In answer to their appeals, the Florida Appellate Court and the Florida Supreme Court upheld the conviction.

"It's over," Ray said. "Getting it finished gives me no joy. I just feel at peace." So do the other good people of Okaloosa County.

Shopping Sprees

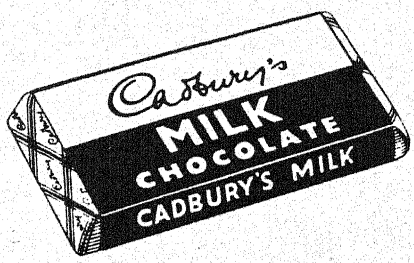
WHILE ON holiday in Barbados last year, Claudette Colbert bought "Burwain," the Regency home of Sir Rupert Briarcliffe. The actress used the estate's handsomely engraved writing paper to break the news of this purchase to her husband in California. "Darling," she wrote, "I'm writing to you on our new stationery . . ."

—L. L.

MRS. SAMUEL UNTERMYER, wife of a well-known American lawyer, once cabled her husband from Europe about a Gobelin tapestry she'd found: the price was 25,000 dollars, and she wanted to know if she should buy it. "No," was Untermyer's reply. "Price too high." But she returned home with the tapestry and, when her husband asked why she had disregarded his reply, showed him the cable. It read: "No Price Too High."

—L. A. W.

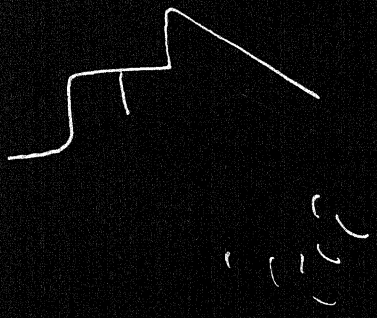
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"Where did the deep-rooted superstition begin, that married people are going to find happiness ready-made?"

Happiness Doesn't Come with the Confetti

By Kathleen Norris

"The darlings—I hope they're always going to be as happy as they are today!" whispers the bride's mother, watching her little girl come down the aisle on the arm of the young groom.

"I think they will be—Dick's such a dear, and they're madly in love with each other!" whispers back the bride's aunt. "Don't they look happy!" Happy. The foolish word rules the scenes that follow. May they always be happy. We hope you will be happy.

Everyone—even the most experienced of the relations—speaks of happiness exactly as if it were a complete, concrete thing, tied up in one more jeweller's box.

The novelty of it, the passion of young love, the excitement of gifts and flattery, last for a few months, and indeed they are happy. And then the glamour wears away, and the silver tarnishes, and the wedding cheques are spent, and they are not happy. It has all ended—not for any particular reason—and they are like bewildered children, not knowing what to do.

"We don't love each other any more," they say pathetically. "We are not happy!"

As if happiness were an indispensable element in married life, Mary carries the discussion of it to the next stage, which is the ever popular argument about the effect

of an unhappy marriage upon the children of the household. "Isn't it better," asks Mary, with thousands of other glib young wives, "isn't it better to separate, with all dignity and consideration, than to have innocent children brought up in an atmosphere of constant dispute and nagging?"

The obvious answer, "Must there be disputes and bickering between decently self-controlled people?" is passed over with superior scorn.

Where did the deep-rooted superstition begin, that married people are going to find happiness ready-made? Who, in this world, has a right to it without a slow, painful struggle?

When a scientist shuts himself up in a laboratory for years of research, when an explorer girds himself for a bitter trip into torrid or frozen zones, when a child is born crippled and some mother's heart is chained to this suffering little couch for life, we do not press upon them with idiotic queries as to whether or not they are "happy." Such a question would be an insult.

Marriage, humanly speaking, is a job. Happiness or unhappiness has nothing to do with it. There never was a marriage yet that could not be made a success, nor a marriage yet that could not have ended in bitterness and failure.

So much good, so much bad, in the husband, the wife, the house, the children, the income, the town, the friends, the health and the assets generally of the new social unit. A little more hardship with which to contend this year, a little less next year. And at the end of 15 years, 20 years, success. A developed and ripened soul, taught where to find happiness, not expecting to gather it out of the air.

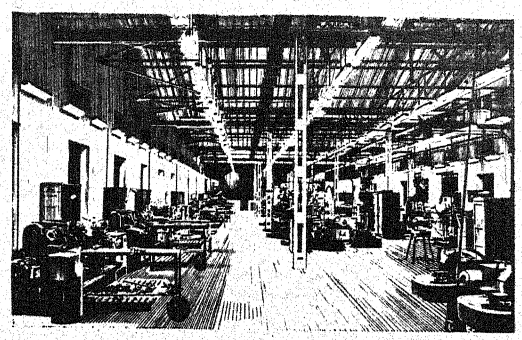
That is marriage. And life.

Each and every one of us has one obligation during the bewildered days of our pilgrimage here: the saving of his own soul, and secondarily and incidentally thereby affecting for good such other souls as come under our influence.

We know, we older people, that the motor cars and wedding presents and trips and admiration and excitement are only will-o'-the-wisps that the children quite naturally chase for a few giddy years. Surely it would help them to find the true secret if we dropped the consideration of "happiness" from our own problems and from theirs—where the big things of life are concerned—and gave them to consider instead the thought that real happiness must be made, not found, and that the materials in their hands at this moment are its ingredients. Which is perhaps only to glimpse the truth of the stupendous words: "The kingdom of heaven is within you."

A GIRL away at school for the first time wrote to her mother: *"Please* send me some stamps. They are so expensive here." —G. F.

Ashok Leyland AT MADRAS



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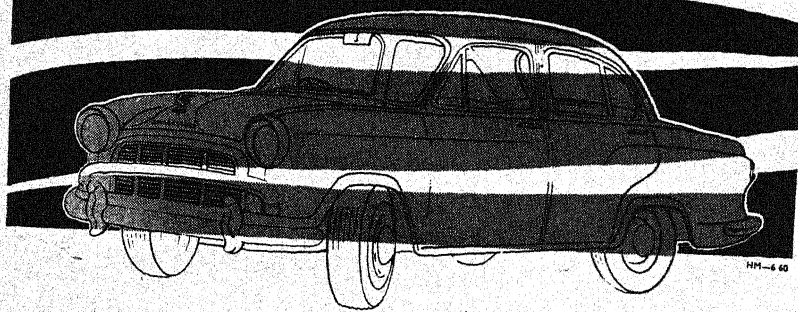
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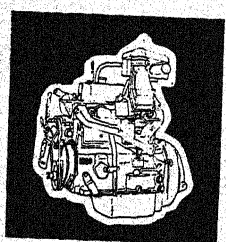
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HUMOUR IN UNIFORM

WHILE stationed in Germany, I was occasionally a chauffeur for a major who was a notorious wolf. One day as we were driving down a busy street, he spotted a beautiful girl walking along the other side of the street. "Turn the car round, Sergeant! Quick!" he ordered. I promptly stalled the car. By the time I got it started, the girl had vanished.

"Sergeant," said the major, "you'd be a total loss in an emergency!"

"I thought I did pretty well, sir," I said. "That was my girl." —M. B.

THE aircraft carrier on which I served during the Korean War ran into a spell of very heavy weather. Because a large ship must be able to bend slightly in a heavy sea, it is built in sections. At the section joints above the water line, special fittings called expansion joints are used, which flex with the movement of the ship. The end of a catwalk just below the flight deck on our carrier faced one of these joints.

Crossing the catwalk at the height of the storm, I was surprised to see a sailor perched on a folding chair near the joint. He had a large bag of walnuts beside him, and as the joint opened he would set a walnut in place. When the stern of the ship came up, the expansion joint delicately but firmly cracked each walnut. —GEORGE BERGE

HOUSING was critically short around the air force base where I was stationed, and we were told "No children allowed" over and over again. We finally found just the right flat some distance away, and it was owned by the man who lived downstairs. He asked the inevitable question about children, and we started singing our youngsters' praises. "Well, I tell you," he interrupted, "I don't allow kids. I let this flat once to a couple who had two of the toughest, stubbornest little boys I had ever seen. Those kids followed me about and went with me everywhere. When that couple moved, it just about broke my heart. That's why I don't want any children." We got the flat. —M. R. CLING

AT an army reception centre during the war, all recruits were required to visit the army psychiatrist. Thinking this was my chance for an immediate discharge, I set forth all the reasons why I thought I shouldn't be in the army. I told the psychiatrist that I was 33 years old, a husband and a father. On top of that I was in poor health and had been taken off a defence job. Becoming more excited and emotional, I told the doctor that I was very unhappy and bitter. I was sure, I stated, that I would never make a good soldier, because I hated everything about the army.

The psychiatrist concluded our interview at this point by assuring me, "You're completely normal!" —J. B.

Indian women have by tradition used home-made shampoos to clean their long and lovely hair. Home-made shampoos may be effective. But they are messy, troublesome and not altogether pleasant.

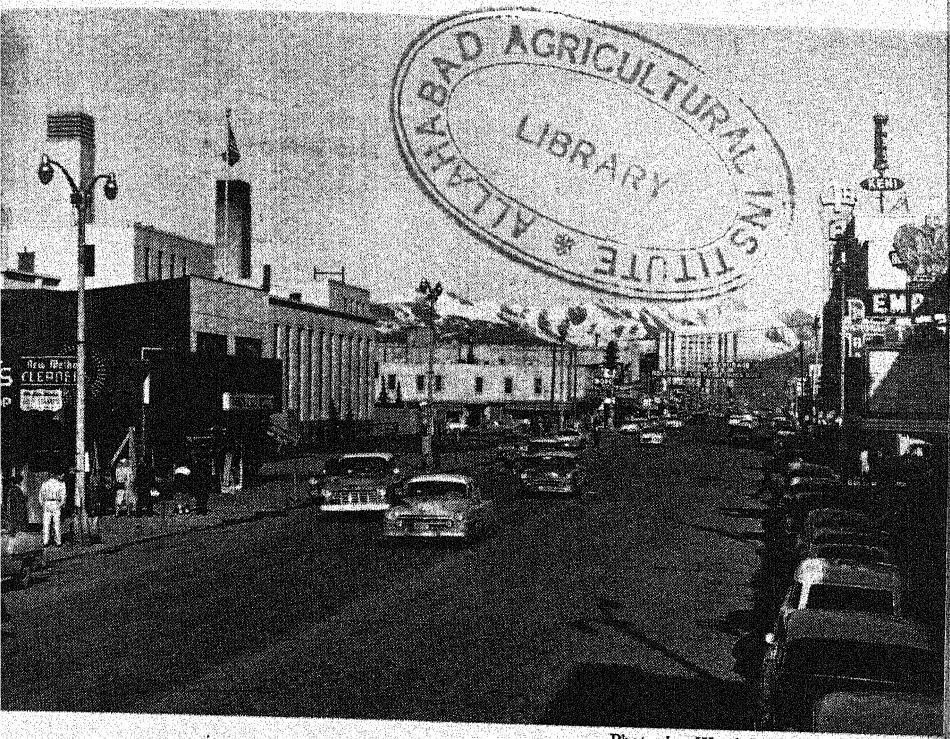
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Photo by Ward W. Wells/*Shostel*

ANCHORAGE: The "Mostest" Town in the U.S.A.

By Lawrence Elliott

A bustling, extroverted place full of success stories and superlatives

At a busy corner in the Alaskan town of Anchorage stands a huge, hand-lettered official billboard. "Pilots," it pleads, "PLEASE File Flight Plans."

I asked a bush pilot why the reminder was necessary in this sprawling wilderness where, to use the pilots' own grim reference to North America's mightiest peaks, the clouds are full of rocks.

He shrugged. "Some of the fellows can't get used to doing everything by numbers," he said.

"Anchorage is getting too civilized for them."

In Alaska, where three cabins, a bar and a dogsled qualify as a town, the biggest town of all is Anchorage. More than anything Anchorage is a town that persists in behaving like a big city. As far west as Honolulu, as far north as Helsinki, and closer to Siberia than it is to the American mainland, Anchorage is the fastest-growing metropolitan centre under the American flag, soaring from a population of 3,500 in 1940 to almost 45,000 in 1960—not counting the many thousands of service people at adjacent bases.

But if the trappings of a major municipality are evident in this booming, extroverted town (two television stations, and an airport handling almost as many international flights as New York's Idlewild), equally plain is its frontier heritage. From its two 14-storey apartment buildings you can look down on plenty of log cabins, still an acceptable way of beating Anchorage's chronic housing shortage. Beside a shop displaying the latest in stereophonic sound is another offering wolf traps. In the main street, trim Air France stewardesses, stopping over on a transpolar flight, pass a sedate Tlingit (pronounced *Clink*-it) Indian matron wearing a parka and mukluks.

This first city of America's largest state boasts the highest birth rate, and a population in which only one person in ten has passed the age of 45. Its residents make more telephone calls, man for man, than the people of any other city. It ranks first in *per capita* ownership of boats, aircraft (there is a plane for every 40 people, and nearly every sixth adult is a qualified pilot) and motor cars, though there are few roads in Alaska. Black cars predominate because in the spring they are the first to lose their winter's accumulation of snow.

Anchorage has the highest average income in the United States. It claims the second highest educational level, but spends more on alcohol than on groceries and has four bartenders to every minister. It is the place where no one sees anything odd about building an 8½-million-dollar dock in an icy harbour whose tides, the world's second highest, crest and plunge 35 feet twice a day. A big city needs big port facilities, doesn't it?

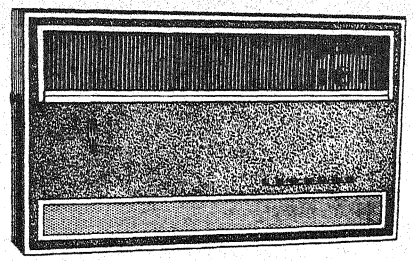
In Anchorage, television takes second place to a nightly radio programme called "The Mukluk Telegraph," an endless series of messages to and from the bush country:

"Ed Fornier: your wife says don't forget the black olives."

"Grace Johnson, Axel Svenson and Kramers: Paul Henley will be flying out your way on Thursday. Let him know what you need."

"Katie Gross wants all her friends to know it was a seven-pound girl. Mother and daughter fine."

It takes years to get used to constant daylight in June, constant



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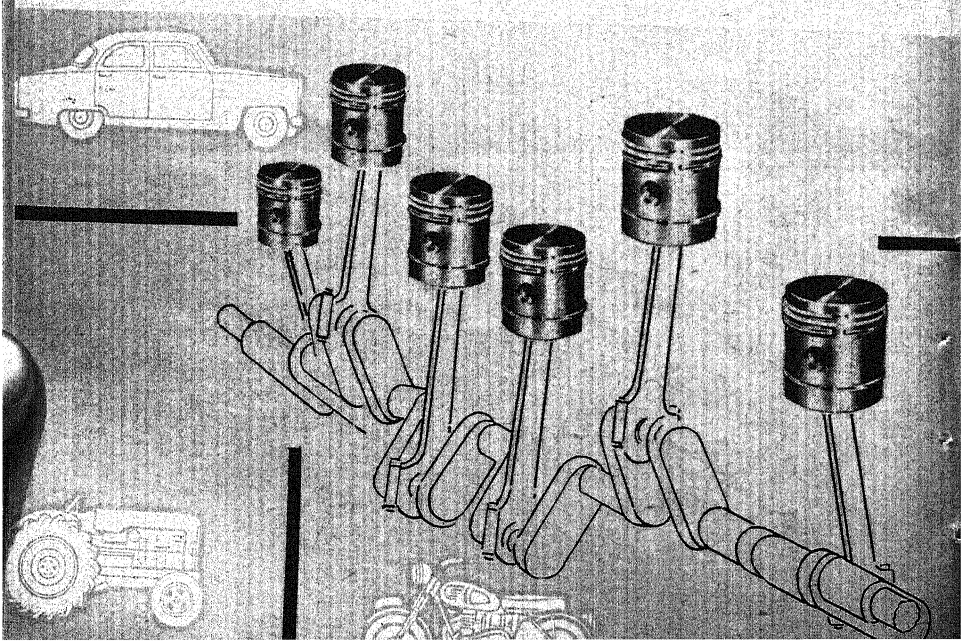
PRINCE 4th

darkness in December. Greta Loerzel, a secretary, tells how she awoke to broad daylight on the first day she was to report to work. She threw her clothes on and dashed out in mortal fear that she'd slept half the morning away. The streets were deserted, the shops closed. She had nearly reached her new office, still running, when a jeweller's clock brought her up short: it was 2.45—a.m.!

Plenty of Alaskans can remember when there was no such place as Anchorage at all. Years after the Klondike gold strikes, only an occasional trapper intruded on the splendid isolation of the long bluff overlooking Cook Inlet on the south central coast. Then, on a summer day in 1914, a freighter nosed up the Inlet, came to a stop in Ship's Creek and put a party of four men ashore. Their mission, by order of President Woodrow Wilson: to survey a site for the southern terminus of the new Alaska Railroad to Fairbanks, then a gold-seekers' boom town.

Engineers, labourers and hangers-on followed. By the next spring, hundreds of settlers had created a tent town on the bluff. Water sold for five cents a bucket; garbage was dumped on the outgoing tide. In Washington, planners were busy laying out the broad streets and avenues of the still unnamed city.

In the next 30 years, only an



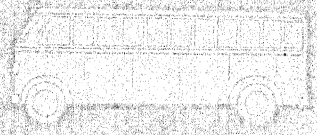
occasional downtown free-for-all challenged the return of the fishing fleet or the arrival of the Fairbanks train as the week's excitement. The essentials of living cost so much that no one bothered with pennies. Credit was a necessity of life: frontier style, shopkeepers doled out stores and supplies, their sole security an unspoken agreement that debts would be settled when the fishing boats came in.

"The first time stores sent out a monthly statement," recalls Tex Noey, an ex-Texan who now has an oil leasing business in Anchorage, "there was talk about organizing a lynching."

Then came the Second World War. Soldiers and construction crews were rushed to Alaska. Moose ranges were bulldozed into roads and runways. Anchorage, the closest thing to a metropolitan centre in a 586,400-square-mile expanse, burst into cityhood, with parking meters and traffic lights.

When families of soldiers and workers flocked north, rentals skyrocketed. One old-timer, on a trip to a hideaway where he had been weekending for eight years, found his cabin gone—walls, floor, chimney and all, carted off to provide a shelter for some desperate family.

Anchorage came out of the war with its future tied to the air age. It had become a sort of crossroads of



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the world, a geographically convenient stopover for transpacific and transpolar flights. Its original 347 acres had become the downtown heart of a metropolis serving more than 82,000 people.

Today, its air terminal harbours eight overseas airlines which require more than 100 hotel rooms every night for their turn-around crews. Tourism is booming, and in 1957 the discovery of oil about 40 miles from Anchorage attracted 40 major oil companies and countless independent drillers.

Meanwhile, Anchorageites point with pride to men like Wally Hickel, a one-time welterweight boxer who arrived 20 years ago with precisely 37 cents in his pocket. He is now a millionaire builder, and his latest projects, the 218-room Captain Cook Hotel and the 11-storey Hickel-Halbouty office building, promise to alter dramatically the skyline along Third Avenue. Larry Carr, who came to Anchorage at 17 and opened a grocery store in a Nissen hut, built a modern, fully equipped, 20,000-square-foot supermarket. Don Donatello and his brother George converted a borrowed 2,000 dollars and a 55-gallon drum into a chemical business worth, after ten years of hard work, 500,000 dollars.

Such independently owned businesses now number about 2,000, and their proprietors are the men on whom Anchorage counts for its future progress. Every day new buildings rise, like the magnificent Loussac Library, a gift to the people of Anchorage from the Russian emigrant who became their mayor; 19 schools, all built in the past ten years; and the Alaska Methodist University, now under construction.

A symphony orchestra and a nationally recognized Alaska Festival of Music are supported by the people of Anchorage, as is the annual Fur Rendezvous with its dogsled races and blanket-tossing in the streets.

Television news director Perry Davis—who came to Anchorage as a soldier, stayed on after discharge and has been here only four years—can hardly conceive of living anywhere else. "You have a sense of movement and growth and participation up here," he says. "It must be something of what the pioneers felt a hundred years ago. There just isn't anything quite like it Outside."

Optical Allusion

A MALE patron walked into a restaurant one day and got his first glimpse of a new waitress, a well-built and very attractive blonde. He immediately got down on his hands and knees and began pawing the carpet, whereupon the proprietor rushed up to him exclaiming, "What's the matter?"

"My contact lenses have popped out," explained the patron.

—Cedric Adams

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JWT-VHT. 1834

Among the most common human ailments are muscular aches and pains. A specialist in these ailments—Dr. Janet Travell—was selected by President John Kennedy as White House physician. She is the first woman to hold this post. Dr. Travell has successfully treated thousands of people with disabling back pains, including the President. In this interview she discusses her techniques.

OUR ACHES

Q: *Dr. Travell, is pain the hardest thing a doctor has to deal with?*

A. Not all types of pain—but we do have certain intractable varieties of pain that present difficulties in treatment. I've been interested in the pain that originates in the skeletal muscles.

Muscles make up more than 50 per cent of the body weight. They are the most accessible to examination and, I would say, the least understood of any of the systems of the body.

Q: *What types of pain grow out of muscular troubles?*

A: Most frequently it is simple muscle "tension"—generalized contraction of muscles in the neck and the back, as in people who are under pressures of anxiety. We call this tension "muscle spasm."

Q: *Would you explain muscle spasm?*

A: Spasm is a state of shortening of a skeletal muscle in which its owner loses the ability to relax the muscle voluntarily. Usually, if you say to your arm, "Relax," your wrist will drop and the muscles will lengthen. The person who has muscle spasm cannot do this.

Q: *And this causes pain?*

A: Muscle spasm usually creates some pain. When the muscle shortens far beyond its physiological limit, the contraction might be called a "cramp," and this is extremely painful.

In addition, when only part of a muscle shortens, distortion occurs and shearing stresses are placed on the blood-vessels and nerve structures within the muscle. This sets up a great deal of pain.



An interview with DR. JANET TRAVELL

AND PAINS

Q: ***How widespread is muscle spasm?***

A: It is probably the most common complaint that affects the human race. We see it in such ailments as stiff neck, muscular headaches, the atypical facial neuralgias.

Q: ***Can a person tell that it is a muscle that is hurting him?***

A: Curiously, he usually doesn't know this. When a muscle is in fixed spasm, it probably shuts off its own blood supply. In this condition, it frequently sets off "referred pain" —pain perceived at a distance from the muscle that is its source. This is analogous to the pain of a coronary thrombosis, or heart attack. When a section of heart muscle has an inadequate supply of blood owing to spasm of the coronaries, or to a thrombus—clot—in the coronary arteries, the heart gives rise to referred pain. The pain is felt up and down the breastbone or it may be perceived in the neck, back, or down the arm to the fingers. Similarly, if the gall bladder goes into spasm, you may have "referred pain" in the tip of the shoulder.

Q: ***How do you trace such pain?***

A: Each muscle has its own pattern or distribution of referred pain. When you have accumulated experience with these muscle-pain syndromes [groups of symptoms which occur together], you recognize the referred-pain pattern. There are several guides. One: when the muscle is used, it not only produces referred pain but is accompanied by limitation of motion at the joint that it crosses. Another: spontaneous pain is produced if one palpates the muscle that is the source of pain.

Q: *Do you have to know where to start looking?*

A: I ask the patient a few questions. I shade in with a red pencil on a drawing of the body exactly where he has pain. The pain pattern that I see gives me a clue.

Q: *Is arthritis linked with muscle spasm?*

A: Arthritis, which affects the joints, is usually accompanied by muscle spasm, but the spasm is secondary to the inflammation of the joint itself. That is, the muscle round the joint will splint—harden—and tighten to try to protect the joint. Pain in a given region may be partly arthritic and partly muscular; so you may be able to do quite a lot to relieve arthritic pain by treating the muscles, recognizing full well that they are not the primary cause.

Q: *What about "tennis elbow" and limb cramp?*

A: Cramp is a muscular pain. "Tennis elbow" is often a muscular problem.

When there is muscle spasm, the trigger area in the muscle gives rise not only to referred pain but also to referred tenderness. The place where the person feels pain becomes sensitive to touch. Thus, in the "tennis elbow" of muscular origin, the outer side of the elbow is very sore to the touch. And in the big muscle that swings the arm across and tightens the wrist—the action involved in one of the main tennis strokes—you will find a tender, firm "knot." If you inject that with procaine, not only the pain in the elbow disappears, but the tenderness also disappears within five minutes.

Q: *What sets off muscle spasms?*

A: Many kinds of stresses can be placed on muscles. One of the commonest is chilling, at a time when the muscle is fatigued from over-use or exercise. Or sudden over-stretching of a muscle in a fall may result in its over-contraction—causing stiffness, which may be so extreme as to result in a state of spasm.

Q: *Does sleeping in a draught cause stiff neck?*

A: This is extremely common. There may be times, of course, when you can sleep in a draught and not get a stiff neck. But if some kind of nutritional reserve in the muscle has been drained through over-use or exercise of the muscle, then, during the stiffness after the exercise, chilling can result in protracted spasm.

Q: *To avoid this, what do you advise?*

A: Take care of your muscles and don't sit in a draught.

Q: *How do you "take care of your muscles"?*

A: One of the most important things is this: immediately after vigorous exercise, take a hot shower or bath and get warm. I'm speaking now of such activities as tennis or golf or gardening. But exercise

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comes in many forms. I have told people who are doing a lot of typing, for example, that if they will run hot water over their arms or soak them in a sink of hot water for three minutes twice during the day, they can avoid a lot of trouble.

Q: *Can lack of sleep lead to muscle pain?*

A: It leads to muscle fatigue, because the muscles don't relax at night if you don't rest properly. From muscle fatigue comes susceptibility to chilling or injury by ordinary physical activities.

Q: *When you find a source of muscle spasm, what do you do?*

A: First, I try to eliminate the basic cause. Second, I treat the muscle directly, and there are many ways to do that. You can use hot, moist packs, or massage, or procaine injections, any of which may be effective. Whichever treatment you select is applied not to the place where the person feels the pain but to the place where the pain comes from. Once you begin to do that, the results are remarkable.

Q: *What are the coolant sprays? You once described them as "cold in a bottle."*

A: Actually, a coolant spray is a liquid at room temperature and a gas at body temperature. If it's applied to your skin, it cools by evaporation. I use a non-proprietary mixture that is not inflammable and doesn't explode and is relatively non-toxic. It's not generally available.

Q: *How does a vapour spray work?*

A: Its mechanism is akin to that of counter-irritation. It is not so much a means of freezing the skin, as it is an intermittent "make-and-break" stimulus—of touch and cold. Applied over a muscle, it changes the reflex control in the muscle.

Q: *How quickly does it relieve pain?*

A: It doesn't relieve pain at all unless you get the muscle to lengthen normally again. So, in combination with the application of the spray, it's necessary to put a gentle stretch on the muscle. The spray will permit you to move the part of the body that is hurting, so that you can coax the muscle to lengthen. You very gently stretch out the spasm.

Q: *Is early treatment important in dealing with muscle pain?*

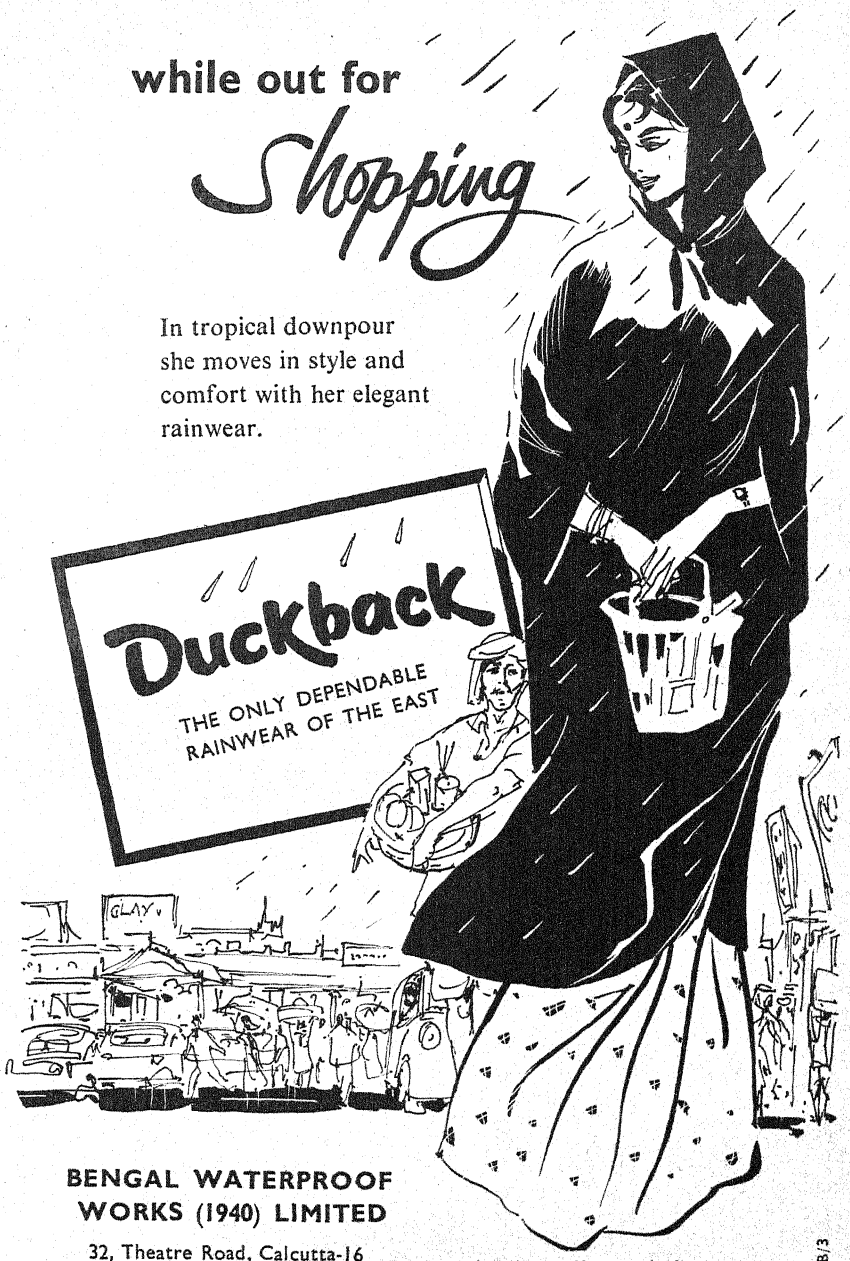
A: The longer the pain lasts, the more muscles you have to deal with. Pain may start in one muscle and, after a while, neighbouring parallel lines of muscles will shorten and tighten to protect the first one from carrying a load. The problem then is to get all the guy ropes back to normal resting length. That becomes much more difficult.

Q: *Can your methods give relief to people who have a "slipped disk" in the back?*

A: In the "acute" disk—the inflammatory stage of disk injury—relieving the muscle spasm doesn't

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help. After the disk has got well, my methods might help a lot in dealing with what is sometimes called a "post-disk syndrome." Here the situation in the disk, or spine, is fine, but the patient continues to have the same pain in the legs and back—which is now entirely the result of the residual muscle spasm. This spasm may respond well to treatment.

Q: *Why is it that doctors who are skilful enough to repair a slipped disk seem unable to cure the muscle spasms that persist afterwards?*

A: The doctor who repairs the slipped disk is primarily a surgeon. The medical follow-up treatment after slipped-disk surgery involves painstaking attention to the total medical and mechanical problems of the muscles over a period of time. There is no reason why a top surgeon should be doing this kind of job.

Q: *Are more and more aches and pains inevitable as one gets older and the muscles age?*

A: No, I don't believe they are inevitable. I have had just as good response to treatment by procaine injections in quite old people as in young people. People tend to accept their pains, and they don't know what can be done for them. They think, "Well, I'm just getting older, and I've got a lame leg—I've got rheumatism." But I have rehabilitated many people in their 70's and 80's who thought they were being laid on the shelf because they couldn't do the things they needed to do.

Q: *Are these techniques for treating muscular pain being taught in medical schools?*

A: Medical students are so busy learning about acute illness and life and death that they do not necessarily appreciate the importance of muscular pain. There isn't time for it in our current medical curriculum.

SHORTLY after its publication of this interview, *U.S. News & World Report* printed the following letter from Dr. Travell:

"The interview on painful muscle spasm has loosed a flood of mail from people who desire my advice. Since it is impossible for me to answer all of these letters promptly with the attention that they deserve, I wish to make a general reply.

1. Procaine injection of the muscles is not a 'cure-all' as I clearly indicated in the interview. For this treatment to be effective, it must be used in the condition for which it was intended.

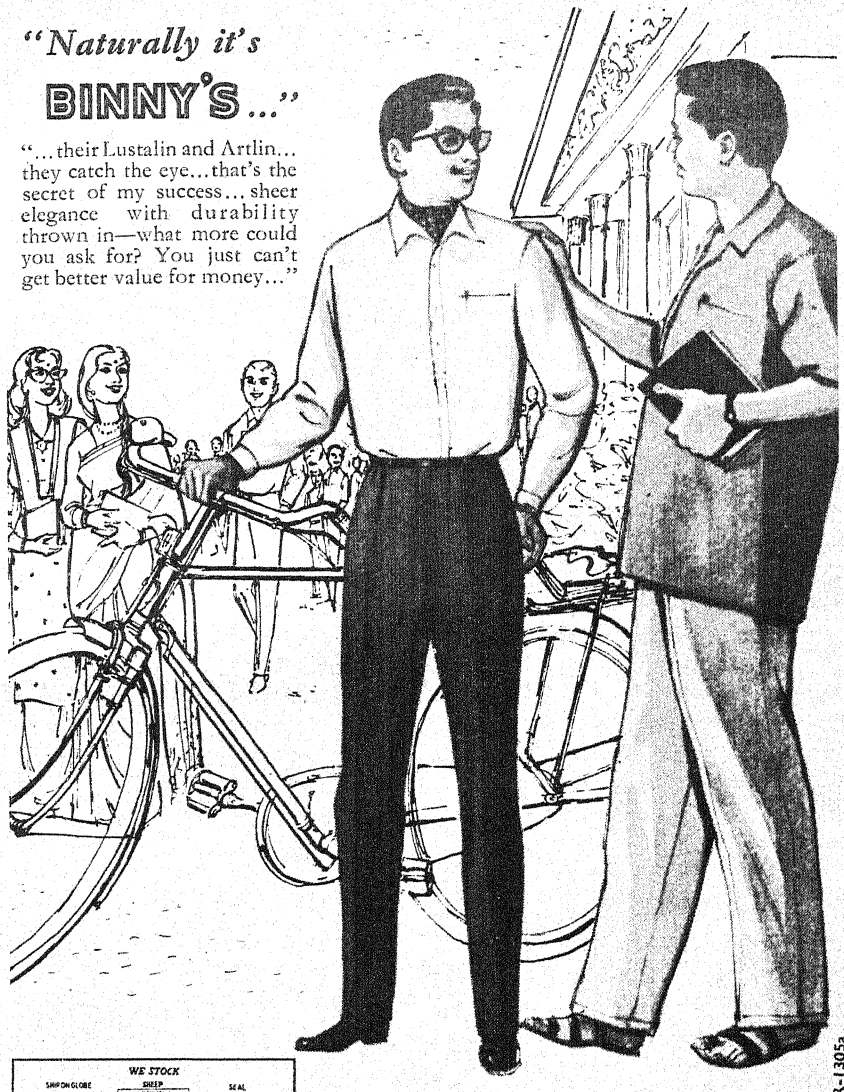
2. Treatment of the muscles will not cure multiple sclerosis, amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, scoliosis, rheumatoid arthritis or a multitude of other neurological and structural disorders.

3. I believe that most doctors are becoming more aware of the problems connected with muscle spasm, and more concerned with its effective treatment."

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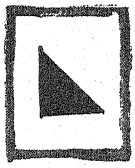
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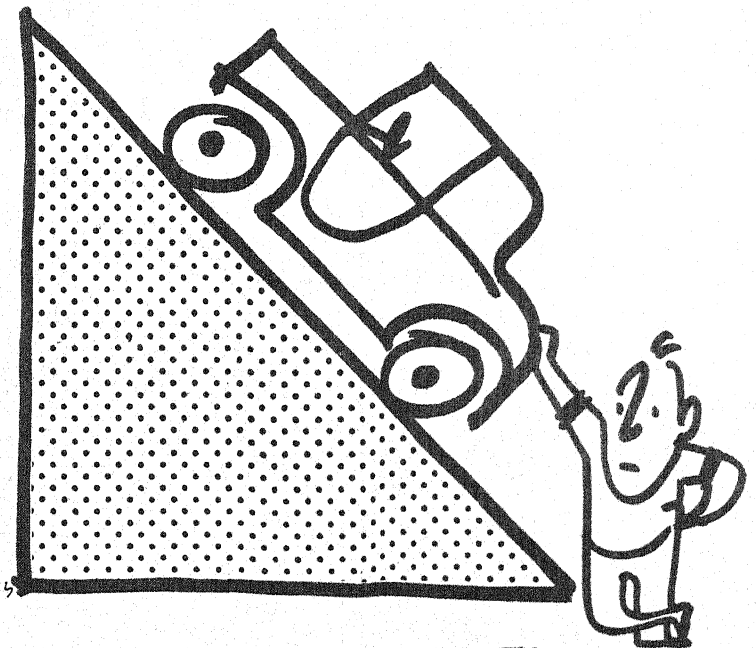
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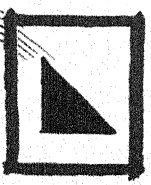
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They Count Their Wealth in Sons

By Frank Cameron

The dramatic and amusing experiences of Ed and Alyce MacDonald who, with more magic than money, have brought up 45 boys in the past 30 years

TO UNDERSTAND the MacDonald family of Paradise, California, it would help if you enjoyed fishing at daybreak or barbecuing at midnight. It would be better if, while liking to laugh, you have also had some intimacy with heartbreak. And it would be absolutely necessary that you should love life itself in such varied forms and numbers as three horses, four pigs, four cows, a donkey named "Two-and-a-Half," a racoon, unspecified numbers of dogs, chickens, cats and ducks, 78 goats, 122 pigeons—and 45 sons.

There are those who have a different concept of the paradisaic life, but it is doubtful if either Edward or Alyce MacDonald would want to change much in their 30-year epic of rearing sons by the platoon. Although this brotherly congregation has usually been identified as the MacDonald Boys, only three have been the MacDonalds' own sons. As for the rest, one was legally adopted; of another the MacDonalds became legal guardians; the staggering remainder have been foster sons, but in name only, for the relationship has been far closer.

To take a simple illustration: Ed MacDonald, a reserved man of 60 with an unexpected antic humour, wears as his prized possession a watch inscribed, "From Danny—to the greatest inspiration in my life—My Dad."

Danny came to the MacDonalds as a rebellious 13-year-old tough. After five years with them Danny now proudly wears, in his turn, the special badge of distinction reserved for those MacDonald Boys who remain with the family until they are 18—a ring set with a small but unmistakable diamond taken from a brooch Alyce MacDonald's mother gave her on her wedding day.

Unlike quiet Ed, 52-year-old Alyce is outgoing and hearty. Almost as tall as her six-foot husband, she gives the formidable impression of moving about under full sail. If there are any tricks she has yet to learn about rearing boys, these lie outside a code that has produced results. Never precisely defined, her formula is anchored at one end by strictness and at the other by unabashed love.

The rambling house, surrounded by two acres of land in the lovely Sierra foothills, was originally just a good-sized cottage. Then one boy added a radio "shack"; later two more built a dormitory; a veranda and a terrace were transformed into extra rooms. Outside, the big garden has provided space for a baseball diamond, basketball hoops, a barbecue pit, a duck pond, a corral and a bunkhouse-barn. These accessories have been used by succeeding waves of boys who have grown up and gone into the armed services (16 have joined the U.S. Marine Corps—a record that has brought the family an official citation), or married and established families of their own.

Indoors, the MacDonald home has a battered, much-lived-in look, indicating that the process of attrition has been terrific. In the last ten years alone, the boys have reduced five sofas to tired and lumpy shadows of their former selves.

"Some day," says Alyce, "I want to own just one piece of furniture that we didn't get second-hand."

The economics of rearing boys by the score—most of whom come from broken homes and many of whom have serious emotional problems—is anything but clear-cut. But

somehow the MacDonalds have been managing it.

In 1931, when the Depression hit hard, Alyce answered the advertisement of a widowed mother who offered 15 dollars a month for a home for her teenage boy—we'll call him Tim—while she worked. The MacDonalds got Tim and the first 15 dollars, but that was all. Even so, they kept Tim for three years, and it was he who set an historic family precedent.

A slovenly youth at first, Tim changed his habits almost magically after he joined the U.S. Marine Corps Reserve, in which he trained one night a week. Quickly he learned to put away his clothes and change dirty socks for clean. So impressed was Alyce that when Tim wanted a special polish to use on his uniform brass she gladly downgraded a Sunday dinner from stew to mince in order to squeeze the necessary 23 cents out of their meagre budget. The sacrifice was not lost on Tim. Eventually he became the Marine major that he is today, and set a goal—brass-button bright—for the other MacDonald Boys to follow.

Over the years the problem of counting dollars has sometimes been no less troubling than that of keeping track of which "son" is which. There have been six Jims, for example. Any current Jim becomes "This Jim," and a former Jim was "Jim-Two." But *the* Jim was "Big Jim," a six-foot-four Marine who was the MacDonalds' own first-born.

Big Jim loved his family's spontaneous way of living, and he was always trying to help them. While working his way through school in near-by Chicago, he bought all the boys monogrammed T-shirts for the family baseball team. Out of one summer's earnings in the local almond groves, he gave his mother 25 dollars, saying, "The kids would like a donkey. See if you can get them one at the Chico auctions."

Breathlessly the boys listened as Alyce, under pressure from a merciless competitor, upped her bids on the only donkey to 22½ dollars.

With only a two-and-a-half-dollar margin left, Ed observed, "If you can get her for 25 dollars we'll call her Two-and-a-Half." And so it was.

When Big Jim was still at school he came home one afternoon with Clancy, who thereafter remained distinct in Alyce's mind as "The Boy Who Came to Dinner." Commenting after dinner that his mother was never at home, Clancy asked, "Can't I live here?" He stayed that night and, when an investigation revealed that he did indeed need a good home, he stayed on.

But Clancy's acceptance into the family was no more casual than that of some of the other boys. There was Bud, for instance, a tall, undernourished lad who simply knocked on the door one day and asked if there was any work he could do. Instantly Alyce's heart went out to him, and she thereafter kept him in mind as

"The Drifter," although he remained with them for four years.

One day, when there were already ten "sons" in the family, two brothers arrived in the charge of a probation officer. Stocky, dark-complexioned Danny was 13; Vic, fair and frail-looking, was nine. The elder boy, with his long Teddy boy haircut and leather jacket, was obviously his younger brother's idol and protector. "Don't cry," Alyce heard Danny say as he put his arm round Vic. "I'll get you out of here, just the way I did at all them other 'homes.'"

Danny and Vic endured the first day's routine in the MacDonald household with stiff reserve. That evening, when Ed returned from work, they all sat down to a fried-chicken dinner, the traditional first-night meal for new boys. But if Danny or Vic regarded this as anything special, neither gave any indication.

In the next fortnight, Vic showed signs of warming to the other boys, occasionally even followed their example of calling Alyce "Mom." Danny, though, remained contemptuous of this rural exile. He made it plain that it was "corny" to like rearing pigeons, using soft talk or showing affection—except to Vic.

It was Ed MacDonald who wrought the first perceptible change in Danny. One Saturday in the

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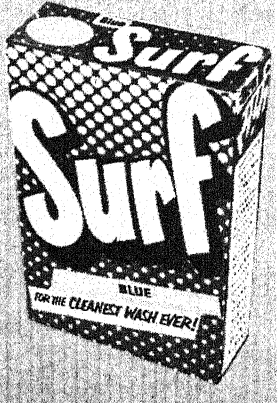
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spring he said unexpectedly, "Danny, let's you and me go down to Butte Creek fishing." Surprisingly, Danny agreed. It isn't easy to say just how the man and the boy—the one reserved, the other arrogant—communicated that day or any day thereafter. But they did. Something in the day satisfied a need in Danny, and on their return home he said wistfully, "No one ever took me fishing before." Then he added a word which, thus far in his stay with the MacDonalds, had been alien to him: "Thanks!"

That fishing trip marked the genesis of Danny the outdoorsman. From fishing, his enthusiasm spread to shooting. Ultimately Danny's skill with rod and gun led him to try his hand at other things, including, to Alyce's astonishment, the baking of cakes. And, far from being contemptuous of the country, he spoke of the day when he would make his home and bring up a family in Paradise—a plan he still intends to carry out on receiving his discharge from the Marine Corps.

Small wonder that Ed MacDonald is proud of the inscribed watch Danny sent him—especially as Danny had never before used the words with which he ended the inscription: "My Dad."

Perhaps the most memorable events for the boys have involved the MacDonalds' menagerie. There



was the time, for instance, when Two-and-a-Half crashed into the septic tank at about two o'clock one summer morning. The noise awakened Danny, who found the donkey floundering chest-deep. At the sight of Danny, Two-and-a-Half brayed her misery, sparking the goats into bleating, the dogs to barking and the rest of the neighbourhood into instant life. The more spectators gathered, the louder Two-and-a-Half brayed.

Someone offered to call the fire brigade, but Ed was afraid the sirens might bring the other half of the town to witness the ridiculous plight of his family. Instead, he got the most powerful tow truck in the area and this, with chains, slings and good stout hemp, finally rescued Two-and-a-Half. Since the boy who had failed to check the corral the previous evening was going to be landed with the bill, there was considerable anxiety until the bill came in. Fortunately, the tow-truck driver had a sense of humour, which he neatly spelt out thus: "For services rendered, Two-and-a-Half."

Today the march of progress has caught up with Paradise, and the MacDonald house has developed a kind of sterile respectability. Though dogs are still allowed, all barnyard and other joyous animals are taboo. An era has ended.

With the animals gone and only five foster boys in residence, Ed and Alyce find life a little less hectic, and a lot less stimulating. For boys have been their career. Only once did they think seriously of giving it up. Eleven years ago, a telegram arrived from Washington: Big Jim lay dead, shot down in Korea. It was a crushing blow. Big Jim was everybody's favourite; countless things round the house were reminders of his kindness. Shortly before the telegram came, he had written home nostalgically:

"When you wrote to me about the kids and the picnic, it reminded me of the night when we burned the old tree up on Wagstaff Road. You remember, don't you? Now, think where all those kids are who took part in that party. All over the world, like me they dream of their childhood—a thousand memories, and always a lump in their throats. . . . God created His highest work when He created the two people who hold the world together—the mother who bears and the father who provides."

It took a long time, after the funeral, for emotions to get balanced again. Even now near the front door stands a framed picture of Big Jim under a lamp that burns all night, every night. Alyce keeps the lamp there for all the boys who have gone away and might some time return. And whenever thoughts of Big Jim threaten to overwhelm her, Ed says quietly, "Remember, Mom, we've still got boys to look after. Jim said it right: they need us to hold their world together."

BOOK OF THE MONTH

Battle at

BUNKER HILL

Here is the compelling truth about a dramatic battle—the first major engagement of the American Revolution—that has gone down in schoolboy legend as a British defeat.

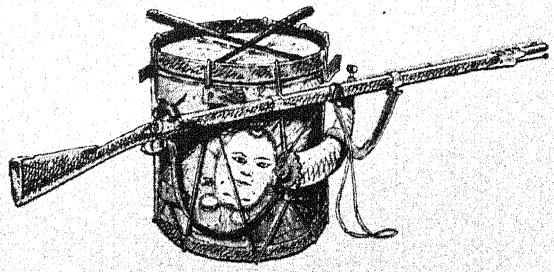
In fact, Bunker Hill ranks among the epics of the British Army. A small force of Redcoats, dogged by ill-luck, sometimes outnumbered, fought back with grim determination against a well-armed and entrenched enemy. The day was ultimately won by the sheer courage of the British infantry.

"It is a prime quality of Mr. Fleming's book that he does justice to each side; plenty of heroism and plenty of mistakes on both," commented A. L. Rowse in the London Sunday Times.

History comes vividly and dramatically to life in this story full of surprises, full of hitherto little-known human vignettes.

from the book "Now We Are Enemies"

BY THOMAS FLEMING



Battle at Bunker Hill



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IT WAS June 17, 1775. As the first streaks of dawn began to lighten the sky above Boston Harbour, the marine on the morning watch aboard H.M.S. *Lively* peered shoreward. Since his ship was part of the British fleet assigned to blockade Boston, it behoved him to keep a sharp eye out for trouble.

His predecessor on the middle watch had reported hearing movement on the heights above Charlestown during the night. Now, as the light grew and the hill became distinct, the marine stared aghast. There was certainly something new there.

Roused from his bunk, Captain Thomas Bishop rushed to the quarter-deck and, in the grey light, forced his eyes to follow the marine's excited finger. Unbelievably, an impressive fortification had appeared on Breed's Hill during the night. It was not the work of amateurs—that was evident at a glance. Confronting them on the south-east side was a redan jutting out like an arrowhead. Only professional military engineers added that kind of touch to their forts. Now men could be seen digging a ditch around the outside—another professional touch.

Bishop wheeled, and barked orders to the watch. Slowly the sloop swung broadside to Charlestown.

"Commence firing!" the captain roared. With an ear-shattering crash the *Lively's* ten starboard guns

"Now We Are Enemies," © 1960 by Thomas Fleming, is published by Gollancz, London.

opened up on the American fort.

The booming cannon wakened all of Boston. Admiral Samuel Graves, commander of the flotilla in the harbour, petulantly sent an *aide* to find out what in blazes the *Lively* was shooting at. Admiral Graves had had nothing but trouble since he arrived in Boston the year before. He had been sent from England to close the port as Parliamentary punishment for the unpardonable Boston Tea Party, in which several hundred Bostonians, thinly disguised as Mohawk Indians, had whooped down to Griffin's Wharf and destroyed three shiploads of tea rather than pay a British tax on it or submit to Parliamentary interference in American business. But his ships were undermanned and too few in number to blockade efficiently the vast coastline he was supposed to patrol. It was, moreover, his first experience with a large command.



Major-General Thomas Gage

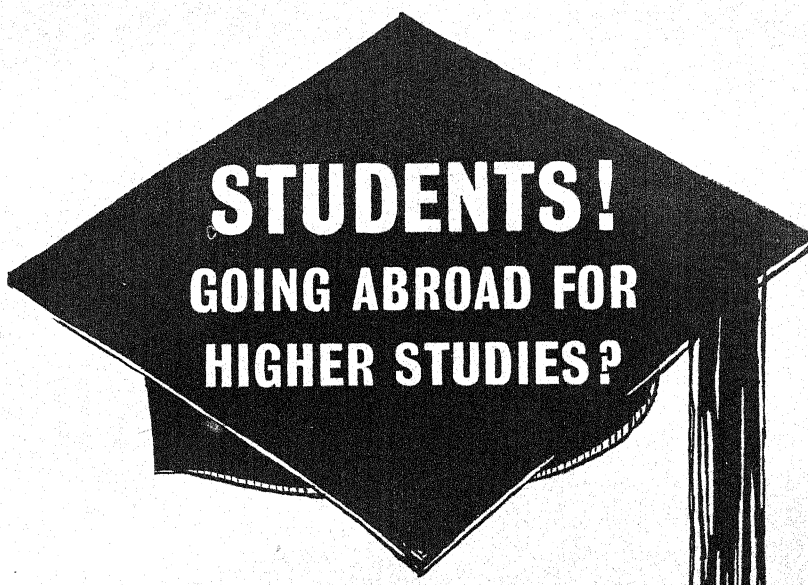
He fumbled furiously with his uniform while another broadside boomed across the harbour. His *aide* returned to inform him that Captain Bishop was firing upon some American troops "who are entrenching on the heights above Charlestown."

"He has no such orders," Admiral Graves snapped. "Tell him to cease fire immediately."

Admiral Graves had a low opinion of American soldiers, and pictured them "entrenching" by throwing up haphazard mounds of earth. A good broadside from the battleship *Somerset* would send them flying like geese. Indeed, he heartily agreed with the Earl of Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty, who believed that "the Americans will bluster and swell until danger nears. Then, like other mobs, they will throw down their guns and run away."

Fifteen minutes later, as Admiral Graves prepared to eat breakfast, his *aide* returned with a message from Major-General Thomas Gage, Governor-General of the Massachusetts colony. Significantly—for he, too, had been sent to discipline the seditious Bostonians—Gage was also Commander-in-Chief of all British forces in the New World.

"His Excellency would appreciate your examining the rebel fortifications on Charlestown Heights," the



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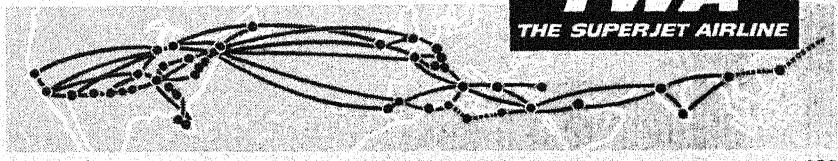
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aide reported. "They are said to be substantial."

The admiral grunted unenthusiastically. His relations with Gage had been strained from the start. Gage had no authority over him; Graves received all his orders from the Admiralty in far-off London. He frequently reminded the general of this fact, and in his letters home he reiterated that he had no responsibility for the army's problems and blunders, brought on, he invariably hinted, by Gage's incompetence.

No doubt he was nursing thoughts of this nature as he trudged to the flat roof of his house and trained his glass on Charlestown Heights. What he saw made him gasp. "Order all ships to commence firing immediately," he said.

Ten minutes later, with a roar that shook every window in Boston, the fleet opened up, with 168 guns, on the rebel fort. At first the guns did nothing but tear out chunks of earth 100 yards below the crest of the hill. Soon, though, the British got the range. Again and again Graves saw shots smash against the side of the American fort—but they bounced harmlessly back. How could the rebels have built something so solid in a single night?

An Unhappy Council of War

Up in Province House, the Governor-General was trying to assess the situation when Abijah Willard, one of his loyalist councillors, hurried in to see if there was anything he could do. Willard found Gage studying the American works through his field-glass. The Governor-General turned to him and said, "Do you recognize the tall man walking on the parapet?"

Willard squinted through the glass and did indeed recognize him. "That is Colonel William Prescott, my brother-in-law," he said.

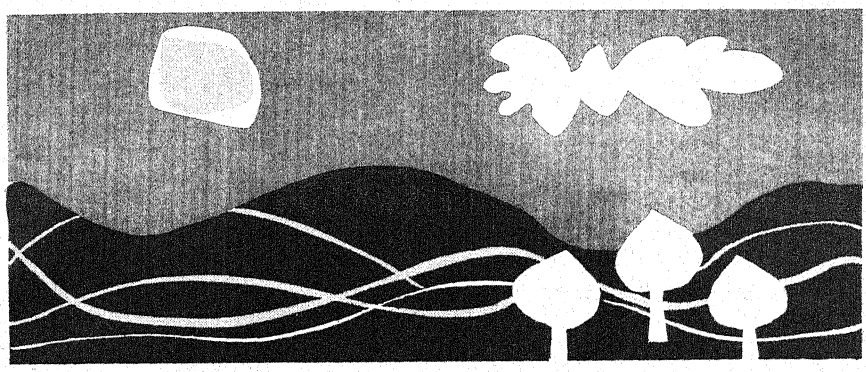
"Will he fight?" Gage asked.

"I cannot answer for his men," Willard said. "But he will fight you to the gates of hell."

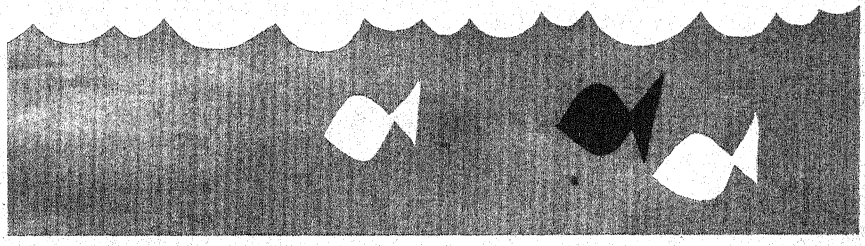
"The fort must be taken," Gage said.

Unlike Admiral Graves, he had no illusions about American courage. But courage and training were not synonymous. The Americans were at their best in a running skirmish over ground which offered a maximum of cover. They were at their worst in the kind of battle that apparently they were now choosing to fight: a clash of massed troops on a relatively open field (for Gage did not believe that works thrown up in a single night could really offer much cover). This was the kind of fighting in which British infantry had won again and again, almost always against superior numbers. It took more than courage to stand against artillery and a thousand levelled bayonets.

Presently William Howe and other staff officers arrived at Province House and, as servants moved about lighting candles, they



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held a council of war. It was not a cheerful meeting. Many fellow officers had resigned and sacrificed their careers rather than be sent to Boston to serve against the Americans. And every man there was depressed by the unhappy turn of events.

Thomas Gage had spent 18 years in the New World. He had married a New Jersey girl, and 10 of their 11 children had been born in America. He was a friend of George Washington and of Israel Putnam. Indeed, he had a wider circle of American friends than any other British soldier on the continent.

Ever since he had been appointed Governor-General of Massachusetts —a thankless job, for he was expected simultaneously to frighten the Americans and to negotiate with them—Gage had leaned over backwards to be conciliatory. His troops in Boston were harassed by roving bands of tough longshoremen thrown out of work by the closing of the port. Called "liberty boys," they prowled the streets picking fights with British soldiers, or trying to separate them from their muskets. Sometimes they bought the guns from the underpaid privates, who then reported them stolen. Sometimes they simply got a man drunk and took his musket. In his anxiety to maintain the peace, General Gage had endured such provocations with endless patience.



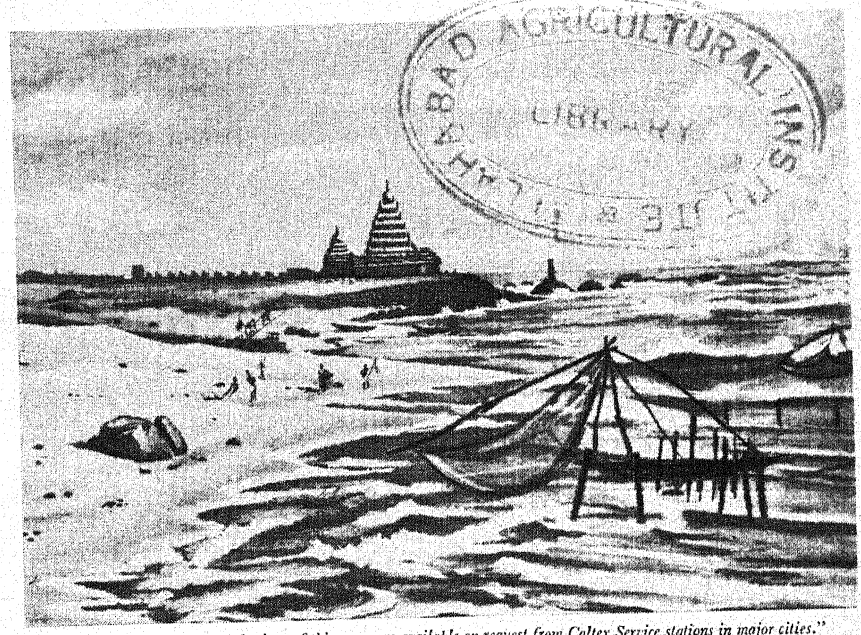
Major-General William Howe

But in England, where the trouble in Boston was considered the work of a small "faction," there had been a mounting dissatisfaction with Gage. The King and his ministers were annoyed that he had not tried anything novel or daring which might have eliminated the American problem in one bold stroke. Finally, Lord Dartmouth, Secretary of State for the Colonies, had written Gage a "secret" letter of instructions, lecturing him for inactivity and telling him to repel force with force.

Seeking to comply, Gage had sent 700 men to Concord, 25 miles from Boston, to destroy the considerable store of arms which the colonials had gathered there. They successfully destroyed some of the arms, but at Lexington they had an unfortunate brush with some "minutemen"—a skirmish which left seven

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Americans lying dead on the village green. At Concord Bridge a running fight began which cost the British 273 casualties before they got back to Boston.

The news of Lexington and Concord had aroused all New England, and companies of minutemen poured into Cambridge from the rest of Massachusetts, and from Connecticut, Rhode Island and New Hampshire. Within a week an army of 15,000 men lay encamped in a nine-mile arc outside Boston, many of them only a musket shot away from Gage's sentries.

In order to break this stalemate and settle the persistent dispute that was alienating three million American subjects, Major-General William Howe had been sent to Boston with additional troops. At the council table the Governor-General addressed him with exquisite courtesy, although Gage must have known that his own days as Commander-in-Chief were numbered.

Howe, long a defender of the American cause, had hoped to win over the colonists simply by brandishing his sword and shining military reputation. But when he arrived in Boston and found himself confronted by an armed rebellion, he had reluctantly put aside his diplomat's role. The envoy of a great empire does not talk peace without first proving he can win the war. Accordingly, Howe had drawn up a battle plan by which he counted on engaging the raw American troops in the open and crushing them decisively. The plan was to go into effect the next day, June 18.

But the Americans, whose spy service was excellent, knew all about that plan. The desperate need to forestall it had driven them to fortify the heights above Charlestown.

Circumstances now left the British officers little choice. If they allowed the rebels to fortify a hill which commanded Boston and the harbour, the British troops, cut off from the mainland, would be seriously threatened. Major-General Henry Clinton was for an immediate attack before the rebels had a chance to bring up more reinforcements or do more fortifying.

"The Americans have put themselves in a bag," he argued. "All we have to do is squeeze it."

The others agreed on the need for haste, and approved the plan worked out by Howe, which called for landing troops on the outermost tip of Charlestown peninsula. Thus the Battle of Bunker Hill, an engagement that was radically to alter the course of the next two centuries, was now made certain. (The battle was actually fought on Breed's Hill; Bunker Hill, the next rise, was the Americans' second line of defence.)

The Redoubt on the Heights

WHEN THE *Lively's* guns had first opened up on the American redoubt, the young militiamen still toiling furiously to complete it had dropped their picks and shovels and

rushed to peer over the walls. Few of them knew just where they were, for they had been marched to Breed's Hill by night. Now, in the early dawn, they could see how exposed they were.

"Then we saw our danger, being against eight ships of the line and all Boston fortified against us," Peter Brown, a 20-year-old company clerk in Colonel William Prescott's Massachusetts regiment recalled later. "It made us think we were brought here to be all slain."

Prescott sensed this uneasiness and brusquely drove the men back to work.

"All right, they know where we are now. All the more reason to finish the job."

All night the tall, lean New Englander had pushed on the work of entrenchment. "Dig, men, dig for your lives," he had urged again and again, and occasionally he had thrown aside his coat and seized a shovel himself. Junior officers had followed his example, and the young farmers who made up the bulk of the colonial troops had worked steadily in the soft summer earth.



Brigadier-General Israel Putnam

They were militia units from Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and they were all —officers and men—probably the most unmilitary soldiers ever assembled to fight a major battle. Only Prescott wore a uniform—a light blue coat and a three-cornered blue hat. The rest wore everyday farm clothes—large, broad-brimmed hats, leather trousers fastened below the knee, heavy wool stockings, and long, shapeless, home-made coats, dyed in a dozen irregular colours.

Two years before, there had not been a man among them who would have hesitated to drink a toast to King George III. Indeed, they had all, in the words of John Adams, "gloried in the name of Englishmen."

Brigadier-General Israel Putnam of the Army of Connecticut, for example, had shared the dangers of a dozen campaigns with several British officers now stationed in Boston, and counted them as warm personal friends. A grey-haired, square-jawed, heavily built man of 53, "Old Put" was a living military

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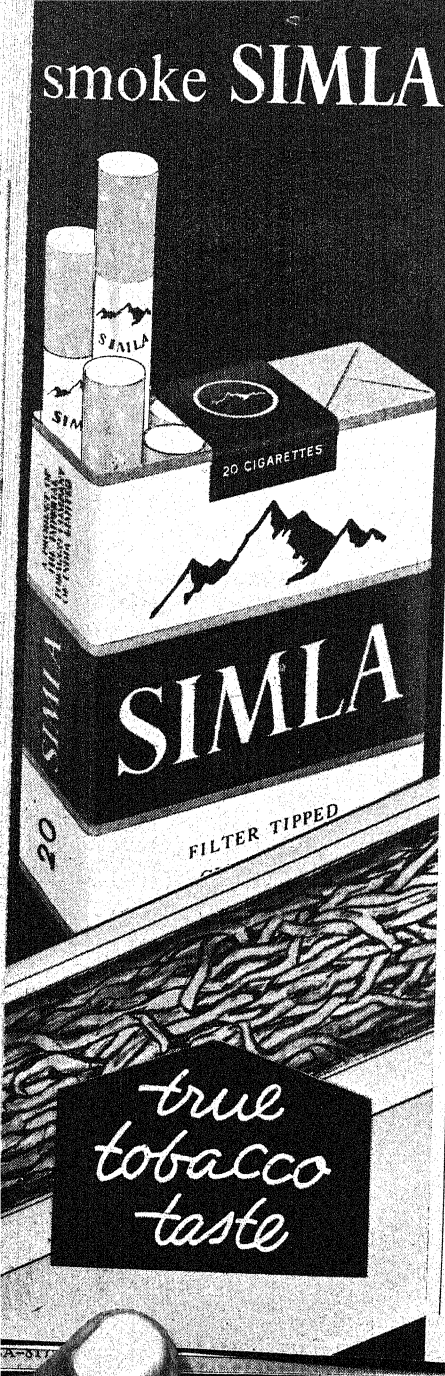
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legend, known throughout New England for his exploits against the Red Indians and the French. On Breed's Hill he had been everywhere on his white horse, inciting the men to dig.

"Americans are much afraid for their legs," he told his officers. "Cover them and they will fight for ever."

Colonel Richard Gridley, who designed the redoubt—a sturdy structure 160 feet long and 80 feet wide—had until a few months before held the rank of colonel in the British Army. He was the most gifted engineer in the New World. He had contributed greatly to the British victory over the French on the heights of Quebec in 1759 by enabling General Wolfe to drag two cannon up the perpendicular cliffs.

William Prescott, now 43, had fought as a lieutenant in the colonial regiments which had helped the British to take the Nova Scotia fortress of Louisburg from France in 1758. His cool courage and qualities of leadership had caught the attention of the British commanding officers, and he had been offered a commission in the British Army—a rare compliment for an American. Prescott had refused it and returned to his farm at Pepperell, Massachusetts.

Among the privates, one man who stood out from the others was Peter Salem, one of the three free Negroes in Prescott's regiment.

There were four more in the other two regiments. Free Negroes were commonplace in Massachusetts: some were escaped slaves; some had been freed by white masters in Pennsylvania and even farther south. Already slavery was a burden on the conscience of many Americans.

The First Casualty

THE MEN dived for cover when suddenly, with an enormous crash, the entire fleet began its thunderous bombardment. The *Lively's* ten guns had been as nothing by comparison. Cannon balls beyond counting whined through the air over their heads or thudded against the earthen walls.

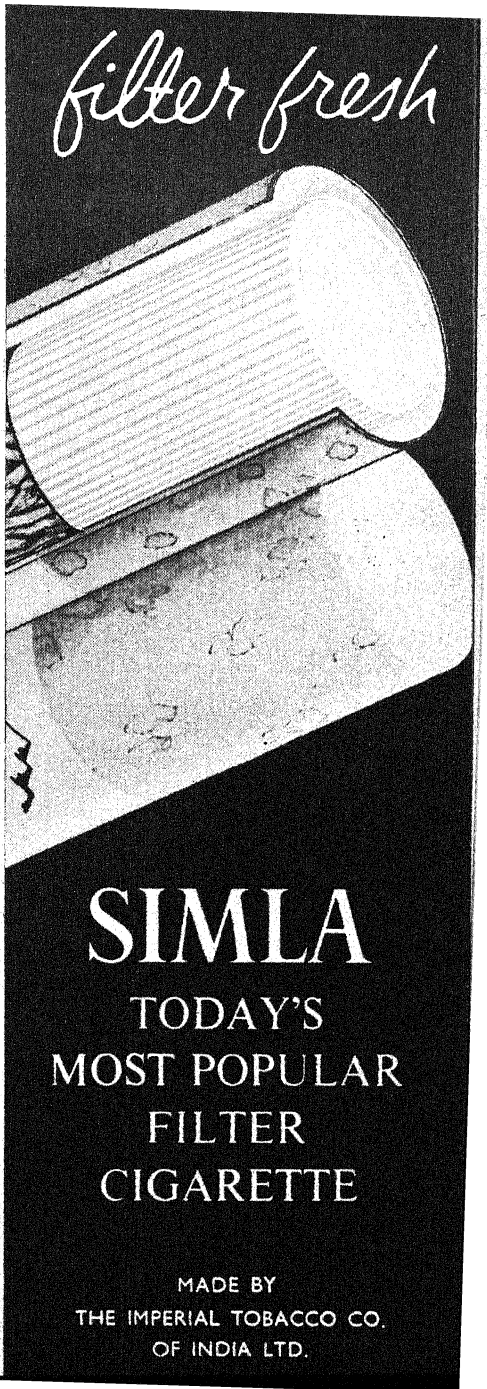
The walls stood firm. Six feet high and nowhere less than a foot thick, they had been carefully packed with earth and bunches of twisted branches called fascines, and at points they were strengthened by earth-filled hogsheads. They were strong enough to stop the largest cannon balls that the British could fire. But the men were nervous.

"Where's *our* cannon?" someone shouted sullenly.

"We'll have cannon soon enough, won't we, Colonel?" Prescott said, turning to Gridley. The chief engineer was also head of the lone American artillery regiment.

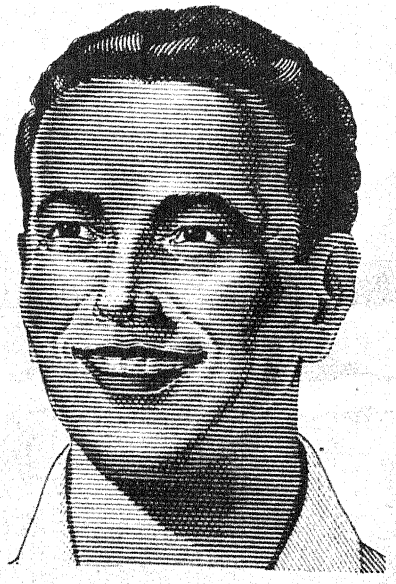
"I will go myself to bring it on," Gridley said.

It was an imperative mission. Every man in the fort had been brought up to believe that British



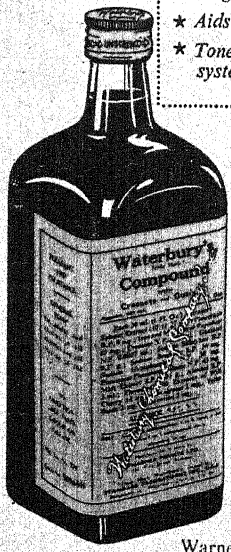
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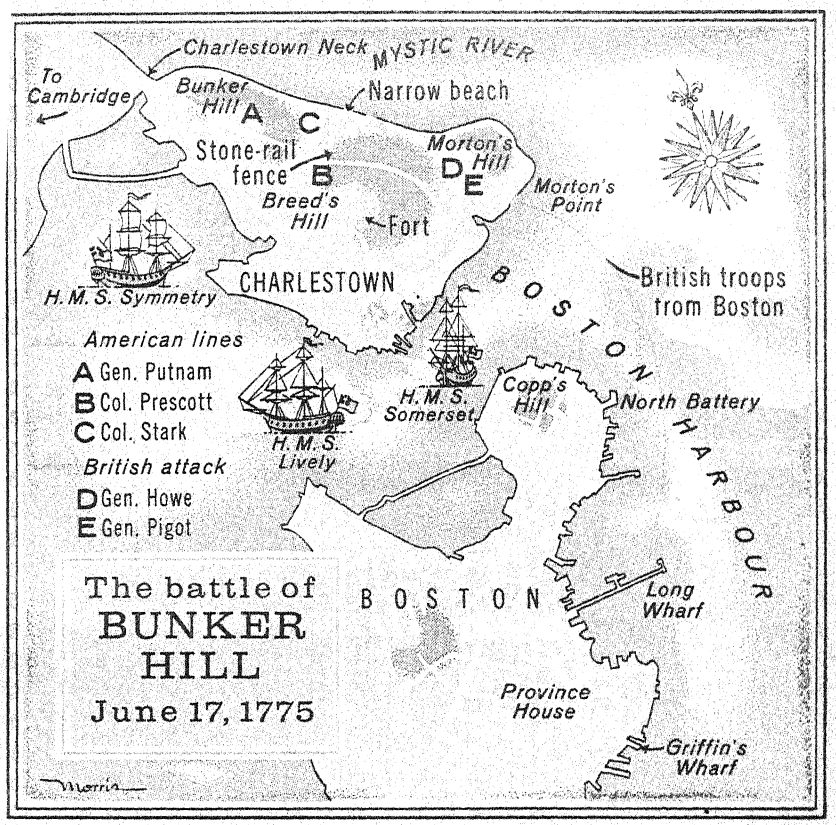
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regulars were the finest soldiers in the world. How could they stand against them without cannon? With every broadside from the fleet, some of them now flinched. As he looked at their weary faces, even General Putnam, though naturally optimistic, must have had qualms about their fighting qualities.

More than any other man in the Cambridge camp, Putnam had exerted himself to give them confidence. But two months of disorganized camp life could not create that *esprit* which enables men to rise above their individual fears and draw courage from pride of regiment. This was the secret of the British infantry, and Putnam understood it perfectly. He could only rely on another kind of courage—the courage of men fighting for a cause.

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By eight o'clock that morning the redoubt was completed, including firing platforms for the hoped-for cannon. Already it was hot under the mounting sun; fine dust particles were parching every throat, and the soldiers who had been working steadily through the night began to complain of hunger and thirst. Colonel Prescott was irritated to discover that many had not obeyed their marching orders, which had specified that they were to bring a day's provisions in their knapsacks. He sprang upon a firing platform.

"Listen, men!" he shouted above the cannonade. "There's more work to be done. We're going to build a breastwork down the north side of the hill."

The breastwork was urgently necessary; without it the fort could be flanked with ridiculous ease. Nevertheless, a wave of discontent passed through the ranks. "I thought we were going to be relieved," said one surly young private.

"You'll be relieved when I give you an order," Prescott snapped. "Now let's get to work!"

Tools in hand, the men streamed out of the fort and down the hill. Prescott laid out the work to be done, then ordered a detail to move the garrison's small supply of liquids —several kegs of rum and one keg of water—out of the line of fire. Before anyone could obey, a cannon ball struck the water keg and smashed it. Ducking out between salvoes, the men rolled the rum

safely inside the fort—where they sampled a round. It was good provincial rum, but hardly a drink for thirsty men working in the blazing sun. The men on the detail decided to dash down to Charlestown and draw water from one of the wells. At the head of the thirsty column as they started down the hill was Asa Pollard, a cheerful Massachusetts farm boy.

A cannon roared in the harbour, and everyone froze. For a moment Asa Pollard was still on his feet before them. But he was now a monstrous thing, gushing blood. A cannon ball had smashed his head off. Soldiers near him found bits of his hair and flesh clinging to their dusty clothes. Men working near by at the breastwork raced to see the corpse, and a moment later Prescott shoved his way through them and stared down at the headless body.

"What should we do, sir?" a sergeant asked.

Prescott answered in two crisp words: "Bury him."

"Bury him without prayers?"

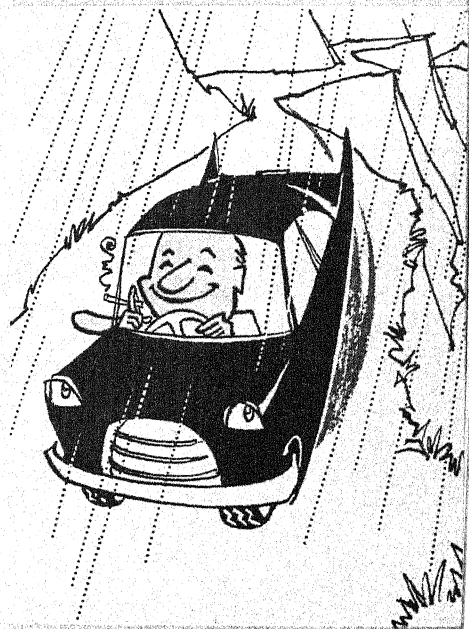
"Without prayers," Prescott said. Then, sensing that his men needed something more to brace them, he sprang on to the parapet of the fort in defiance of the cannonade.

"It was a one-in-a-million shot, men," he roared. "See how close they come to hitting me!"

Up and down he strolled while cannon balls smashed into the wall only a few feet behind him. The men burst into a cheer and went

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back to work. But ten minutes later Prescott saw a clump of men with a regimental chaplain gathered around Pollard's body. He sprang off the parapet and rushed over to the group.

"I want to see every man working," he stormed.

"We cannot bury this brave soldier without prayers, Colonel," the chaplain said stiffly.

Prescott ignored him. "Get back to your work!" he said to the men. Cowed, they drifted back to the breastwork and picked up their shovels. Prescott remounted the parapet. When he looked again there were more men around the chaplain, who was persistently conducting a service. Prescott swore mightily under his breath. But this time he did nothing.

The British Regulars

IN BOSTON, the British were feverishly preparing for action. Howe had ordered 2,300 crack troops to be ready to embark in the fleet rowing boats at 11.30. And as he instructed each man to carry a full knapsack (which, together with the 14-pound musket, weighed 120 pounds) and three days' supply of boiled beef and bread, it was evident that his plans went beyond knocking the rebellious Americans off Breed's Hill. He hoped to carry out the plans, formulated earlier, for breaking the ring of colonial troops that hemmed him in Boston. He hoped to sleep that night in Cambridge.

The grenadiers, the cream of the regiments, who for 150 years had been the tallest, strongest soldiers in the army and experts with the bayonet, were selected for the mission. Also chosen were the wiry, agile light infantry, and the regular or "line" regiments whose pride of corps and feats of military heroism had stirred Englishmen for generations.

There was, for example, the Fourth or "King's Own" Regiment, which had seen over a century of valorous service; the Royal Marines, the first British conquerors of Gibraltar, who were also a proud and traditionally tough corps with a 100-year history; and the 23rd or Royal Welch Fusiliers, whose reputation was so great that the very sight of their standards sent shivers of fear down enemy spines.

The men spent all the morning busily dressing and packing. Summer or winter they wore the same heavy red coats with numerous brass buttons to be polished and facings to be whitened with pipe clay. The waistcoat was tight, and had a stiff collar which forced the soldier to keep his head up. Breeches were as tight as possible, and the gaiters, put on wet, often dried so tight that they hampered circulation. Shoes had to be polished and gleaming.

The lot of the British soldier in the service of George III was incredibly hard. Enlistment was for life. A private was paid eightpence a day. Out of this pittance he had to



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pay for food, clothing, medicine, repair of his weapons, and a dozen other charges. Discipline was harsh. Theft was punishable by death, and for a hundred other offences the lash was the standard prescription. William Howe was considered a humane soldier and was enormously popular with the men. Yet his orderly book listed case after case in which culprits tried by court-martial were sentenced to be publicly flogged with 800 or 1,000 lashes—a custom which watching Bostonians found peculiarly revolting.

What could possibly prompt a man to choose such a way of life? Few of the enlisted men were volunteers. Every regiment in the army maintained its own recruiting squad in England and took what men it could get by fair means or foul. Many a young man met a recruiter in a pub and woke up next morning with a wicked hangover and a lifetime enlistment. It was also customary for English judges to commute a prisoner's sentence if he agreed to enlist.

It was such men as these, on that Saturday morning of June 17, who marched smartly through the Boston streets to the music of fife and drum. They reached Long Wharf and North Battery promptly at 11.30. But a soldier with a full pack does not climb down a ladder and step quickly into a bobbing rowing-boat; one false step would send him to the bottom of the harbour like a rock. And the problem of lowering field cannon into the boats was extremely delicate.

At one o'clock, after much sweating and cursing, only 28 boats were loaded. Six companies of grenadiers and light infantry were still to be embarked. As it was essential to catch the flood tide, Howe left them in Boston for the time being, and his armada of rowing-boats set out in a long double line for Charlestown peninsula. Under covering fire from the fleet, it made for Morton's Point, which had been selected as a landing place.

The moment Howe's boat grated on the beach, he was out of it and at once formed 150 of his tough Fusiliers into a skirmish line well up the hill from the shore. The remaining companies landed; then, grunting and sweating, the artillerymen unloaded their weapons. In 20 minutes Howe's beachhead was secure.

Suddenly there were shouts, and a mixture of curses and cries. At bayonet point, five frightened men were led through the ranks of General Robert Pigot's brigade and shoved in front of Howe.

"What is it?" Howe asked impatiently.

"Deserters, sir," said Pigot. "They broke out of ranks and ran for the American lines."

Howe stared at the white-faced men. "I would like to hang all five of you," he said. "But we need men. Hang these two," he ordered, selecting two men at random.

Begging for mercy, the men were

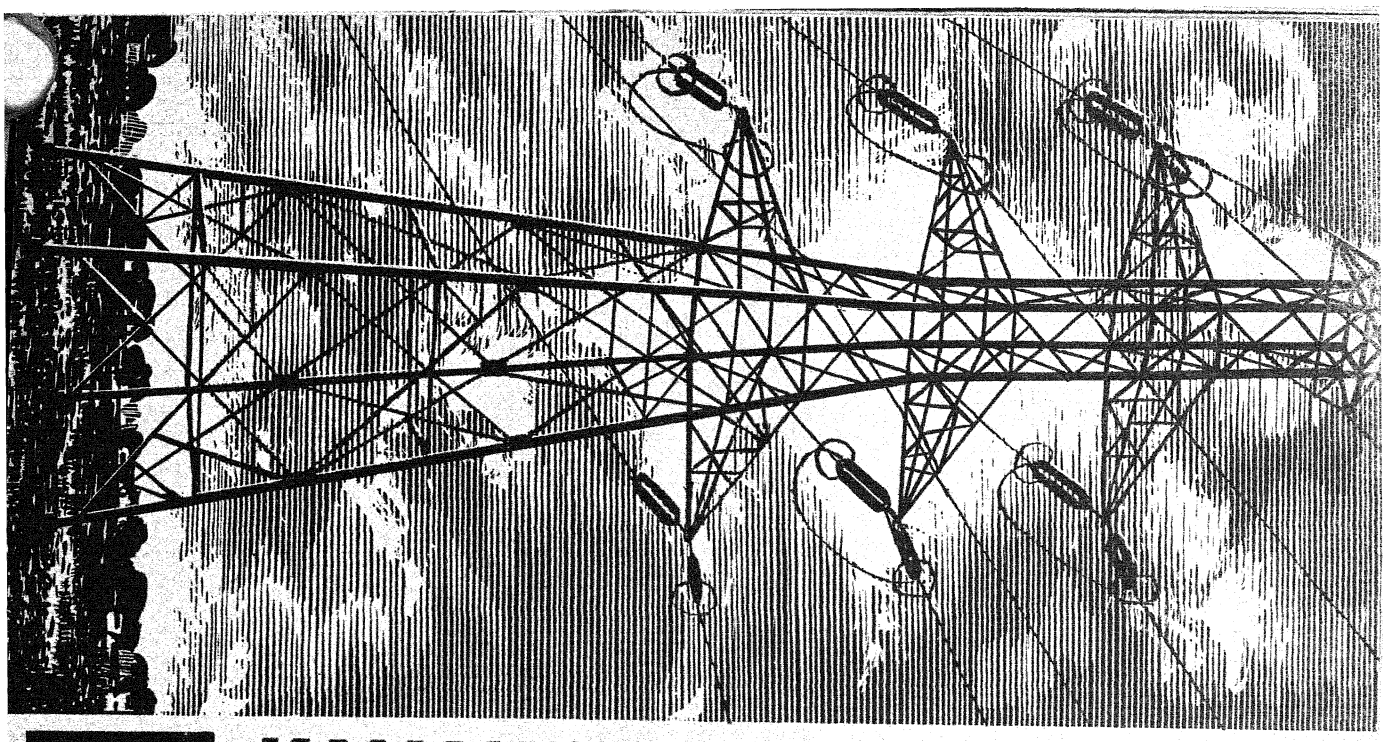


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dragged to near-by trees. The hangman's knot was pulled taut at their necks and, while their comrades watched, they were jerked aloft, to gasp for a few moments, then dangle motionless in the beating sun.

A Dashing and Gifted Young Doctor

ALL THE morning the bombardment of the American redoubt had continued, now intense, now slacking off, but never ceasing entirely. The troops had never been relieved or supplied, and by noon they were much tried by the heat and dust. "We began to be almost worn out," Peter Brown said, "having no victuals but a little salt pork and no drink but rum." Mutterings rose to a new pitch.

Two colonels who were Prescott's fellow regimental commanders had retired to Bunker Hill in exhaustion, and many of their men had melted away with them. Others had volunteered to dig there, for Putnam had insisted that Bunker Hill, too, should be entrenched, as a secondary line. Prescott looked grimly at the dwindling brigade. Of the 900 men who had started work on the redoubt, there were barely 500 left.

When the artillery arrived, the battery included only four guns, of pitifully small bore—four-pounders. The powder cartridges were discovered to be too large to fit, had to be broken open, and the powder ladled in by hand. After a few shots the firing platform collapsed under two guns, and it proved impossible to hamper the British preparations for attack, many of which were plainly visible from the heights. The cannon were never to play an important part in the battle.



Dr. Joseph Warren

General Putnam, the senior officer on the field, spurred his horse across Charlestown Neck and rode into Cambridge to plead for reinforcements.

Artemas Ward, Commander-in-Chief of the patchwork American Army, was worried about the defence of Cambridge and of Roxbury, and most reluctant to send further troops to Breed's Hill. The men in the redoubt might well have despaired, but the suspicion that they were forgotten was instantly and permanently banished by the

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appearance of a glittering figure: Joseph Warren, president of the Massachusetts Provincial Congress, the patriot legislature which had continued to meet in defiance of Gage's orders.

In private life a gifted doctor, fair-haired, dashing, 34-year-old Warren had sacrificed much of his flourishing practice to give every spare minute to the American cause. The two keys to the character of this aristocrat were courage and an open, direct honesty. After the first blood was shed at Lexington, it was Warren's electric call to arms, carried by dispatch riders, that had helped to bring 15,000 men to Cambridge.

Warren had then plunged into the awesome task of organizing these volunteers into a semblance of an army. After a month, when the amateur soldiers started to question the authority of the Provincial Congress, and to look eagerly at near-by farms and herds of cattle, Warren urgently requested the Continental Congress in Philadelphia to adopt the army as a national force. This was the boldest step yet made towards American unity, but Congress was not yet ready to approve it.

Warren had fought for peace. Again and again he had restrained hotheads in the Provincial Congress who shouted for independence and armed revolt. But peace was now a lost cause. There was nothing left to do but share the terror and danger with his countrymen on Breed's Hill. His arrival there brought a great surge of confidence.

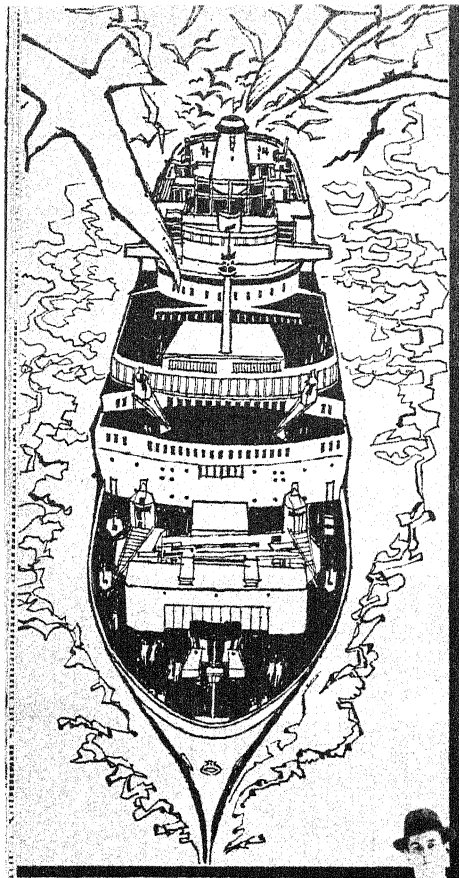
The fiery doctor was always something of a dandy, but today he had surpassed himself. His waistcoat was pale blue, with silk fringes, and was laced with silver; his breeches were white satin. Under his coat was an immaculate white ruffled shirt. Even these expensive clothes helped to steady the men; they were almost a taunt to the resplendent brigade on Morton's Point.

A major-general's commission had been given to Warren but it was not yet signed. When Prescott saluted him and asked if he had any orders to give, the handsome young doctor merely shook his head. "I shall take no command here," he said. "I came as a volunteer with my musket to serve under you."

The Men On Mystic Beach

FOUR TIMES that day Israel Putnam rode down to Cambridge to press for reinforcements. Artemas Ward finally granted help. Much of it arrived on the heights in a piecemeal trickle, sometimes a company, sometimes barely a squad, for the troops had to cross the narrows under British fire. One body of soldiers which came through as a unit was 1,200 men from New Hampshire.

Commanded by Colonel John Stark, a lean frontiersman who had served in Rogers's Rangers and whose reputation as a fighter was second only to Putnam's, these



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uniformless soldiers were, man for man, the best troops in the amorphous American Army. In the other New England colonies the frontier was relatively remote and the hunting increasingly poor; in New Hampshire, the frontier began at the end of the clearing and the woods were still full of game. Stark's men were more used to handling guns than most of the American soldiers, and were also considerably tougher.

It was almost two o'clock when Stark's regiment reached the Cambridge road and headed for Charlestown Neck. They found the highway blocked by a tangle of companies from at least two Massachusetts regiments, who were afraid to risk the ferocious fire from the 18-gun *Symmetry,* and from two floating batteries (planked-up, musket-proof rowing-boats) which were blasting away with four 24-pounders. Stark asked for the right of way. The Massachusetts men were more than willing to give it to him.

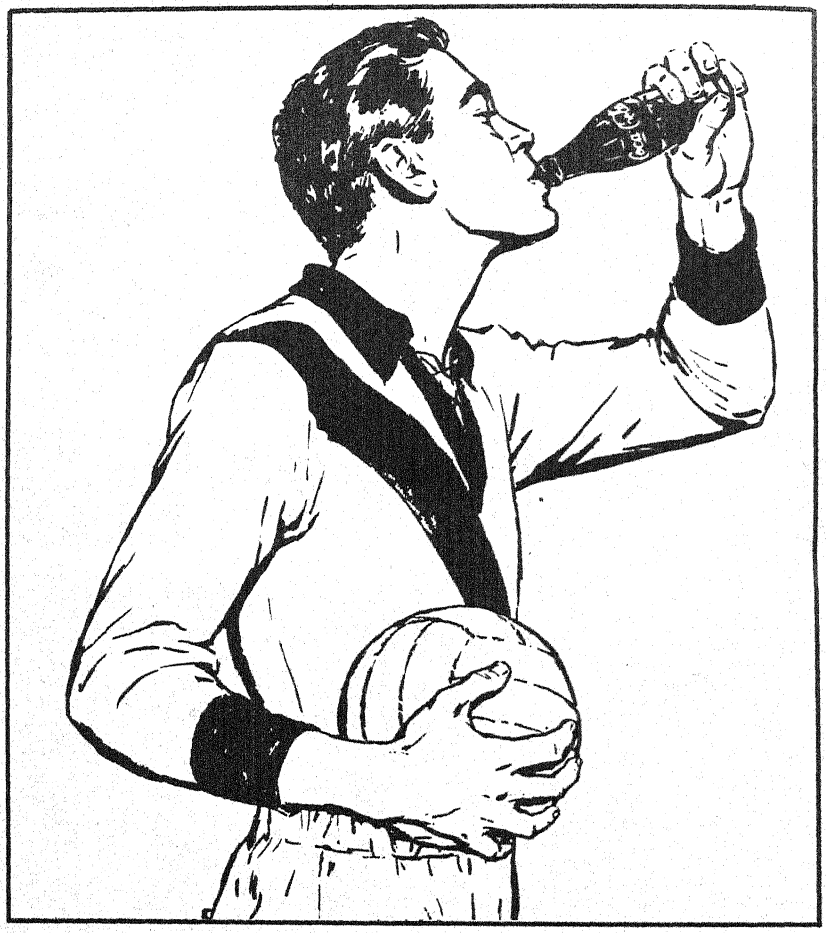
Without a glance to right or left, Stark led his rugged woodsmen out on to the strip of land, which was barely 30 yards wide and without a trace of cover. Captain Henry Dearborn, who commanded the leading company, marched beside the colonel. It was the young captain's first action, and he could not restrain a quiver of nerves as the cannon balls screamed overhead and chainshot and ringshot (the equivalent of modern shrapnel) hissed around them. Men toppled in the dust or cried out in anguish and stumbled from the ranks. But Stark did not hasten his steady parade march by so much as a pace.

The jittery Dearborn abruptly asked if they should think about "quickening the march of the regiment, that it might sooner be relieved of the galling enemy crossfire."

Years later Dearborn still vividly recalled Stark's answer. "He fixed his eyes upon me and observed with great composure: 'Dearborn, one fresh man in action is worth ten fatigued ones.' And he continued to advance in the same collected manner."

In perfect order, at the same regular pace, the New Hampshire men strode up to the crest of Bunker Hill. One glance at the Breed's Hill fortifications told Stark what he should do. The key to the entire American defence, he saw, was a stone-based rail fence which ran down to the Mystic River, and which was now manned by only 200 Connecticut troops. This area offered the most inviting route for flanking the American lines.

Springing up on one of Putnam's unfinished earthworks, Stark gave his men a brief, pungent speech. They could see the British, drawn up there on Morton's Hill. For months these arrogant Redcoats had been calling Americans cowards. Here was a chance to show them just how wrong they were. The



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New Hampshire men responded with a tremendous cheer and poured down the hill behind their colonel. Directed by him, they began to bulletproof the fence in any way their frontier training suggested.

Behind the now strongly held fence John Stark paced up and down, studying the American position. What would he do if he were General Howe, a soldier with a reputation as a light-infantry leader? A frontal assault? Hardly. Howe would look for a way round, probe for a way to get his light infantry into the American rear.

Suddenly Stark saw the hole. The stone-and-rail fence extended to the edge of a bluff, eight or nine feet high, and below it was the beach of the Mystic River. At high tide it was barely a dozen feet wide—but that was more than enough room for a British light-infantry column. "It was," Stark said later, "a way so clear that an enemy could not miss it." Quickly he shifted 200 of his best men to break up some stone walls near by and build a breastwork on the beach, to the water's edge. Placing his men in three ranks behind this crude barrier, he himself took command of the position.

The American defence was now as complete as the combined efforts of Stark, Putnam, Prescott and Gridley could make it. Considering that they had operated in almost complete independence of one another, they had done an amazingly good job. A solid line of more than 2,000 men, at least half of them fresh and ready for battle, now stretched from one side of the peninsula to the other, in strong, well-chosen positions.

Only one question still lingered over the whole battle line. Could these untrained Americans stand up to the disciplined assaults of British regulars?

The Redcoats Move Forward

Howe strode to the top of Morton's Hill and looked over his troops. He had sent for more companies when he spotted the rebels' bristling new flank defences, and there were now 2,300 men at his command. All were rested and well-fed. While he waited for the last to arrive, Howe had given the order for lunch. In full view of the hungry men in the Breed's Hill fort, the Redcoats enjoyed their rations of boiled beef, biscuit and rum. Now they were ready to fight.

"Gentlemen," Howe said, "I am happy to command so fine a body of men. I do not in the least doubt that you will behave like Englishmen, and as becomes good soldiers. If the enemy will not come from their entrenchments, we must drive them out. I shall not desire any one of you to go a step further than where I go myself at your head."

With a roll of drums and a squeal of fifes, Howe's little army moved out from the beachhead in two brigades, one of them commanded by

General Pigot. Howe's plan was to deploy Pigot's troops against the redoubt and breastwork, and send part of his own force against the rail fence. By threatening, but not actually making, a frontal attack, these units were to hold the Americans' attention all along the line while another, the light infantry, slipped round and attacked in the rear.

How would these picked troops reach the American rear? The original plan, which called for marching blithely round the redoubt out of musket range, was not possible now, thanks to the men at the rail fence. But Howe still thought the basic plan workable, if the light infantry moved in a flying column along the beach of the Mystic River. They could not be seen from above, and although there was some kind of barrier on the beach, manned by a few Americans, at half a mile it hardly looked formidable. Probably there would be one volley to sustain, but before the rebels could reload, Howe's light infantry would be on them with bayonets.

On Pigot's side of the field, however, things went badly at once. As he moved out, his flank regiment ran into a hail of musketry from snipers in Charlestown. Foreseeing just such a British deployment, Colonel Prescott and General Putnam had sent some 300 men into the town to harass it. Fighting from house to house when the regulars tried to flush them out, they exacted so many casualties that Pigot at last sent word to Howe that he could not advance unless something was done about Charlestown.

At this moment Admiral Graves arrived on shore and asked Howe if he wished to have the town burnt. Howe answered yes. In a moment, glowing "hot shot" and "carcasses"—hollow balls filled with burning pitch—were pouring into Charlestown. The wooden houses and stores caught fire almost immediately, and Graves sent a party of marines to set fire to the docks and shipyard. The village rapidly became one enormous conflagration.

On the rooftops across the harbour, where it seemed all Boston had gathered, the spectators were stunned by the disaster. In the warfare of 1775, only savages burnt civilian houses. As they watched the flames consume priceless treasures, such as a 200-year-old library, loyalist and patriot alike wept bitter tears.

The advance resumed. True to his word, Howe led the way; his tall figure in shining red, white and gold was clearly visible from the American lines. At a hollow towards the end of Morton's Hill the light infantry filed off to the right, down on to the Mystic beach. They instantly quickened their pace and became the flying column on which Howe was betting his reputation.

As Howe moved on towards the rail fence, he suddenly met marshy ground. A man's foot would sink into mud up to his ankles every few

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steps. The artillerymen struggled like beasts of burden, but the guns became bogged down.

Cursing his luck and the heat, Howe tried to quicken his pace. But most of the peninsula was pasture land, and since the citizens had fled two months ago with their cattle, the grass had grown almost waist high, obscuring stone walls and rail fences. Again and again Howe's heavily-laden men had to struggle over these obstructions. It was hot, breath-catching work, but under a rain of curses from their sergeants they managed to keep in formation.

From a comfortable half-mile away, in Boston, the advance of the slow-moving scarlet lines, with polished gun barrels and bayonets flashing in the sunlight, was an awe-inspiring spectacle. General John Burgoyne, who viewed it from Copp's Hill, wrote later:

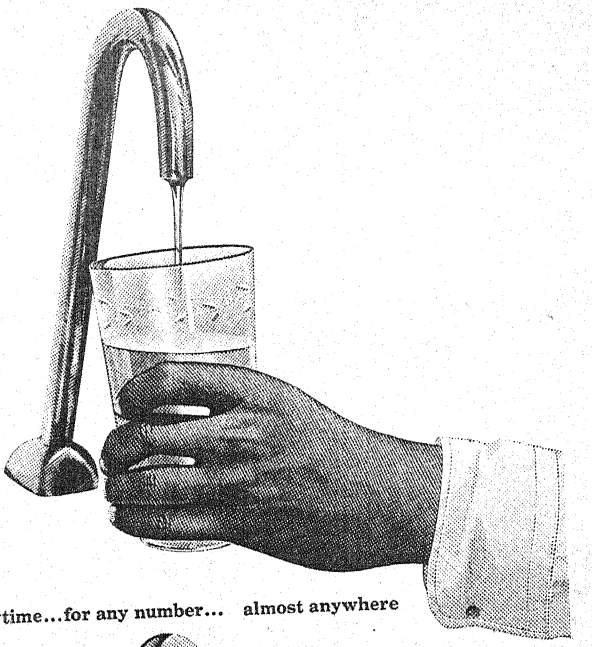
"And now ensued one of the greatest scenes of war that can be conceived. If we look to the heights, Howe's corps ascending the hill in a very disadvantageous ground was much engaged. To the left the enemy was pouring in fresh troops over the land while our ships and floating batteries cannonaded them. Straight before us a large and noble town was in one great blaze, the church steeples great pyramids of fire above the rest. The heights of our own camp and the hills around the country were covered with spectators, and the enemy waited all in anxious suspense. The reflection that perhaps defeat would be a final loss to the British Empire made the whole a complication of horror and importance beyond anything that ever came my lot to witness."

"Don't Fire Until You See the Whites of Their Eyes"

In the American lines the young farmers silently watched the British advance. The officers earnestly exhorted them to hold their fire, but as Pigot's men came within range of the redoubt, a few impulsive militiamen pulled their triggers. Prescott was furious; his soldiers had only 30 or 40 rounds of ammunition each. He swore he would put to death the next man who fired against orders, and a lieutenant, defying the British bullets, sprang on to the parapet and ran along it, kicking up the levelled muskets.

Behind the rail fence, Putnam rode up and down roaring the words which were to symbolize Bunker Hill for later generations. "Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes; then fire low." On the Mystic beach Colonel Stark was even more explicit. He leaped over the stone wall and hammered a stake into the sand 40 yards in front of his men. "Not a man is to fire until the first regular crosses that stake," he cried.

Down the beach, the flying column of British light infantry moved steadily forward. Above their heads gleamed a forest of bayonets. They were under orders not to fire a shot, to sweep the Americans off the

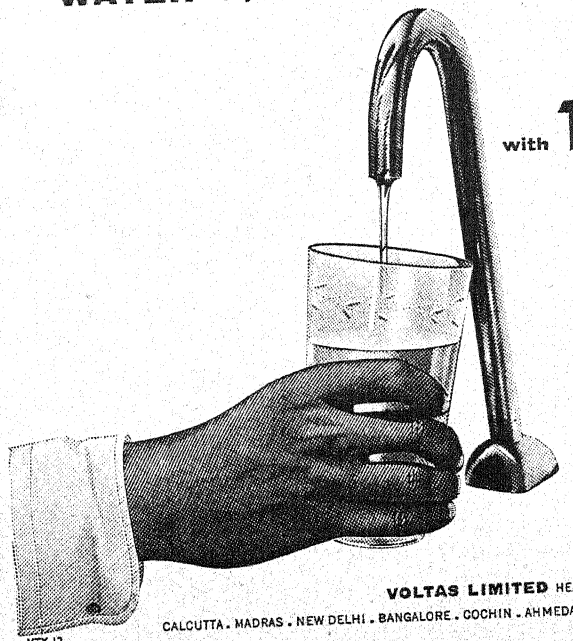


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beach with these fearsome 14-inch blades alone. They had little confidence in their muskets. The British manuals of the day barely allude to aiming, and shooting was so inaccurate that reputedly it "took a man's weight in bullets to kill one."

On they came, and now the American position was in clear view —an insignificant pile of stones barely knee high. They could see the Americans crouched behind the little wall, and Colonel Stark, the tall, homespun-clad farmer, standing behind them. At a barked command the bayonets went down into the charge position, and with a roar 350 picked troops, led by the Welch Fusiliers, surged past the stake which Stark had driven into the sand.

The American barricade seemed to explode in a crash of musketry. The whole front rank of the Welch Fusiliers buckled as if a giant leaden fist had struck it. Two-thirds of the men fell to the sand. The remnant tried to go forward, only to meet another blast of fire which left barely half-a-dozen men on their feet, bewildered and dazed.

Behind them came the men of the King's Own Regiment. Calmly, as if they were on parade, they moved over the dead Fusiliers, and plunged ahead. But they had advanced barely 15 yards when they, too, were struck by a blast of lead which sent cries of the dying and wounded echoing across the Mystic.

Now the tough, snarling regulars of the 10th Regiment surged forward, confident they would get home with the bayonet. One volley during a charge was expected, two were possible, but *three* were unheard of in 1775. The impossible happened on the Mystic beach.

Using a technique he had learnt in Rogers's Rangers—an obscure manual describing it reposed in British Army files—Stark had taught his men to maintain "continuous fire" by making one rank fire at a time while another hastily reloaded. Faced with this tactic, and the frontier marksmanship of the New Hampshire men, the regulars of the 10th met the same sheet of leaden death.

The men of the 52nd Regiment came forward now, reluctantly, appalled by the carnage in front of them. Ghastly holes were torn in their lines before they even reached the shattered remnants of the Fusiliers and King's Own. It was too much. The column could not go another step into the murderous fire. It was like asking men to walk into a furnace. The front lines wavered and broke; the rear ranks piled up against them. Frantically the officers tried to straighten them again, smashing at the men with their swords. But it was hopeless. They had to get out of range of that terrible fire. The order to retreat was given, and the light infantry wheeled and fled down the beach, leaving 96 dead on the sand in front of John Stark's stone barricade.

Up on the bank Howe's grenadiers were still struggling over those stubborn stone walls when a white-faced *aide* came panting up to Howe and reported the results of the assault on the beach. Though he retained his aplomb, the general must have shuddered inwardly. He suddenly found himself with no other manoeuvre left but a frontal assault on entrenched troops which outnumbered him—along the rail fence at least—by almost two to one. However, there was no alternative except retreat, and that was unthinkable.

Grimly Howe gave the order. An *aide* raced to deliver it to Pigot. "Attack all along the line."

British Valour and American Sharpshooting

FOR THE next 15 minutes, Howe found himself engaged in one of the most ghastly frontal assaults in the history of warfare. He had to send 900 men against the levelled gun muzzles of at least 1,500 defenders at that critical rail fence. When Israel Putnam gave the command, "Fire!" a curtain of flame raced down the fence, and the very earth seemed to quake. The stunned British survivors stood frozen with shock, staring at the massive gaps in their ranks. Again and again they plunged forward, only to collapse in tangled heaps, or to stagger back, bleeding and terrified by the withering musketry.

It is hard to imagine standing upright in such fire, scorning the cover of fence or foxhole, but tradition demanded this of every soldier in 1775. The results were written in blood, with losses in some companies of more than 80 per cent. It was all but miraculous that Howe himself survived. Twice in this first assault he was left utterly alone as his regulars were cut down or fell back, and his size and uniform made him a perfect target.

On Pigot's side of the field the situation was almost as bad. Here the odds were reversed, in that 1,000 British troops were attacking fewer than 600 Americans in the fort and breastwork. But once again the American fire was accurate and intense beyond all expectations, and in the end Pigot ruefully gave the order to retreat. His men fell back down the hill about 200 yards.

When Howe rallied his troops, the habit of discipline proved stronger than shock or fear. They quickly formed up, though some companies had only six or seven men left. The five men of the 35th Light Infantry, without an officer or sergeant, were proudly led by their eldest private. If they just got home for one bayonet stroke, Howe promised these survivors grimly, the Americans would run like rabbits. Then he again ordered an all-out attack.

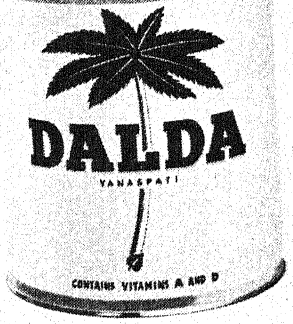
With magnificent discipline his thinned battalions moved forward, stepping over the bodies of their comrades. Several of the fallen

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stirred, cried out for help and for water, but not a head turned. The inferiority in numbers was now greater than before, however. Howe could not have mustered more than 600 men, and he was again moving against a solid line of 1,500 muskets, for scarcely a dozen Americans had been wounded at the rail fence.

Once more the attackers' lines were cut to shreds, and Howe, though still miraculously untouched, again found himself isolated. The last of his 12 staff officers lay dying with a bullet beneath his heart. As he stood there alone, with the musket balls still whizzing around him, his white breeches reddened with blood, Howe experienced for the first time the possibility of defeat. Throughout his military life he had gambled, and he had always won. But of his 750 grenadiers and light infantry, 450 now lay dead or wounded. Not even William Howe, the daredevil of Quebec, could continue to call men forward after such losses. "It was a moment I never felt before," he said later.

After the British line had broken before the rail fence, Israel Putnam spurred his horse along the breastwork up the rear slope of Breed's Hill, where there were still sounds of firing. At that moment a breath of wind parted the haze of musket smoke before the American lines, and Putnam saw, not 20 yards away, a lone British officer shouting orders at his retreating troops.

"Let's get him," one of the Massachusetts men by the breastwork yelled.

Putnam suddenly unleashed a bellow of horror. It was his old friend and comrade-in-arms, Major John Small. In the same moment the major seemed to recognize Putnam, and saw the levelled muskets. He stood his ground. To run or duck was beneath the dignity of a British officer. But as trigger fingers tightened, General Putnam sprang forward and knocked aside the American guns.

"For God's sake, spare that man," he shouted. "I love him as a brother!"

Small bowed his thanks, and followed his men down the hill.

As Howe moved towards his shattered regiments, his valet, Evans, was waiting for him. In the finest tradition of the British manservant, Evans greeted the blood-smeared General with a bottle of wine in one hand and a goblet in the other.

"Some wine, General?" he asked.

But the drink never reached Howe's lips. As Evans started to pour it, a furious volley from the thirsty defenders at the rail fence shattered the bottle, and another caught Evans in the arm and spun him round like a top. Howe sent him staggering back to the boats.

If there had been demoralization in the British ranks before, now there was chaos. Many of the men flung down their muskets and swore


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they would not go forward again. Ignoring them, Howe assembled Pigot, Small and his other senior officers. Several of them told him it would be "criminal" to send the men against such fire again. "Butchery," one officer said.

Howe stared at the American lines. Was it possible that his lucky star, which had never before failed him, was to be snuffed out by a collection of farmers in shirt sleeves? He could hear the laughter in the London coffeehouses, the acid denunciations in Parliament: William Howe with 2,300 picked troops, defeated by militiamen!

"We will go forward once more, gentlemen," he said.

Sidelights Amid the Battle

In the redoubt none of the promised supplies ever arrived, and the men had drunk the last of their rum hours before. When Major Willard Moore, one of the few American casualties, began to suffer the "death thirst," a sergeant hailed the regimental drummer boy, Robert Steele. "You are young and spry," he said. "Run to our stores and bring us some rum."

This was no small order, with British ships and batteries covering the route with a thunderous rain of shot and shell. But Robert, and Benjamin Ballard, a Boston boy of his own age, obeyed without an

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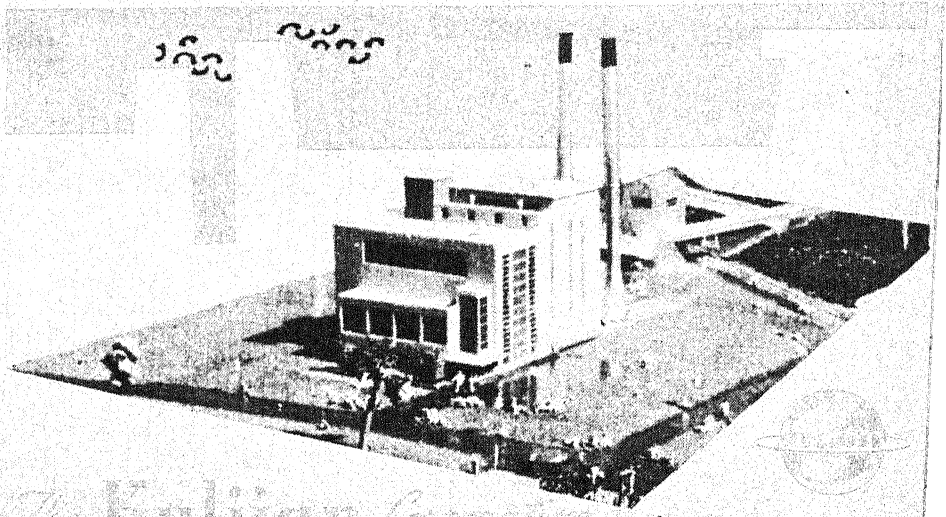
instant's hesitation. Outside the fort, Benjamin suggested they make a dash to the Neck, where there was a public house.

As the two boys raced down the shell-torn slope of Breed's Hill, they were bewildered to see hundreds of fresh and idle troops on Bunker Hill, not one of whom was making the slightest attempt to reinforce the weary fighters on Breed's.

The continuous stream of shot which the British gunners were pouring across the hilltop had thrown these green troops into chaos. Putnam had gone almost berserk with rage trying to bring them up to the fighting line. Cursing, roaring, all but foaming at the mouth, he rode up and down Bunker Hill, flailing at the laggards with his sword. But, as a Connecticut officer, he had no authority over these men from Massachusetts and other colonies, and they still crouched behind rocks and trees, or lay prostrate on the ground.

Robert Steele and Benjamin Ballard arrived at the public house near Charlestown Neck, gasping for breath. The air was full of whirring cannon balls and ring shot, and the boys could find no one in sight.

"I stamped and called out," Robert reported. A voice answered from the cellar. The boys said they were in search of rum. The voice told them they could take anything



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they pleased. After filling a brown earthen pitcher with rum, and a pail with water, the two boys trotted out into the bombardment with their loads, and made their way back to Breed's Hill.

In the fort, Colonel Prescott studied his now veteran soldiers. Their faces were streaked with gunpowder, their lips caked with the dust that rose incessantly from the dirt floor. They were thirsty and famished, and after a sleepless night, 12 hours of entrenching, and now nearly a full hour of fighting, they were fatigued almost beyond endurance.

Prescott climbed to the wall of the redoubt.

"I tell you, men," he roared above the fleet's bombardment, "the best soldiers in the world cannot take the losses we have given them. If we check them once more, they will never come back."

Unfortunately, little ammunition was left to check them with. There now remained only three or four rounds of powder and ball per man.

The Final Assault

Howe's losses were already among the heaviest of any British army in history. But as a French marshal remarked a few years later: "The British infantry is the greatest in the world. Thank God there is so little of it." Now, magnificently, it could still go forward in yet a third attack—an achievement which Sir John Fortescue, the official army historian, bluntly calls "one of the greatest feats of arms ever credited" to the British soldier.

In this final attack Howe called on every scrap of knowledge he had as a soldier. He was determined to rescue his victory. He told his men to drop their packs and did not object when many also flung aside their coats. He also managed to bring up the artillery, and after proceeding towards the rail fence, as in the first two assaults, he suddenly wheeled and began to enfilade the breastwork with the cannon.

The two small American guns which tried to reply in kind were soon silenced. Before the rail fence, a light-infantry force was detailed to pin down Stark's men with musket fire. Otherwise, all the strength Howe could muster (including Pigot's troops, on the other side of the field) was thrown against the breastwork and fort. It was a neatly planned manoeuvre, and as grape and solid shot poured murderously down the flank of the breastwork, the American line there broke. Some of the defenders simply fled; others scrambled back up the hill to the redoubt.

Prescott, watching from the fort, saw at a glance what Howe was doing. He was making a three-sided assault with almost 1,500 regulars, and Prescott was left with barely 400 men, including the refugees from the breastwork, with whom to repel it.

Robert Steele and Benjamin

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Ballard had just arrived, bearing their rum and water. "It went very quick," Robert recalled later, and added, "We found our people in confusion and talking about retreating."

But Colonel Prescott had no thought of retreat. As the scarlet and almost geometrically even British lines advanced up the hill, to a quickening drumbeat now and with a strange, wild enthusiasm, he waited until they were 30 yards away. Then he gave the order, "Fire!" and the redoubt belched flame and smoke.

At the beginning, it seemed like the first two assaults all over again. All along the line, regiments wavered as men fell and others stumbled over the wounded and dead. Then, whipped by the drumbeat and the roars of their officers, the regulars closed the gaps and came on again. Once more the fort blazed with fire, and again men toppled over. But grenadiers were in the ditch now and up on the berm —the narrow ledge of earth between the fort wall and the ditch. Others had started to scale the wall.



Major John Pitcairn

On the left, Pigot's men, led by Major John Pitcairn's marines, closed to within ten yards of the fort before the American volley threw their ranks into a tangle of dead and wounded. Roaring and cursing, Pitcairn held his men in order. "The bayonet! The bayonet! Form up," he shouted.

At this moment, Peter Salem thrust his long gun over the parapet. Grimly, the young Negro took aim and pulled the trigger. Pitcairn clutched his chest, and slumped to the ground.

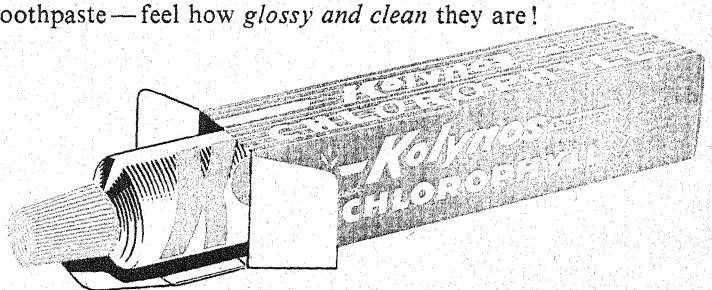
On the right, Howe's officers struggled to get more men across the ditch. Howe himself could give them little help. He had at last been wounded by a spent ball that struck him in the foot. Major Small had rushed to his assistance and, supporting himself on Small's shoulder, the General now limped after his men.

On all sides of the fort, Prescott's men kept firing as the British poured into the ditch. But there were no longer any volleys which could check the whole advance. More and more Americans were

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T. 29 (a)

running out of powder; even the shot was replaced by nails and bits of rock which they stuffed into the muzzles of their muskets. "Suddenly," reported a marine officer, "their fire went out like a spent candle."

On to the parapet from three sides now came the bristling bayonets. Prescott's men met the wave of steel head on, but fewer than 50 of the American muskets had bayonets, and soon Pigot's men were pouring over the left wall almost unchecked. Pigot himself was too small to get a leg over the parapet, but he scrambled up a tree just outside and swung himself over. Then the red tide was flowing over right, left and centre, and the fort became a maelstrom of struggling, flailing bodies.

"Twitch their guns away," Prescott roared. "Use your guns for clubs!"

For a moment his men were successful. They actually tore some guns out of British hands, and began clubbing their owners with them. No quarter was asked and none was offered. But as more and more regulars poured over the walls, it became apparent that the fight was hopeless.

"Give way, men," Prescott shouted finally. "Save yourselves."

Prescott himself refused to run. Again and again British infantrymen lunged at him with bayonets, but he turned them away with his sword. His loose coat probably saved his life. The bayonets cut it to tatters, and when he was at last swept out of the fort and into the open, even his waistcoat had long gashes.

Most of Prescott's men fought their way out of the rear of the redoubt. Dr. Joseph Warren and the small detachment he commanded formed a solid block before the exit. They fought the British bayonets with clubbed muskets, rocks and fists, and prevented the regulars from sealing off the line of retreat.

They were a strange picture in the suffocating haze, the aristocratic Warren in his blue silk-fringed waistcoat and ruffled shirt, surrounded by gaunt farmers in homespun. Prescott had sustained these men all day with his steely calm; now Warren raised them to a pitch of pure ferocity. It took the British regulars the better part of a minute to realize that they were alone in the fort, while Warren's rear guard was backing through the exit, fighting every step.

Outside, Warren and his men slowly backed down the slope. The doctor had a bayonet wound in the arm. He ignored it and with tears of rage tried to make a stand. A handful of men stood with him. It was madness, of course. They had neither bayonets nor ammunition, and the entire British Army was pouring down the hill towards them. Yet Warren's reckless courage saved American lives.

The astonished British hesitated a few moments—long enough for



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most of the militiamen to get away. Then an order was barked, ranks were formed and the regulars fired a massive volley. Warren was struck behind the ear as he turned to call one last time to his countrymen. He flung his hand to the wound, then fell without a word.

The Long Aftermath

General Henry Clinton arrived on Breed's Hill shortly afterwards with reinforcements. He was too late to help with the assault, but Howe welcomed him effusively, and Clinton noted that Howe acted more like a loser than a victor. All he could talk about was how close he had come to disaster. "My left was totally gone—totally," he said. His face was white from exhaustion.

Clinton went on to take possession of Bunker Hill—the Americans were never able to make a stand there. But when he wanted to continue the pursuit further, Howe said no. The troops were exhausted, and too many of his officers were dead or dying.

William Prescott, too, wanted to continue the fight. In Artemas Ward's study in Cambridge, he demanded three fresh regiments and, pounding the desk, swore he would drive the British into the sea before nightfall. General Ward wisely refused him. There were fewer than ten barrels of powder left in the American camp. Calmly he thanked Prescott for his service.

"You have done enough for one day, Colonel," he said. "See to your wounded, and then get some rest."

When the grim business of transporting the British wounded to Boston by boat began, politics and enmities were forgotten. For almost 24 hours, all Boston, loyalist and patriot, watched in distress as the suffering men arrived. Women rushed to the hospitals with bandages and pitchers of cool water. Boys went to the wharves to help lift the men, and when there were no more carriages or carts, they carried the wounded through the streets on chairs.

Among the American dead on Breed's Hill, the British were much surprised to identify the body of Dr. Joseph Warren. At first they could not believe it. It seemed inconceivable that the president of the Provincial Congress should have risked his life on the battlefield. Howe swore that Warren was worth 500 American soldiers, and other British officers flocked to see the dead hero. His fine waistcoat was gone—a soldier had stripped it off and sold it in Boston.

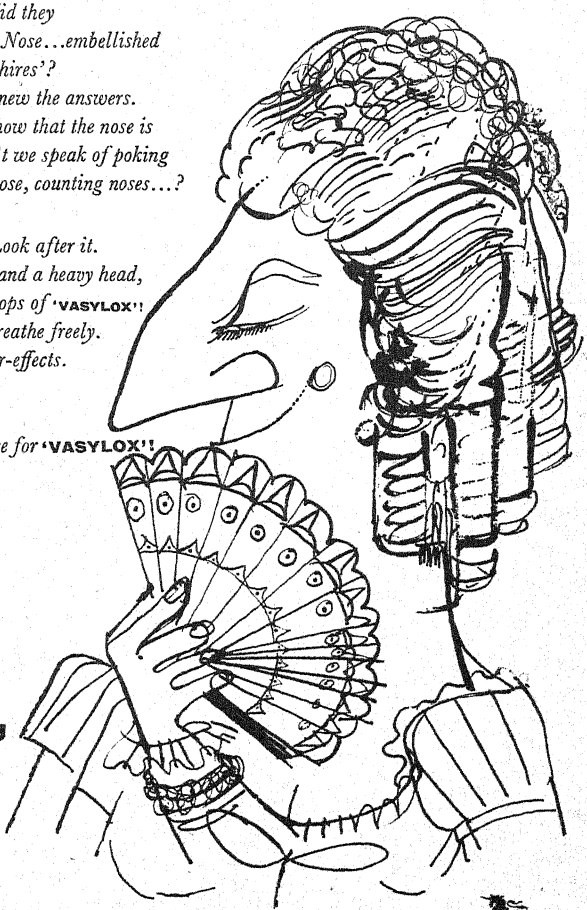
On the American side, the Battle of Bunker Hill, as it came to be called, was at first considered an ignominious defeat. Soldiers like Putnam and Prescott were plunged into the deepest gloom. But the basic purpose of the battle had been accomplished beyond their greatest hopes as they soon realized. The shocking British casualties utterly immobilized Gage and Howe. The

We've pictured it below. But we really don't know whether Cowper had the same nose in mind when he wrote THE TASK. *Do noses differ down the ages? Was the 'upturn'd nostril...into the murky air' in Milton's* PARADISE LOST *any different from the 'jolly red rose' in Ravenscroft's* DEUTEROMELIA? *And how did they compare with Shakespeare's 'Nose...embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires'? Most intriguing. Wish we knew the answers. Alas, we don't. But we do know that the nose is a very important organ. Don't we speak of poking one's nose, turning up one's nose, counting noses...?*

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British had lost 1,054 men—226 killed, 828 wounded—almost 50 per cent of their attacking force. Even more crushing were the casualties among their officers: 92 out of the approximately 250 officers in the fight.

American casualties were not light. There were 115 dead, 271 wounded and 30, all badly wounded, listed as captured. But the Americans had an army of 15,000 and another 100,000 able-bodied men in reserve. The closest British reinforcement was 3,000 miles away.

As Americans thought over the battle, they began to regard it with wry bravado.

Nathanael Greene, the Rhode Island general, remarked, "I wish we could sell them another hill at the same price."

In England, Parliament was shocked by the casualties. "Eight more such victories," said William Eden, "and we shall have no one left to report them." And William Howe in a letter to his brother, Admiral Richard Howe, wrote frankly on the day after the battle, "I freely confess to you that the success is too dearly bought."

Many of his contemporaries blamed Howe's failure to win the Revolutionary War on his experience at Bunker Hill. Again and again in the two years he was Commander-in-Chief, he failed to follow up smashing victories because he would not send his men against the Americans when they were entrenched behind even the flimsiest walls.

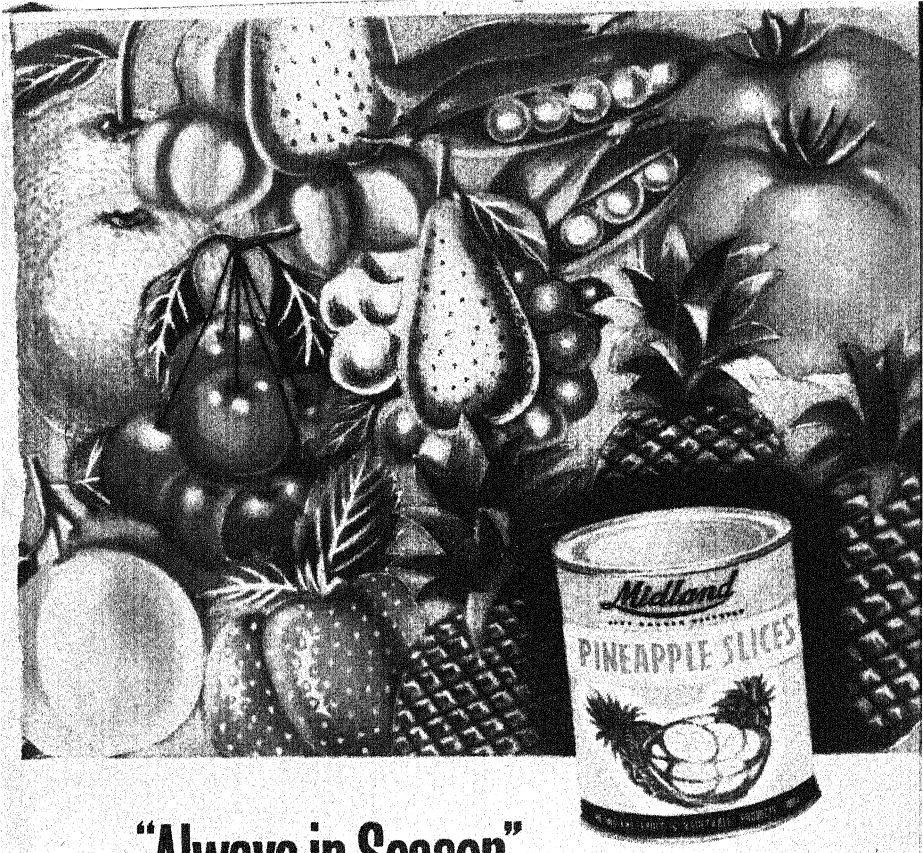
Even when the American Army had withered to a skeleton corps at Valley Forge, and Howe was only a few miles away with an immensely superior force, he refused to attack "that strong position during the severe weather." Surely this was not the daring man who had led the way up the Quebec cliffs. This was, instead, the general who had stood appalled and baffled among his slaughtered troops at Bunker Hill. THE END

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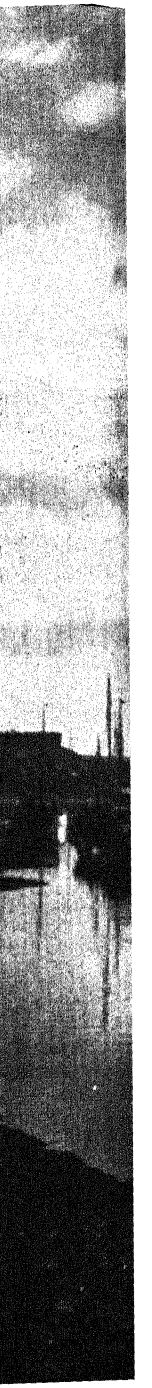
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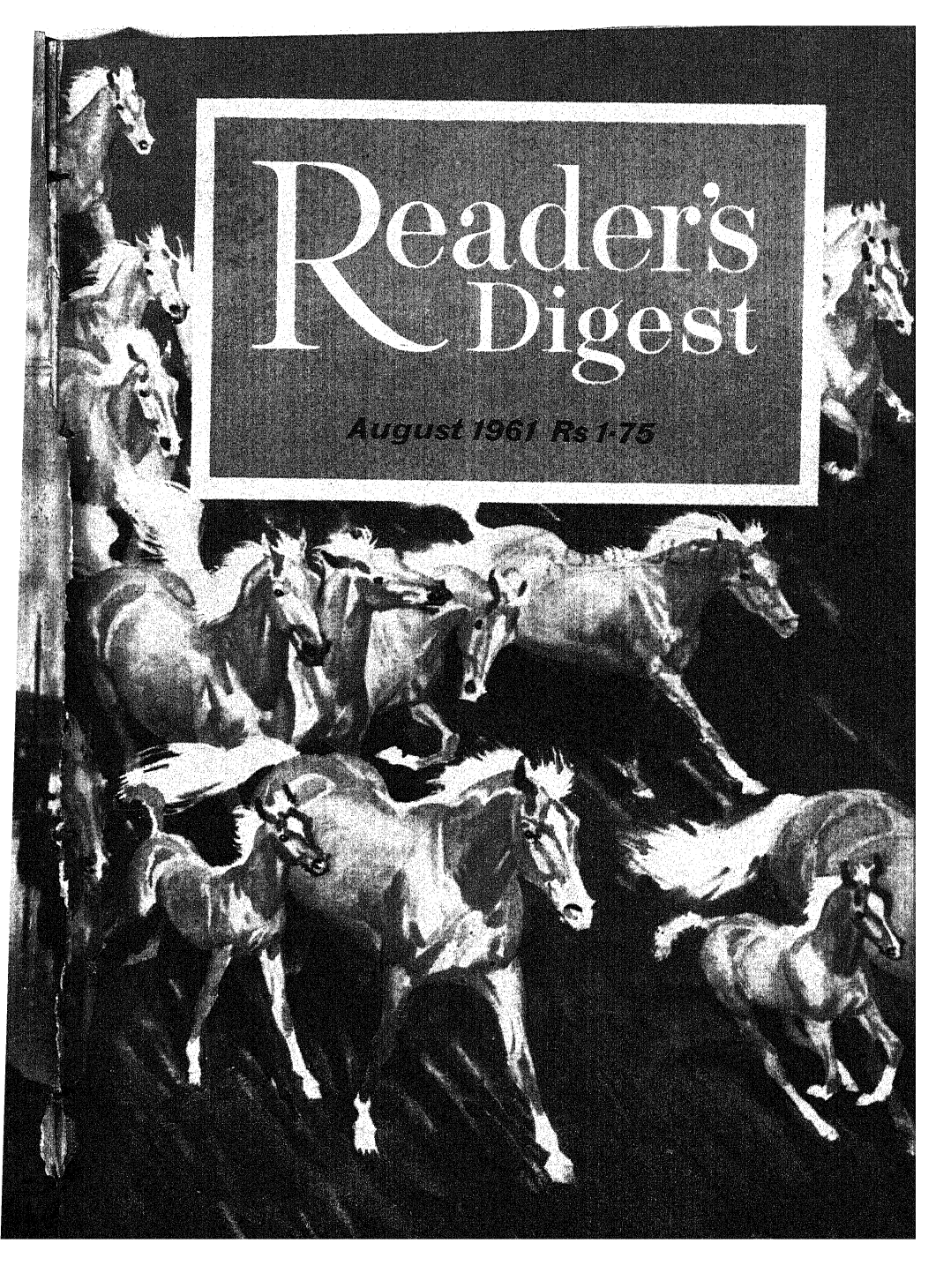
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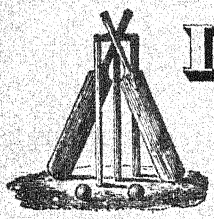
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BY RICHIE BENAUD *Captain of the Australian Touring Team*



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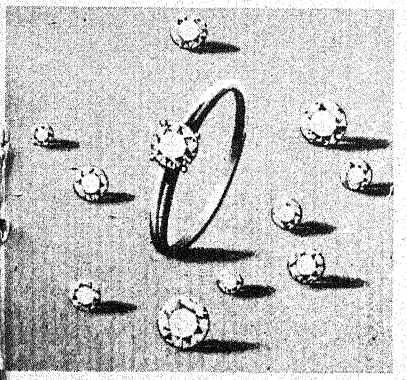


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The
Reader's Digest

VOL. 79 NO. 472 AUGUST 1961

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I BELIEVE in the discipline of silence, and could talk for hours about it. —George Bernard Shaw

ISN'T it a shame that future generations can't be here to see all the wonderful things we're doing with their money? —E. W.

A COMMENTARY on the times is that the word "honesty" is now preceded by "old-fashioned." —L. W.

THERE are several good protections against temptation, but the surest is cowardice. —Mark Twain

WE forget what gives money its value—that someone exchanged work for it. —N. O.

IT was not the apple on the tree, but the pair on the ground, I believe, that caused the trouble in the garden. —M. D. O.

THIS MONTH'S COVER:

Wild Horses

(*Specially painted for The Reader's Digest by Robert Lougheed*)

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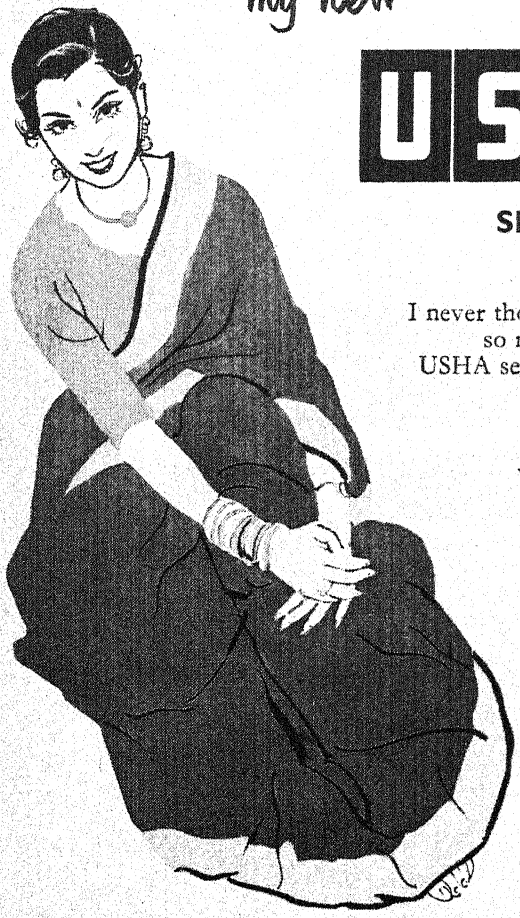
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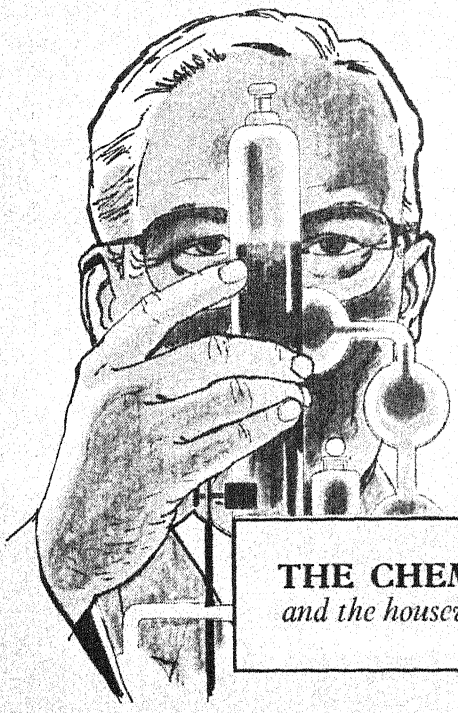
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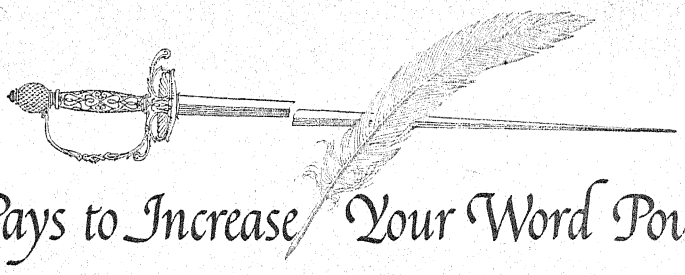
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It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By Wilfred Funk

In this test, tick the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on page 16.

(1) **antithesis** (an tĭth′ e sĭs)—A: direct opposite. B: composition. C: subject. D: tentative theory.

(2) **bigotry** (big′ ŏt rĭ)—A: self-importance. B: intolerance. C: ignorance. D: pride.

(3) **nonentity** (non en′ tĭ tĭ)—A: minor. B: object of small value. C: a nobody. D: clown.

(4) **furbelow** (fur′ be lō)—A: silly action. B: fussy or showy trimming. C: flirtatious manner. D: cheap jewellery.

(5) **shambles** (sham′ b'lz)—A: embarrassment. B: raggedness. C: laziness. D: scene of ruin.

(6) **begrudge** (be grŭj′)—A: to be stubborn. B: be unfair. C: envy one the possession of. D: be depressed.

(7) **beetling**—A: overhanging. B: in deep thought. C: assuming an aggressive attitude. D: swollen.

(8) **altercation** (awl ter kā′ shun)—A: change. B: denunciation. C: distribution. D: dispute.

(9) **extortionate** (eks tor′ shun at)—A: changed from the truth. B: exorbitant. C: boastful. D: brutal.

(10) **ambient** (am′ bĭ ent)—A: sufficient. B: circular. C: surrounding. D: complete.

(11) **discomfiture** (dis kŭm′ fĭ tūr)—A: unrest. B: frustration. C: awkwardness. D: disapproval.

(12) **scoff**—A: to scold. B: mar by scraping. C: jeer. D: swear at.

(13) **braggart** (brag′ art)—A: tramp. B: boaster. C: snob. D: noisy person.

(14) **satirical** (sa tĭr′ ĭ kal)—A: vulgar. B: arrogant. C: immoral. D: sarcastic.

(15) **duress** (dū′ rĕs or dū rĕs′)—A: compulsion. B: worry. C: sadness. D: permanence.

(16) **interloper** (in′ ter lōp er)—A: ne'er-do-well. B: cantankerous person. C: wanderer. D: intruder.

(17) **revile** (re vīle′)—A: to rearrange. B: punish physically. C: defame and abuse. D: expose.

(18) **humdrum**—A: monotonous. B: musical. C: modest in spirit. D: deceptive.

(19) **abhorrent** (ab hŏr′ ent)—A: vicious. B: abnormal. C: wild. D: detestable.

(20) **preposterous** (pre pŏs′ ter ŭs)—A: absurd. B: overbearing. C: vain. D: outlandish.

(*Now turn to page* 16)



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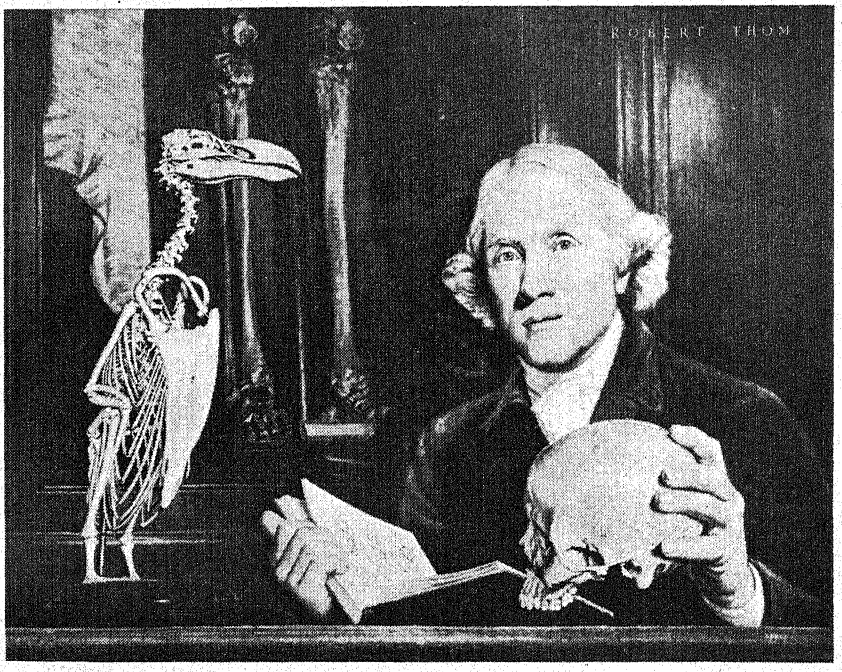
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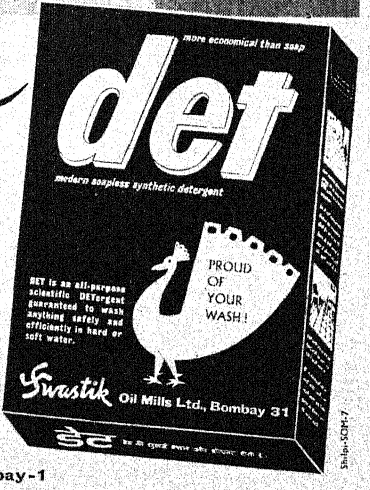
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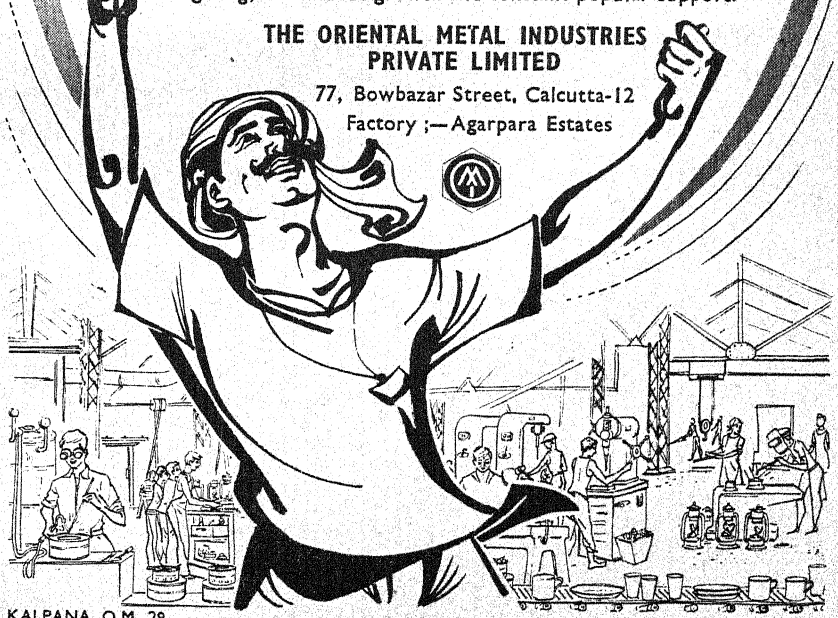
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IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER

Answers to the quiz on page 9

(1) **antithesis**—A: Direct opposite; a contrary; as, "Security is the *antithesis* of fear." Greek *anti*, "against," and *tithenai*, "to set."

(2) **bigotry**—B: Intolerance; illiberality; obstinate adherence to one's beliefs and opinions, with intolerance of opposing beliefs. French *bigoterie*.

(3) **nonentity**—C: A nobody; a person or thing of no importance. Latin *non*, "not," and *entitas*, "being."

(4) **furbelow**—B: Fussy or showy trimming, as on a woman's dress; flounce; ruffle; frill. French dialectal *farbala*, from *falbala*, "flounce."

(5) **shambles**—D: A scene of ruin; disorder; carnage; as "The earthquake reduced the city to a *shambles*." (A plural form usually construed as singular.) In medieval England, the benches on which butchers slaughtered animals.

(6) **begrudge**—C: To envy one the possession or enjoyment of; to grumble at; as, to *begrudge* another's success. Old English *be-*, "against" and Old French *grouchier*, "to grumble."

(7) **beetling**—A: Overhanging; projecting; jutting; as, *beetling* brows. Middle English *bitel*, "sharp, projecting."

(8) **altercation**—D: Heated dispute; sharp, angry debate; as, an *altercation* between counsel and witness. Latin *altercari*, "to dispute, quarrel."

(9) **extortionate**—B: Exorbitant; oppressive; unreasonable; as, an *extortionate* tax. Latin *extorquere*, "to twist out."

(10) **ambient**—C: Surrounding; encompassing; as, soft, *ambient* moonlight. Latin *ambiens*, from *ambire*, "to go round."

(11) **discomfiture**—B: Frustration; defeat; bafflement; confusion; disappointment; as, "The game ended in a tie, to the *discomfiture* of both sides." Old French *desconfit*, "a doing away with."

(12) **scoff**—C: To jeer; mock; deride; as, to *scoff* at religion. Middle English *scof*.

(13) **braggart**—B: Vain boaster; person given to vainglorious statements. Old French *bragueur*, "to flaunt."

(14) **satirical**—D: Sarcastic; containing satire or using sarcasm, irony or wit for the purpose of criticism; as, *satirical* essays. Latin *satira*, "satire."

(15) **duress**—A: Compulsion, constraint by force or fear; as, an agreement obtained under *duress*. Old French *duresse*, "hardship, severity."

(16) **interloper**—D: Intruder; one who thrusts himself in without right; as, "The villagers look upon any outsider as an *interloper*." From *inter*, "between," and Dutch *loopen*, "to run."

(17) **revile**—C: To defame and abuse; rant against someone; as, to *revile* one's opponent. Old French *reviler*, "to despise, regard as vile."

(18) **humdrum**—A: Monotonous; tedious; without interest or variety; commonplace; as, *humdrum* duties.

(19) **abhorrent**—D: Detestable; horrible; repugnant; as, "The local food was *abhorrent* to our tastes." Latin *abhorrere*, "to shrink from."

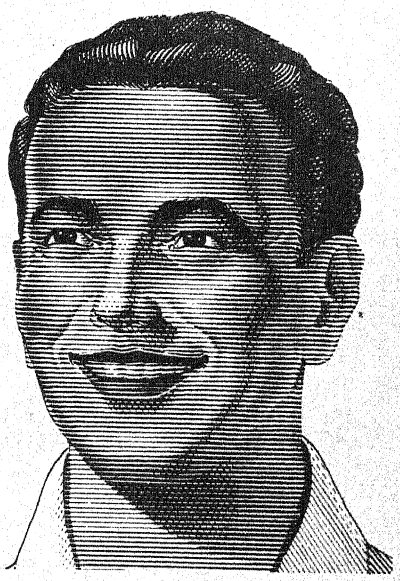
(20) **preposterous**—A: Absurd; nonsensical; contrary to reason or common sense; as, a *preposterous* offer. Latin *praeposterus*, "having the last first, inverted, perverse."

Vocabulary Ratings

20–19 correct..... excellent
18–16 correct..... good
15–14 correct..... fair

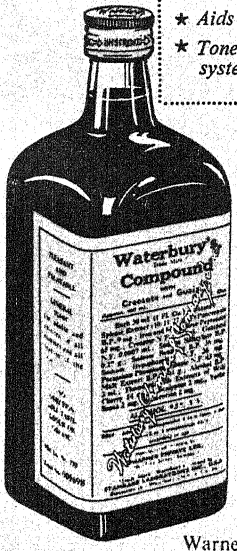
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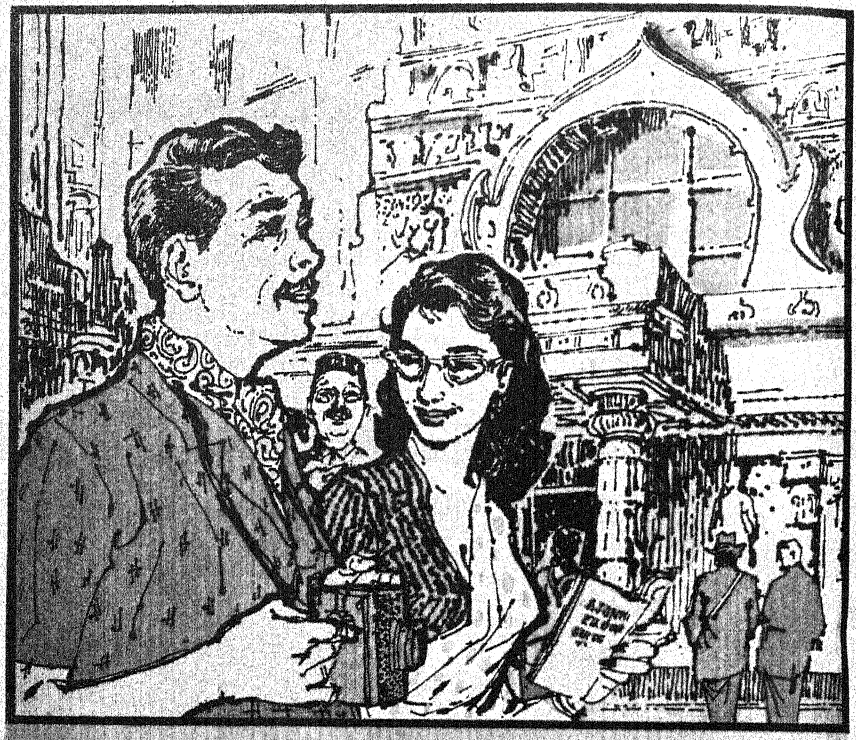


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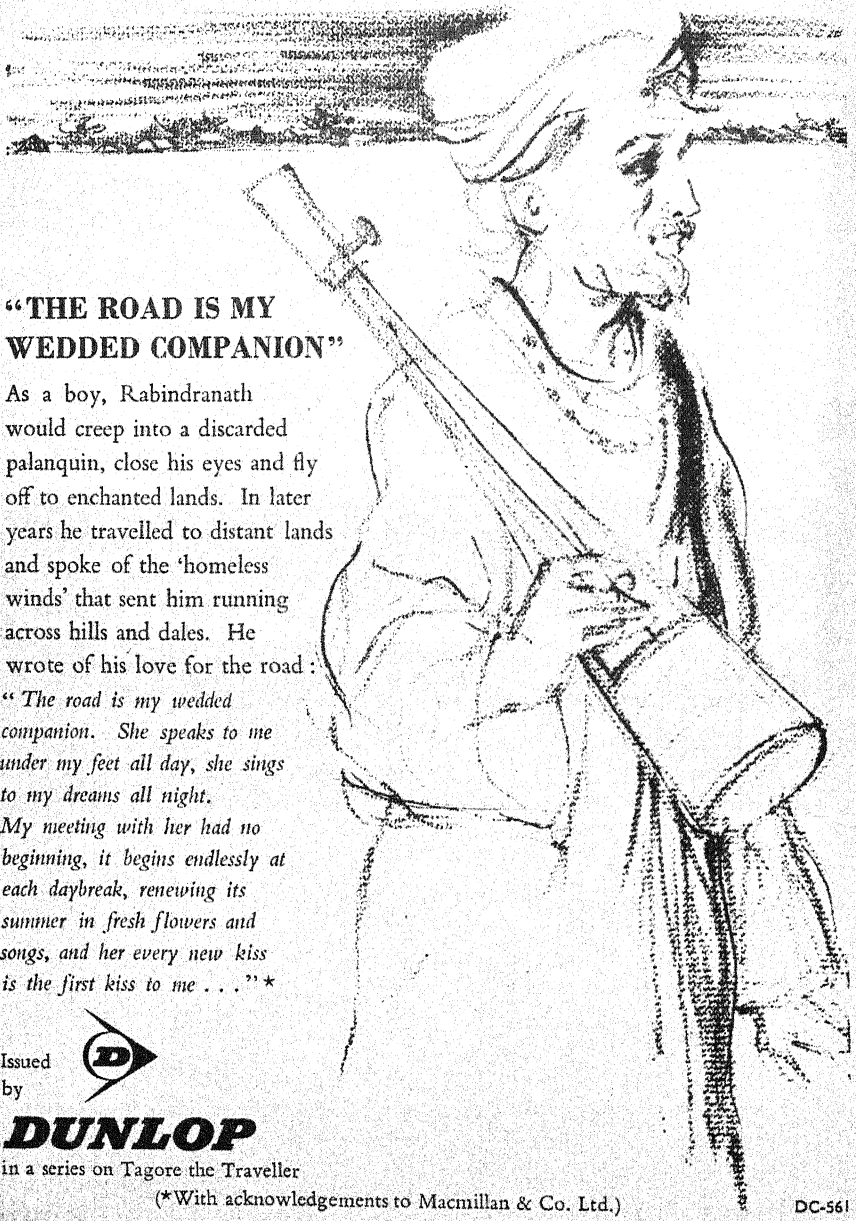
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" The road is my wedded companion. She speaks to me under my feet all day, she sings to my dreams all night. My meeting with her had no beginning, it begins endlessly at each daybreak, renewing its summer in fresh flowers and songs, and her every new kiss is the first kiss to me . . . " *

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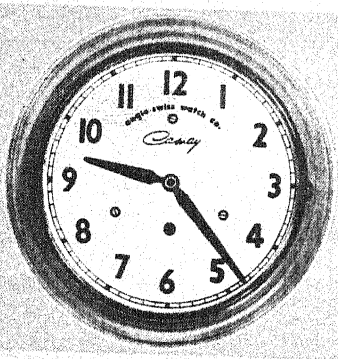
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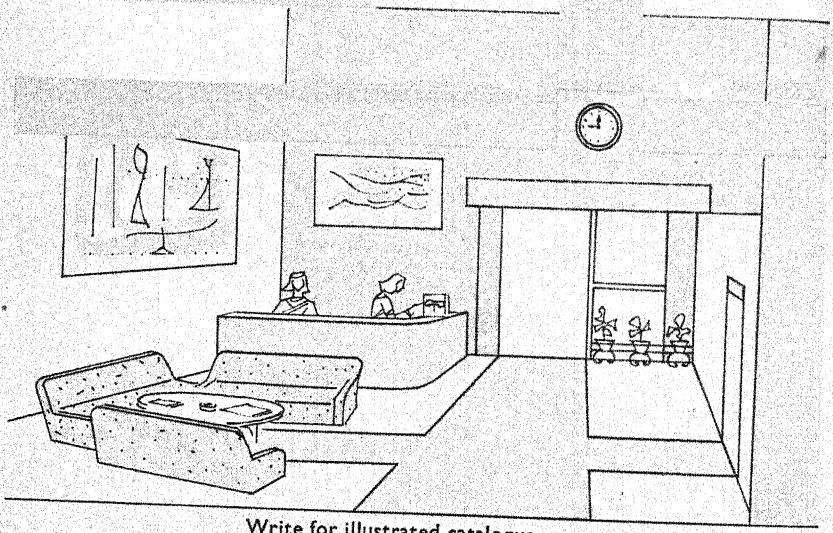
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VOLUME 79 The Reader's Digest AUGUST 1961

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I Was a "Student" in Moscow

A young African's inside story of the way the Russians treat visiting students. Invited to Moscow State University for an "education" he soon realized he was being used as a Communist stooge. Now in the United States, he says, "Thank God I am no longer a pawn of an international conspiracy!"

By Everest Mulekezi

THROUGH A cloud of cigarette smoke the young cultural attaché from the Soviet Embassy in Cairo ticked off the breath-taking benefits that went with a scholarship to Moscow State University. We would be flown to the U.S.S.R. for six years of study. We would receive 900 roubles (Rs. 4,800 at the official exchange rate) every month for living expenses, 3,000 roubles for clothing and 1,500 for an annual eight-week holiday, plus a free trip home every other year.

"The Soviet Union gives you this only because we love all you people who are fighting out from under colonial rule," said the Communist functionary. "In return, we only want you to obtain the knowledge to carve out your own free destiny."

A Reader's Digest "First Person" Award

The date was October 6, 1959. After years of frustration and a gruelling 2,900-mile trek to Cairo from our British East Africa homeland of Uganda, my cousin Anthony Nghororano and I were to have free schooling behind the Iron Curtain.

We could hardly believe that this was happening to us. Education is

like a miracle of God to Africans. It is the way we can achieve dignity for ourselves and our countries.

Russian Hospitality. On our arrival in Moscow we were puzzled to find that we were segregated from the main student body. A thousand of us foreigners—Africans, Asians and Latin Americans—were housed a mile from the university in two five-storey buildings. There were guards at the doors. Our rooms were only 14-by-16 feet, yet four students lived in each of them—two foreigners and two hand-picked Russians.

The first morning we arose early for a bath, and found that there was hot water only on Wednesday nights between 5 and 11 o'clock. But we put up with inconveniences cheerfully. We were dazzled by the chance to learn. Throughout the first weeks, government propagandists haunted the dormitories, asking for tape-recorded statements which they broadcast back to our countries. "Why don't you tell how all this is so different from the colonialism of the Western countries?" one interviewer suggested.

There were "friendship" meetings at which we were introduced to cheering audiences as heroes who had risked our lives to reach the Soviet Union and salvation. The people we encountered on the streets were the friendliest I've known anywhere. They stopped to shake hands. Those who spoke English invited us into their homes. All were eager to hear of our world.

"Show Your Pass." Suddenly there was a shift in our treatment. One day we were photographed and told to fill in information forms for identification cards and passes. One card got us inside the gates of the university; another let us into the 32-storey university building, still another into our dormitory. When we innocently invited back the friends we had met, they were turned away at the gate. One, an engineer to whom I had given newspapers sent from abroad, told me that I had better keep my reading material to myself and not call on him even in his own home.

"The attention given these passes must mean the authorities want you to associate only with persons of their own choosing," he warned.

Courses in Communism. In this atmosphere we studied the Russian language five hours a day for three months—reading excerpts from Lenin, the history of Communism and biographical essays portraying Khrushchev as a disciple of peace. When my cousin and I passed the language examinations, we began going to regular classes six days a week from 9 to 5. Every course was laced with indoctrination.

Professors invariably phrased their questions to ascertain whether our reactions to Communism were indifferent or sympathetic; on the answers depended our ratings and treatment. Lectures suggested subtly that we should eliminate African leaders who opposed Communist

ideas. When I refused to return to one class because I wanted facts, not dogma, I was threatened with expulsion from the university.

African Stooges. One day there was a Uganda Day celebration. Four other Ugandan students and I were swept along with the crowd and pushed on to the stage of a hall where people we had never seen before began making speeches damning the British. In our name a stranger called for a vote on a resolution demanding immediate independence for Uganda, severance of all ties with Great Britain, and alliances of friendship with Russia. Before we could open our mouths, a roar of approval went up. Cameras snapped as the Russian actors gathered around to congratulate us on our "action." Tape recordings were made for broadcasts to be beamed back home. Suddenly it was over, and we Ugandans were left dumbfounded and angry.

This was just a sample. There was a similar Nigeria Day, a Guinea Day, a separate day for every African country plus an All-African Day. The plan was unmistakably clear. We Africans at the university were simply stooges.

Rebellion. Now the authorities tried to bind us all into an Afro-Arab League dominated by Communist-leaning Arabs and Sudanese. But we Africans refused and formed our own All Black African Students Union. Besides Ugandan students, there were Ethiopians, and there was a young Kenyan who had gone to school in Addis Ababa. Despite Communist influences in their own country, students from Guinea were strongly anti-Soviet unionists, not to mention young men from Somalia, the Cameroons, the Congo, Mali, Nigeria, Togo—virtually all of the black Africans at the university. And we were joined in sympathy by many of the Sudanese, Moroccans, Tunisians and Egyptians.

"You can't do this!" stormed Dr. K. I. Ivanov, assistant rector of the university, who summoned some of us to his office. "We won't recognize your union."

But we went ahead, taking over our lounge for meetings. The authorities put pressure on us with academic bribery. Africans who were "co-operative" were promoted and moved to better quarters in the university proper. The rest of us were punished. The 1,500-rouble holiday payment promised as part of our scholarship was denied us unless we joined a "Friendship Train." The train was to tour the provinces to impress the citizenry with a claque of cheering foreigners. We didn't go.

Our Russian room-mates meanwhile were under instructions to guide us into Communism. Many were assigned to learn our tribal languages. The objective: in later years they might become technicians or diplomatic agents in our countries, and we were to be waiting there as their local allies.

Fed up with listening to Communist dogma, we began playing jazz records that we had brought to Moscow. The sound brought other Russian boys flocking to the room. They clapped and beat out the time with their feet. "Who instructs your composers to write such music?" asked one of the Russians whom I shall call Boris. "It would not be tolerated here."

"Nobody instructs them," I replied. "Our musicians are free to write what they want. And we're free to listen or not."

"We aren't supposed to listen to such decadence," Boris said. "We cannot be loyal to Communism and listen."

"We're Not Free." But he stayed, and on succeeding nights we were invited to his room, for discussion—and more music. The talk turned to what Boris called "American imperialism," which he defined as "American aggressive acts such as supporting non-Communists in Africa." When I pressed him to explain how Russian dominance over its satellites was different from colonialism, he was at a loss. To reinforce my arguments, I cited news dispatches in British and American publications which we received from friends abroad. Then I tossed the magazine or newspaper itself to Boris to ponder over at his leisure.

The debates went on for weeks. One evening Boris fell silent and buried his face in his hands. When he looked up, he was tense.

"It's true, we're not free," he said. "I'm not free to read what Westerners read. I'm not free to visit the West or even travel in my own country without a permit."

"You're a fool, Boris," his white-faced Russian room-mate burst out. "You must not have such opinions."

Every African who attended Moscow State University can recite similar incidents. Formal debate is not a part of the Soviet curriculum. But nightly, Russians and Africans gathered all over the university dormitories, six to a dozen in a room. Like members of secret societies, we locked the doors against intrusion while we eagerly debated world problems and philosophies. Some of the Russians parroted *Pravda* editorials. But many others came, like Boris, to admit uncertainties about themselves and Communism.

Clampdown. Finally the deans discovered what was happening. Orders went out banning jazz records and after-hours debates. The magazines and newspapers which we were receiving through the mails were shut off. Professor Dekan Kuzin of the Russian-language department publicly issued a warning to foreign students: We could not behave in the same fashion as we might in capitalist countries where students were paying their own expenses. With the Soviet Union financing our education, we would be expected to do and think what we were told.

On each floor of every dormitory

a committee of the Komsomol, the Russian Young Communists League, policed the thinking of all Soviet students. The Komsomol now prohibited them from associating with us under pain of expulsion and blacklisting, which would relegate them to labourers' jobs for the rest of their lives.

There were unpleasant incidents. Michel Ayih of Togo was prevented from leaving the lift at his floor in the university building. When he protested, a Russian shouted at him: "What right do you have to speak? You're a black monkey, not a human being." Once when I was walking in the heart of Moscow a gang followed, taunting, pushing, trying to provoke a fight in which I would have been mobbed.

One night Benjamin Omburo from Kenya was mauled by Soviet police when they found him talking to a Russian girl at a bus stop. At a party, Omar Khalif of Somalia, provoked into an argument with a Communist student, was beaten unconscious and spent two weeks in hospital.

The Last Straw. Finally, in the spring of 1960, word leaked out that in the autumn Africans at the Moscow State University were to be transferred to a "Friendship University"—for foreigners only. With members from 14 African countries present, our Black Africa union voted that Stanley Omor Okullo, a second-year medical student from Uganda, should write to the Ministry of Higher Education demanding that discrimination be halted, that we be accorded protection and dignity and that Friendship University be non-segregated.

The Communist reply was to expel Stanley from Russia. When he reached London, he told reporters of his experiences. The Russians then accused him falsely of immorality, drunkenness and "joining the imperialist camp." Government propagandists surged through the dormitories offering 1,000 roubles to any of us who would sign a statement supporting the charges. After two weeks of intensive canvassing only three or four allowed themselves to be bought.

Now we Africans were furious. We met and drew up a full indictment of the Communism we once found so attractive. We addressed the document to each of our African governments, only to have the Russians prevent its dispatch. At a meeting each of us vowed to get out of the Soviet Union as soon as possible.

The Road West. We fanned out to the Western embassies to plead for scholarships elsewhere, anywhere. The Western representatives were anxious to avoid the appearance of interfering with the Soviet educational programme for us. But after repeated requests, the West German Embassy obtained scholarships for my cousin, for Theo Okonkwo of Nigeria, and for Michel Ayih of Togo. The British Embassy then decided it could let

Andrew Richard Amar, a countryman of mine with a British passport, resume the English education he had interrupted to come to Moscow.

As for myself, the U.S. Embassy finally agreed to help me if the British Embassy would provide me with a valid British passport. This was done, and in October 1960 I prepared to leave Moscow and fly to the United States, to enrol at Washington State University.

"You'll be sorry!" warned my dean at Moscow University when after five days of argument he finally granted me the right to get an exit permit.

But I'm not. I'm eternally grateful.

True, there is racial discrimination in the United States, but Americans are consciously striving to eliminate it; in the Soviet Union this evil is official policy. True, compared with the financial assistance given me in Moscow, my funds today are lean and precarious. But I thank God that I am here not as a pawn of an international conspiracy; I am here because of the generosity of American people.

I am one of the lucky ones. Today, a hundred or more other young Africans are floating round Europe, impoverished and discouraged. They had the courage to get out of Moscow State University, but they have hunted in vain for free countries that would accord them another educational opportunity. In the meantime, the ranks of the students behind the Iron Curtain have been increased to a thousand or 1,500 by expanded Russian recruiting programmes. I pray that a way may be found to let some of these young men have the opportunity I'm being given.

It is important for the world—and especially for the world's neutrals—to know how Moscow treats its visiting students. Our formal charges against the Communists will, I hope, serve to put other students on their guard:

"In the name of all loyal Africans," we wrote, "the executive committee of the African Students Union in Moscow wishes respectfully to call the attention of all African governments to the deceits, the threats, the pressures, the brutality and the discrimination with which the Soviet administrators and strategists have so often handled African and other foreign students. New and dangerous forms of colonialism and discrimination are being fostered by the Communists and are a grave threat to the future of Africa.

"This new colonialism is being advanced by deceitful propaganda and subversion. Our accusations are directed not against the Russian people we met and some of whom we came to love. We accuse the disastrous ambition of Communist dictatorship and its bureaucracy that have brought terror and fear to much of the world."

My Life and Hard Times With a Swimming Pool

By Devon Francis

When the question of our building a swimming pool first came up, I thought it was just idle conversation.

My wife remarked, "We ought to join a country club. Only—we could build a swimming pool for what it would cost."

"Okay," I said lightly, "let's build a swimming pool," and opened the evening paper at the sports page.

When I got home the next evening two engaging gentlemen, Mr. Davis and Mr. Rittenberg, from a pool-building company near by, were—to my utter astonishment—on the terrace squinting at our property.

In a week, there was our pool.

In a numb sort of way we were enchanted with it. It was 30 feet long and averaged-out (being, of course, kidney-shaped), 15 feet wide. It was four feet deep at the shallow end and seven and a half at the deep end. It held 19,000 gallons of water. It was painted blue, and was wet and cool and invigorating. When, at dusk, we switched on the underwater light with temporary wiring, its soft fluorescence bathed the surrounding trees.

It illuminated a lot of other stuff, too. For all around there was the biggest collection of debris since they dug the Panama Canal. The scene didn't square with our dream.

"It looks sort of unfinished," I said.

My wife is the practical one. "I've got a suspicion," said she, "that we've only done the first part of the work."

Andrew Richard Amar, a countryman of mine with a British passport, resume the English education he had interrupted to come to Moscow.

As for myself, the U.S. Embassy finally agreed to help me if the British Embassy would provide me with a valid British passport. This was done, and in October 1960 I prepared to leave Moscow and fly to the United States, to enrol at Washington State University.

"You'll be sorry!" warned my dean at Moscow University when after five days of argument he finally granted me the right to get an exit permit.

But I'm not. I'm eternally grateful.

True, there is racial discrimination in the United States, but Americans are consciously striving to eliminate it; in the Soviet Union this evil is official policy. True, compared with the financial assistance given me in Moscow, my funds today are lean and precarious. But I thank God that I am here not as a pawn of an international conspiracy; I am here because of the generosity of American people.

I am one of the lucky ones. Today, a hundred or more other young Africans are floating round Europe, impoverished and discouraged. They had the courage to get out of Moscow State University, but they have hunted in vain for free countries that would accord them another educational opportunity. In the meantime, the ranks of the students behind the Iron Curtain have been increased to a thousand or 1,500 by expanded Russian recruiting programmes. I pray that a way may be found to let some of these young men have the opportunity I'm being given.

It is important for the world—and especially for the world's neutrals—to know how Moscow treats its visiting students. Our formal charges against the Communists will, I hope, serve to put other students on their guard:

"In the name of all loyal Africans," we wrote, "the executive committee of the African Students Union in Moscow wishes respectfully to call the attention of all African governments to the deceits, the threats, the pressures, the brutality and the discrimination with which the Soviet administrators and strategists have so often handled African and other foreign students. New and dangerous forms of colonialism and discrimination are being fostered by the Communists and are a grave threat to the future of Africa.

"This new colonialism is being advanced by deceitful propaganda and subversion. Our accusations are directed not against the Russian people we met and some of whom we came to love. We accuse the disastrous ambition of Communist dictatorship and its bureaucracy that have brought terror and fear to much of the world."

My Life and Hard Times With a Swimming Pool

By Devon Francis

When the question of our building a swimming pool first came up, I thought it was just idle conversation.

My wife remarked, "We ought to join a country club. Only—we could build a swimming pool for what it would cost."

"Okay," I said lightly, "let's build a swimming pool," and opened the evening paper at the sports page.

When I got home the next evening two engaging gentlemen, Mr. Davis and Mr. Rittenberg, from a pool-building company near by, were—to my utter astonishment—on the terrace squinting at our property.

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In a numb sort of way we were enchanted with it. It was 30 feet long and averaged-out (being, of course, kidney-shaped), 15 feet wide. It was four feet deep at the shallow end and seven and a half at the deep end. It held 19,000 gallons of water. It was painted blue, and was wet and cool and invigorating. When, at dusk, we switched on the underwater light with temporary wiring, its soft fluorescence bathed the surrounding trees.

It illuminated a lot of other stuff, too. For all around there was the biggest collection of debris since they dug the Panama Canal. The scene didn't square with our dream.

"It looks sort of unfinished," I said.

My wife is the practical one. "I've got a suspicion," said she, "that we've only done the first part of the work."

We carted away the debris ourselves. It took a week. Then we brought in the electricians. They had to make a permanent connexion between the house power supply and the underwater light and the motor that turned the pump in the water-filter system. Next came a paving contractor. He laid a concrete apron—the "deck"—on the perimeter of the pool. Then the pool contractors returned with such oddments as granular chlorine to kill unfriendly bacteria, other chemicals to prevent the growth of algae, an extension-handle underwater brush for sediment, and a test-tube apparatus to keep a finger on the water's chlorine and acidity-alkalinity pulse. Things were plainly getting out of hand.

"I trust," I said to the man as he remounted his lorry, and I tried not to sound complaining, "that this about finishes the job."

"Just about," he replied. "Of course," he added as he let in the clutch, "you will want a diving board one of these days, and you'd better start thinking about a vacuum cleaner, and before the leaves begin falling you will want a good pool cover."

We were shocked by the complexities of pool maintenance. But what was really causing us to turn and toss at night was the thought of the neighbours. We had a pool. None of our neighbours had a pool. One couldn't swim alone in one's own pool, we agreed, in full view of a gaggle of sweaty onlookers. Yet one couldn't permit one's pool to become a public tub for outdoor bathing. We would just have to make some rules and pass the word round.

Rule One: No children under 12. We no longer have any offspring at home, and we had made the shallow end of the pool four feet deep to discourage visits from local small fry.

Rule Two: No adults except by invitation.

We felt pretty good about our decisions. It was all simple, really.

Rule One got its first test on a hot Saturday afternoon as we sat on the terrace in our bathing suits, drying off. Two youngsters, right on the borderline of 11 years old, suddenly appeared and unobtrusively sat down. They stared at the pool. They stared at their feet. They stared at the sky. They didn't say anything, they just stared. I looked at my watch. After a long time I looked at the watch again. It had been three minutes.

"All right," I said, "get your bathing trunks." I turned to my wife. "They feed the cat when we're away," I explained defensively, "and they compete to mow the lawn, and——" She was looking at me. "Okay," I said, "I'm a coward."

She squinted at the kids splashing. "It was only a question," she said, "of which of us caved in first."

That solved the kid problem. We merely modified Rule One: No kids unless accompanied by adults, or

unless by special invitation or unless there were special circumstances.

We realized that enforcement of Rule Two was going to be equally difficult. "If we ask the Bedells," said my wife, "the Schlencks may wonder why we didn't ask them. If the Bedells and the Schlencks go in, the Hattons and the Woodworths may wonder why they weren't invited. If the Woodworths come, there are the Grovers——"

In the end the adults solved the problem themselves. Our house became a communal clothes-changing place. My wife had to have the beds made by 10 a.m., for by 10.30 someone might drop in for a dip. She assumed a permanent posture of mop-in-hand to soak up water from the floors. She took it all in her stride.

The pool itself was a fair housekeeping problem, requiring daily care. There was a dose of chlorine, administered after sunset or soon after sunrise. Otherwise, the chlorine would evaporate too fast to kill bacteria. We had to test the water for its acid-alkaline balance. If it was too alkaline, it frustrated the mission of the chlorine. Worse, it permitted the deposit of calcium on the pool sides and bottom. If too acid, it irritated the eyes.

The volume of traffic through the pool determined the amount of brushing we had to do; when the water was churned up, more dirt went down the drain to be taken out by the filter. Once a week we had to backwash the filter, reversing the flow and carrying away the dirt collected in the filtering agent. We had to clean the leaves from strainers in the filter and skimmer. Periodically, also, we had to fish Mein Herr Schnapps, our schnauzer, out of the pool.

Then there were the grown-up pranksters. One morning at two o'clock I heard a splash in the pool. We woke up with a start. I rushed to the back door, barking a shin in the dark. Moonlight bathed the terrace. The water had been disturbed all right. Waves slapped at the pool sides. But the place was barren of clues.

"Let's assume, from the size of the splash," said my wife comfortingly as I crawled back into bed, "that it was only a horse."

In the morning I remarked pointedly to my next-door neighbour that there had been a big splash in the pool, and hadn't he had a party at his house the night before? He nodded. "Funny," he said, deadpan, shaking his head.

The season had to end. On a brisk autumn morning a man from the pool company knocked on the door. "We've come," said he softly, "to put your pool to sleep."

He dismounted the motor and pump on the filter. He stuffed rags in the open plumbing. He greased the fittings. He removed the skimmer weir and put a piece of wood in the reservoir to absorb ice pressure. He lowered the pool level. He

removed the ladder. It was all a little sad.

"I'll bet," said my wife, "that this winter will be the longest one that we have ever spent."

It was, too. But we invented compensations. For Christmas, my wife gave me half a hut for the terrace so that bathers would have somewhere besides the house in which to change. For her birthday, I gave her the other half. For my birthday, she gave me a plastic pool cover. For Mein Herr Schnapps's birthday, we gave him a pool vacuum cleaner.

I don't know what all this has cost us in capital investment. I've never added it up. We reached a point of no return and somehow, now, it doesn't seem to matter, for we enjoy our swimming pool all the year round. In the summer we swim in it. When snow mantles its seductive curves, we gaze at it through the window and ruminate that if winter comes, spring can't be far behind.

For Better, for Worse

OUR 11-year-old daughter was called upon to help with many extra chores in preparation for her elder sister's wedding. During the hectic final week she was constantly on the go. When the wedding was over at last, she eagerly read the announcement in the local newspaper—the description of the bridal gown, the names of those in the wedding party and so on.

"Why!" she cried in disappointment when she reached the end of the article, "I'm not even listed as one of the survivors!" —The Rev. Kelly Moseley

WHEN my sister announced her engagement to the captain of the local rifle club, my maiden aunt, noted for her skill in cake decoration, insisted on making the wedding cake.

The great day arrived and she delivered her masterpiece—three tiers of it, frosted and silvered, and embellished with sprigs of orange blossom. On top stood her crowning achievement—a perfect sugar model of a shotgun. —Dorothy Holledge

THE Sunday bulletin of one church lists memorial gifts from members of the congregation. One week a special gift was reported, "a thank-offering gift" from a couple whose daughter had just married. —*S.L.L.*

A HAPPY bridal couple had just driven away from the church when they were gonged by a police car. Embarrassed, the groom pulled over to the kerb and asked what he had done.

"Nothing," said the policeman, "but I've been in front of the church for two hours directing traffic for your wedding. Now I want my chance to kiss the bride!" —M. M.



John Gunther "Inside Britain Today"

In his book "Inside Europe," *published a quarter of a century ago, John Gunther wrote of Great Britain:* "*At one and the same time, England is the world's firmest monarchy, strongest oligarchy and freest democracy. It is an island of country houses, built on a foundation of coal. It supports itself by ownership of land or by trade in all the markets of the world; it pays service to conscience and religion; its empire is its greatest pride.*" *Now, 25 years later, Mr. Gunther has taken another look at Britain. Here is his report: the personal view of an outsider who is also one of the world's most perceptive observers. It is an exclusive excerpt from his latest book,* "Inside Europe Today."

By John Gunther

On a minor level—or perhaps not so minor—there are all manner of differences between Great Britain in 1936 and Great Britain today. Politicians refer to their colleagues by their Christian names on television, and the prostitutes are off the streets. Cambridge has abolished Latin as an entrance requirement (so has Oxford for science students), and standards of the popular Press (to my mind, at least) have grossly deteriorated. The leaving age for compulsory education has been raised from 14 to 15, and naked striptease shows, presented all over the West End of London to "club" audiences, do a

Condensed from "Inside Europe Today," © 1961 by John Gunther and published by Hamish Hamilton, London

business of £5 million (Rs. 7 crores) a year. The youth of the land betrays a distinct note of irreverence towards the mysterious entity known as the Establishment, which is the ruling clique in Britain, and tourists may enter the sacred precincts of almost every stately home in England by paying a small fee.

Other conspicuous phenomena of change demand more extended word.

First, social fluidity. It would be a gross exaggeration to say that class distinctions in England no longer exist—but, generally speaking, caste is nowhere near so important as it was before the war. Then, if a boy's father was a coal miner or textile worker, the chances were that the youngster would follow him in his occupation; only exceptionally gifted, aggressive or lucky people emerged from their environment. Today countless young men and women climb out of their backgrounds with comparative ease.

Among the factors leading to the fluidity of much of contemporary British society are democratized education and "the telly," which can go a long way towards shaping a homogeneous society. But most important of all is money. With the increase in taxes and the virtual end of unemployment, the poor have become richer, and the rich have become poorer. Death duties rise to 80 per cent on an estate of £1 million (Rs. 1·3 crores); no factor, not even surtax (which goes up to 89 per cent) can be more levelling. Only 18,100 people in the whole of Britain keep more than £4,000 (Rs. 50,000) per year out of earnings, and of this number only 800 keep more than £6,000 (Rs. 80,000). Most rich people live on their capital, and the manipulation of it, since there is no capital-gains tax in Britain.

Second. It seemed to me, visiting Britain in 1958 and again in 1960, that there had been a diminution in the respect generally accorded the Royal Family. Here we tread on delicate ground. The Queen and Queen Mother are loved and revered by the majority of the population, but the *institution* of monarchy is regarded with a perspective sharply different from that of former years. Writers, both Tory and Labour, have made vivid adverse comment on royal prerogatives and attributes. The marriage of Princess Margaret provoked gossip that would have been unthinkable a generation ago. The *New Statesman* printed a profile about the royal bride which dealt with her as a human being with human frailties. Members of the Labour Party asked pertinent questions in the House about the sum allotted for decorating the London streets for her wedding and the cost of her honeymoon cruise on the royal yacht. In general, however, few British citizens resent what the Royal Family costs them.

Third, the boom. Everybody, it seems, has money — moreover,

spends it. Wages have gone up, but inflation has been kept within bounds. Conspicuous is the relative affluence of young people. Boys just out of school may earn as much as £8 (Rs. 107) a week at their first jobs, and a teenager is scorned by his fellows if he hasn't good-looking clothes. These youngsters, let us remember, were the hardship kids who grew up in a rationed economy with the most meagre apportionment of shoes, butter, meat, radios, what not—and now they are bursting out.

Wealth makes for relaxation, and also for mobility. Outstanding is the enormous increase of hire-purchase or, as it is somewhat cynically known, "the Never-Never." This puts merchandise within the reach of almost everybody, and it is another cogent reason why classes are being levelled out. As one friend put it to me: a garage mechanic with a second-hand Ford can, with reasonable luck, get as far along the road as a duke in a Jaguar.

Despite the boom, there are worries in the economic picture. The principal one has to do with exports. Britain must import food (about half its total consumption) or starve; and imports must be paid for. Exports have been holding up well, but imports are rising faster; the trade deficit has recently run as high as £108 million (Rs. 144 crores) a month. The main reason, paradoxically, is too much prosperity—that is, the colossal demand by Britons for British consumer goods, which means that manufactured articles which normally went abroad are now absorbed at home. To check this process the government has taken several steps, such as increasing the bank rate, squeezing credit, and trying to keep hire-purchase within bounds by direct controls.

Fourth, nationalization and the welfare state. Most of the manufacturing industries, on which British trade largely depends, have not been nationalized and probably never will be. Steel was nationalized by the Labour government, then brought back to private ownership by the Tories. Roughly one-seventh of the steel industry is, however, still state-owned, and the list of other industries and services which are firmly nationalized and under public control is formidable—the railways, most civil aviation, some road transport, the Bank of England, coal, gas and electricity, and cable and wireless communication. Then, too, one should mention subsidized housing, the National Insurance Scheme—which provides social security on an extremely comprehensive basis—and, above all, the National Health Service. Despite the ferocious controversies which attended its birth, it not only works efficiently, but is overwhelmingly popular.

Fifth and finally, Britain is no longer a great power. It is at the top of the second rank of powers, but it

is not on the level of the Soviet Union or the United States. And perhaps this is the most profound, the most noteworthy, of all the changes, since for roughly a hundred years Britain *was* incontestably the chief power in the world, and it is no small thing for a great power to stop being one. Moreover, the British Empire (as apart from the Commonwealth) has all but ceased to exist.

Since the war, British dependencies embracing 592,000,000 people and 3,735,000 square miles have become free. However, most of the newly independent countries, although they rank as sovereign states, retain close economic and political ties with Britain, and are loyal members of the Commonwealth. The Union Jack no longer flies over them, they no longer have British governors, but association with the United Kingdom and most other members of the Commonwealth remains cordial and intimate.

One of the reasons for this giving away of what seems to be a quarter of the earth is the good old British doctrine, once expressed to me by the late Ernest Bevin, a former Foreign Secretary, of "Give—and keep!" That is, by getting out in time, by fulfilling the nationalist aspirations of colonial peoples early rather than late, the British hoped to retain political dominance and economic advantage. It hasn't always worked out that way. Britain, for instance, certainly does not dominate Nehru's India. But British relations with India are infinitely smoother and more fruitful than before the war, and British trade with India has actually increased—by a lot.

Defence and Nuclear Disarmament

DEFENCE is a difficult subject in Britain. One may begin with the premise that the country is indefensible in the missile age. Great Britain is a sitting target—small, with a highly concentrated population and lying a stone's throw from the nearest Soviet missile bases in East Germany. One calculation is that no more than 60 megaton bombs, which could be dumped on Britain in a matter of minutes, would destroy it.

All this has, as a natural result, produced repercussions in the national consciousness.

The Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament—a movement which sponsors "peace marches" between London and Aldermaston, site of a nuclear-research establishment—has become one of the most powerful pressure groups in Britain, and includes such renowned figures as Bertrand Russell and J. B. Priestley. How, it may well be asked, can any responsible or patriotic Briton plead for unilateral British abandonment of nuclear arms? How, in the present burning state of the world, can they bear to leave the United Kingdom defenceless except for conventional weapons? The

major hypothesis of the unilateralists is that, by renouncing nuclear weapons and scrapping the present stocks of A-bombs and H-bombs and the means of delivering them, and by withdrawing from NATO and abolishing American bases, the country will be made not weaker, but stronger. If, they reason, Britain takes the lead in nuclear disarmament, it is unlikely that Russia will ever bother to attack her, since the Soviet Union has no serious quarrel with Great Britain *per se;* in other words, as I heard it put, "the best way to attain security is by total weakness."

One objectively-minded Labour M.P. who vigorously opposes nuclear disarmament told me that the unilateralists are composed of six main groups: *(a)* genuine idealists; *(b)* "practical" pacifists, including many churchmen, who want to neutralize Britain; *(c)* Communists and fellow travellers; *(d)* woolly-minded escapists, who stick their heads in the sand like ostriches; *(e)* anti-Americans; and *(f)* people who fear West German rearmament. (A strong body of British opinion still hates and fears Germany.)

Macmillan and the Tories

WHEN Harold Macmillan became Prime Minister in January 1957, British fortunes and prestige were at their lowest ebb for a generation. The grim Suez fiasco had split the country; Anglo-American relations were bad; the Commonwealth was restive and alarmed; morale at home was cracking, and a flight from sterling threatened; the Tory Party was frustrated, leaderless and discouraged.

Today, developments have come that are little short of phenomenal. Suez left a lurid scar, but the wound has healed; relations between London and Washington are harmonious and fruitful, and Britain has healthy gold and currency reserves; above all, the Rt. Hon. Harold Macmillan, Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury, is undisputed leader of the Tory Party, widely popular and respected, and at the peak of his considerable powers.*

The Macmillan government is, of course, a conservative government, but on most issues stands (to American eyes) a bit left of centre. In fact, the Macmillanites are called "Left Conservatives" by Tories to the right of them. The root of the Macmillan policy is to play politics like chess and, at all costs, to hold on to an impregnable position slightly left of centre. This infuriates the Labour Party, and makes it difficult for Labour to wage a winning electoral campaign; the Tories have filched their thunder.

The Opposition

MOREOVER, on two issues—further nationalization of industry, and defence—the Labour Party is itself bitterly divided. The leader of the

* See "Gunther's Profile of Harold Macmillan," The Reader's Digest, January 1959.

party, Hugh Gaitskell, has to spend much more time and energy fighting one wing of his own followers than in confronting Macmillan and the government.

The pressing and painful issue in the Labour Party split is unilateralism and nuclear disarmament. To oversimplify, the focus of the quarrel is a struggle between elements in the Trades Union Congress and the parliamentary Labour Party.

The trade unions, with over eight million members, are important because, historically, they have always been the essential base of the whole Labour movement. A number of major unions last year took up the cause of unilateral nuclear disarmament. One curiosity is the Communist influence. *Politically* the Communists play no rôle in Great Britain whatever; yet their influence is considerable in several unions, like the engineers and electrical workers. And it is all on the unilateralist side.

Gaitskell and his adherents, on the other hand, want to keep the nuclear deterrent and continue to permit the presence of U.S. forces in Great Britain as long as necessary. Within the party an astounding number of cross-currents cut into this struggle. Some M.P.'s oppose Gaitskell on unilateral grounds, some for his stand on "Clause Four" —the "nationalization of industry" clause in the Labour Party constitution written in 1918. Gaitskell's opinion is that a broad commitment to common ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange does not fit the circumstances of post-war affluent society.

How Britain Has Not Changed

UNTIL doomsday or even beyond one may assume that the more resplendent London hotels and shops will continue to have commissionaires who wear smart uniforms and service medals, and that never will there be a spot of dust on the sleek flanks of the Rolls-Royces lined up outside Claridge's. Other changeless factors are, of course, ivy on village walls, letters to *The Times,* severe standards in the courts of law, and tall women who like to shoot and ride to hounds.

But something more important, more germinal, should be mentioned, too. As a British friend put it, Britain is still a country with a conscience—provided that conscience does not interfere with having more than a reasonable share of economic well-being. No country in the world has such a zealous pride in civil liberties, and this is still probably the only nation capable of going to war on behalf of another, as it did in 1914 for Belgium and in 1939 for Poland—though other motivations also played a role. Britain is still an intensely virile nation in the realm of ideas, it still respects the nonconformist conscience, it still has a lively political capacity for protest, and it still believes in right.

BUT IS IT ART?

The artistry of the camera is causing museums and critics to accord photography an increasingly honoured place in the world of pictures

By Oscar Schisgall

A man named Fred Langenheim set up a camera on a tripod one sunny July day in 1845, and snapped a panoramic view of Niagara Falls. When copies of the picture circulated throughout Europe, it became the first photograph to achieve international fame. But was it a work of art?

The same question was asked when the U.S. Government paid 25,000 dollars for 2,000 American Civil War photographs taken by Mathew Brady. A vivid history, it was conceded. But could such pictures be classed with great paintings?

Today, photography has come of age as an art. In the opinion of James Rorimer, director of New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art, "A picture that stirs the emotions can be a work of art whether it is produced by a painter, an etcher or a photographer."

This was dramatized in a recent exhibition of Spanish photographs at the Metropolitan Museum. Hung among camera shots, most of them

by José Ortiz Echagüe, were some famous etchings by the Spanish painter, Goya. Many a viewer, glancing from photograph to etching, found it hard to decide which was more arresting. In "Penitents in Cuenca," for instance, Echagüe's camera had caught a long, misty line of hooded figures climbing a hill. I for one found it quite as moving as Goya's etchings.

Often photographs make one appraise a painting more acutely. Irving Penn composed a camera-picture of birch trees reflected in a pond. One cannot help comparing it with Monet's paintings of poplars at a river's edge. Both have caught the same kind of natural beauty.

"I personally use a camera to record a moment, a moment that is vital, to give the viewer of the final print a sensation — liveliness, sadness, joy, excitement."
—ANTONY ARMSTRONG-JONES

Some photographers have even developed the same *habits* as painters. Monet would paint canvas after canvas of a subject that he especially liked—a haystack, a lily pond, a cathedral façade. Similarly, Edward Steichen, the doyen of American photographers, has made countless pictures of a flowering tree outside his window. What fascinated him were the different aspects it revealed in wind, sun, rain, night, dawn and changing light.

Many European and American museums exhibit photographs, but few collect them. With the camera thus recognized, the millions of camera owners are today potential artists. This was made clear when a jury of 12 museum directors, curators of prints, and photography and art critics selected photographs for the Metropolitan Museum's exhibition, "Photography in the Fine Arts." Among the 183 pictures chosen were the works of 21 amateurs.

One of these was Leo Lerch's "Homeward"—a group of men herding sheep and goats through clouds of blurring dust in Mexico. It is absolutely breath-taking. How did an amateur get it?

I was a tourist," Lerch said, "and I came upon these men and their herd in a rutted side road. They didn't like strangers. They turned their backs on me and drove their sheep away. But I saw the picture they made and snapped it. Nothing makes travel more exciting than to be ready to take shots of the unexpected."

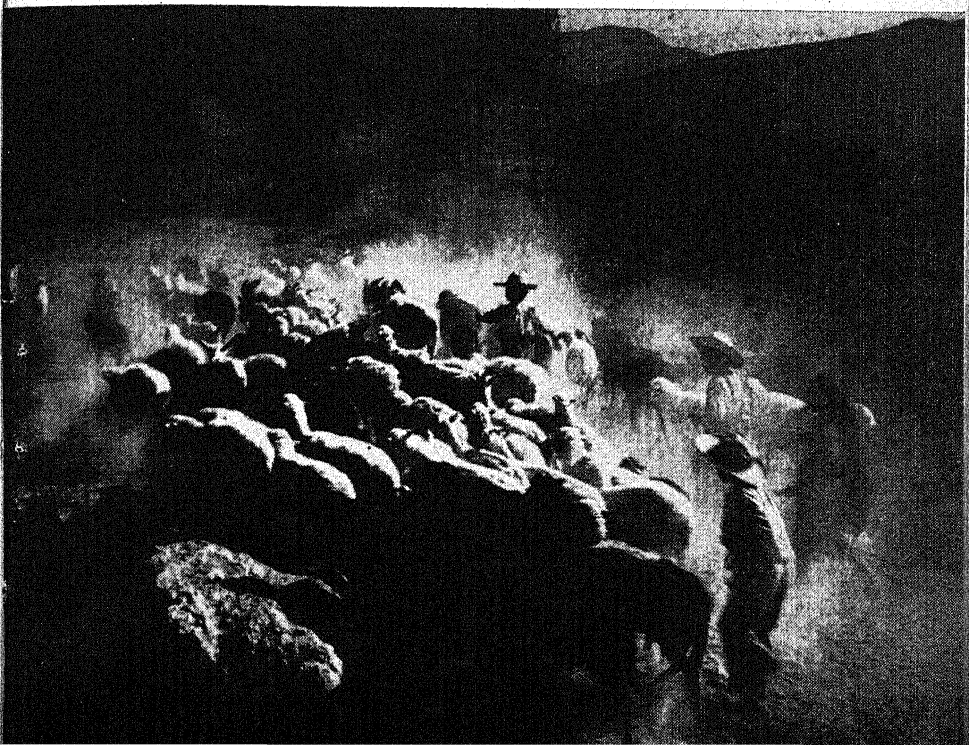
"What makes photographers," says photographer Erich Hartmann, "is the ability to see something which is to them dramatic, beautiful or tragic—in a scene, a face, a flash of landscape. The best place to search is among simple, familiar things—even in a leaf."

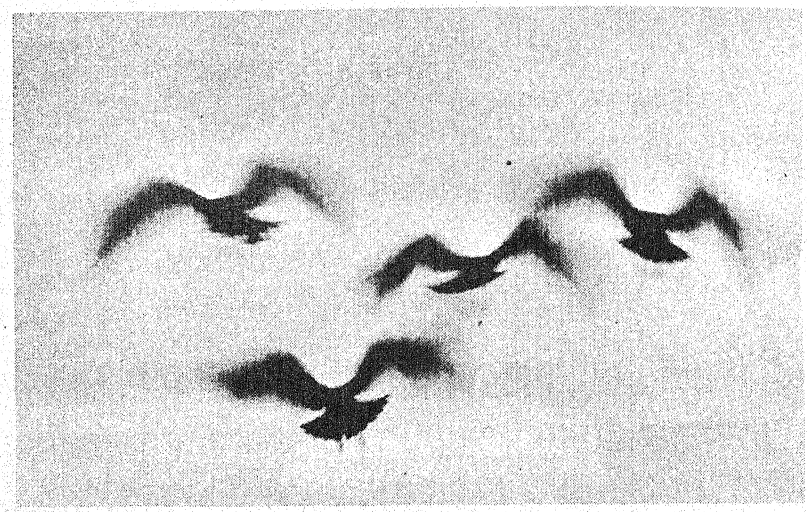
He speaks of a leaf with reason. Hartmann's studies include close-ups of a palm, a cactus, a rubber tree. In each he caught the perfect balance of design that nature so often achieves.

Art critics used to condemn an uninspired painting by calling it "photographic." They meant that it revealed no emotion, that it was mechanical. Today, however, the imaginative photographer can hold his own with all other artists in expressing emotion. When David Seymour, for example, made camera studies in a Polish war orphanage, he was not looking for prettiness but for human reality. One of his shots may well become a classic; it caught, in the face of a homeless little girl, all the anguish caused by war.

Abstractions? The abstract photographs at New York's Museum of Modern Art, collected from many nations, are as vivid, as startling—and in some cases as incomprehensible—as those made by the most

In "Homeward," Leo Lerch, an amateur photographer, blended beauty of composition and richness of subject-matter to achieve a camera masterpiece.





Airborne grace, motion and design—Ernst Haas's classic picture of pigeons over a beach (Magnum)

abstract of painters. Scott Hyde, for instance, achieved remarkable effects by focusing his camera on crumpled aluminium foil. Only a lens could have revealed how many colours and designs aluminium foil reflects.

Ernst Haas of Austria has wrought eye-catching wonders in photographing sunlight on wet sand, shadows on water, a speed-blurred bull attacking a horse, and —believe it or not—three pieces of Swiss cheese on a table!

There are few galleries or dealers in photographic art; the decision on "what is art" is left, essentially, to museum curators or their judges. This is one reason why the camera's art has never become a high-priced commodity like paintings or etchings. Professionals may sell their *commercial* pictures to advertising agencies for Rs. 4,000 or more, but when they sell an art photograph to the Museum of Modern Art collection, for example, the standard fee is a little over Rs. 40. To be accepted by the Museum of Modern Art, however, is an honour that cannot be measured in money. It means being included among such masters as Alfred Stieglitz, Henri Cartier-Bresson, Edward Weston, Alfred Eisenstadt.

"Is there any formula for producing artistic photographs?" an amateur wrote to Ivan Dmitri, the noted photographer who is a star of the "Photography in the Fine Arts"

exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum in New York. Dmitri's reply was: "Have the courage to photograph what *you* consider worth while. The best way to evoke a response in others is to photograph that which moves *you*."

He cited Wynn Bullock's "The Chair." Bullock photographed what anybody else might have called an ugly sight: the remains of a wooden chair, all but destroyed by fire, leaning against a charred fence. Yet Bullock achieved a masterpiece of grim power. Jeannette Klute, too, had the courage to consider only her own judgement when, in "Seashells," she focused her lens on the ordinary offerings of a beach.

"Isn't the memorable picture usually caught by accident?" many amateurs ask museum curators.

This may be true of some great news pictures, but most art photographs are not produced accidentally. The photographer with an alert eye sees a picture. He studies it as a painter studies a subject—from different angles, in varying lights. When he finally gets what he wants, after hours or even days, it is the result of a deliberate, intelligent effort.

How much is due to dark-room technique, the sort of wizardry an average amateur cannot manage? Startling things *can* be done to a negative in the dark-room. Normally, however, an amateur will not need dark-room magic to improve on nature or on authentic human documentation. Still, if the beauty and effectiveness of a picture can be enhanced by such a simple process as cropping (cutting away a part or parts), why not experiment?

Ivan Dmitri once showed me an amateur's picture of seagulls winging against an exquisite sky. It had colour, movement, a wonderful sense of composition. Yet the original photograph had shown the New York City skyline from a ferryboat—a conventional picture. When it was printed, the photographer saw, in the upper left-hand corner, six gulls silhouetted against the sky. He cropped that corner, made an enlarged print of it, and found himself with a gem of grace and motion—almost as charming as Ernst Haas's masterpiece, "Pigeons."

Will photographers make the most of their advantages? The answer lies in the perceptiveness, the good taste, the constant quest for beauty among the millions of people who own cameras. What they see and record today may fill our museums tomorrow.

Final Exam

A YOUNG teacher, looking harassed, came into the school office and asked for one of the intelligence test forms. When I asked what he was going to do with just one test, he replied, "Oh, I just want to find out if it's them or *me!*"

—Contributed by Mrs. Edna Davis

Towards More Picturesque Speech

CHILDREN'S FACES looking up, holding wonder like a cup (Sara Teasdale) . . . A candle shed wax tears (Boris Pasternak) . . . Broken windowpanes which a spider had tried to mend (A. R.) . . . The train: I like to see it lap the miles and lick the valleys up (Emily Dickinson) . . . A glittering day when all the waves wore flags (John Masefield)

Something Old, Something New. Marriage is oceans of emotions surrounded by expanses of expenses *(C.A.R.)* . . . An invitation to a wedding involves more trouble than a summons to a police court (William Feather) . . . Marriage is like a tango: it takes two, and sometimes one has to bend over backwards to keep the dance going (Margaret White)

Cracking the Quip. Truancy is when a small boy lets his mind wander—and then follows it *(C.A.R.)* . . . They tell of a popular psychiatrist who's doing well. He makes Rs. 4,000 a week and all the change that falls behind the couch (B. B.) . . . Chaperoning: a spectator spoil-sport (S. D.) . . . Nothing you put into a banana split is as fattening as a spoon (Franklin Jones)

With an O-Pun Mind. The college boy will find a way home thumbhow (M. W.) . . . Four fathers have formed a quartet to entertain at parent-teacher meetings. They call themselves "The Faux Pas" (Hal Levy) . . . Possible reason for missile failures: Too many ions in the fire (A. E. B.) . . . Garaging a car is complicated by the fallacy that there's always room for one mower *(W.W.M.)*

Caught in Passing. Mother, to a little boy who has opened the door for his father: "Stop saying, 'It's only Daddy'—even if it is only Daddy!" (Jack Tippit) . . . Woman at party: "I never saw anyone get as much exercise as she does by simply walking across the room" *(C.E.)*

Traffic Lights. Too many drivers play rushing roulette on the roads (T. G. Ballantyne) . . . Like prayer, the small car brings the family closer together *(C.T.)*

Finely Defined. Intuition: Simply a matter of reading between the lyings (S. B.) . . . Conscience: The playback of the still, small voice that told you not to do it in the first place (L. S. McCandless) . . . Waltz: Teenager's idea of a square dance *(T.L.)* . . . Modern block of flats: One in which both the landlord and the tenant are trying to raise the rent (Cy N. Peace in *Quote*) . . . Self-control: Mind over madder (P. K. T.) . . . Cactus: A truculent succulent (K. L. M.) . . . Tolerance: The uncomfortable suspicion that the other fellow may be right after all *(T.S.)*

"Rescue Breathing": New Way to Save Lives

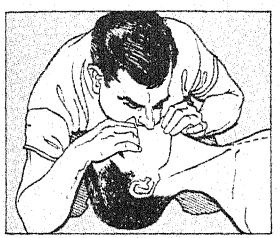
A simple and effective method of artificial respiration

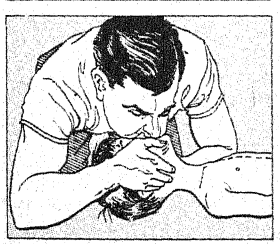
By Richard Match

MEDICAL EXPERIMENTS have shown that one of the best first-aid measures to revive a person whose breathing has been stopped by near-drowning, electric shock, smoke or gas inhalation, or some similarly incapacitating accident or illness is to *blow your breath into his lungs, mouth-to-mouth.*

The experiments demonstrated that in about

Before beginning inflations, remove any foreign matter present in victim's mouth and throat by turning head to side and wiping out mouth with fingers or cloth.





Mouth-to-Mouth Method in Adults:

Insert thumb of your left hand between victim's teeth. Hold the jaw upwards so that the head is tilted backwards. Close victim's nostrils with your right hand. Take a deep breath and place your mouth tightly over victim's mouth and your own thumb. Blow forcefully enough to make victim's chest rise. Repeat inflations every three or four seconds.

Mouth-to-Mouth Method in Children:

Using both hands, grasp the angles of the child's jaw at the ear lobes and lift up forcibly so that the head is tilted backwards. Push child's lower lip towards the chin with your thumbs. *Never let the chin sag.* Take a breath and place your mouth tightly over child's mouth (for a small child cover both mouth and nose). Blow in gently until his chest moves, then take your mouth off and let him exhale passively. Repeat inflations about once every two or three seconds. *For infants use light puffs of breath.*

half to three-quarters of resuscitation cases neither the long-familiar Schaefer "prone-pressure" method nor the more recently recommended Holger Nielsen "back-pressure arm-lift" method, as usually performed by a trained rescuer, moved enough air into the lungs to sustain life. Mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, on the other hand, supplied up to 12 times the volume of air averaged by experts using the older methods.

Rescue breathing has an extra life-saving advantage. Doctors have long recognized the danger that an insensible patient may "swallow his tongue"—and suffocate. In an unconscious person, throat reflexes disappear and the tongue may sag against the back of the throat, blocking the victim's natural air passage. X-ray photographs have proved that this can happen whether the unconscious victim is placed face down or face up.

Rescue breathing avoids the danger. With this new technique, the victim's head *must* be tilted back and the lower jaw *must* be jutted out. The backward tilt of the head straightens the victim's air passage, and the jutting jaw *pulls the tongue forward*. Authorities say that some unconscious victims will be saved simply by holding the head and jaw in this position, which permits spontaneous breathing.

Each year scores of thousands die of gas or smoke inhalation, drowning and similar emergencies. Three-quarters of these incidents occur in or around the home. According to experts, a large percentage of the victims could be saved if everyone knew the few simple steps involved in mouth-to-mouth artificial respiration (see previous page).

Deprived of oxygen, brain cells die or suffer irreversible damage in as little as three to five minutes.

In an emergency, therefore, start your life-giving blowing *at once*. And at the first opportunity get someone to call a doctor.

* * *

IN *The Day My Son Drowned* (The Reader's Digest, January 1959) a father described how he saved his son by resorting, on sudden impulse, to mouth-to-mouth breathing. Since then the Digest has received news from all over the world of cases in which lives were saved by this method, administered by people who had read and remembered the article. In Saskatchewan a corporal of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police revived a four-year-old boy who had stopped breathing after swallowing poison. An elderly man, who fell "lifeless" following a stroke, was brought back by a neighbour giving mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. From Pakistan comes the story of the six-year-old son of a missionary who was pulled "lifeless" from a canal, his face purple. His mother, who, by miraculous chance, had re-read the Digest article only a few days before, started mouth-to-mouth breathing immediately, and the boy revived.

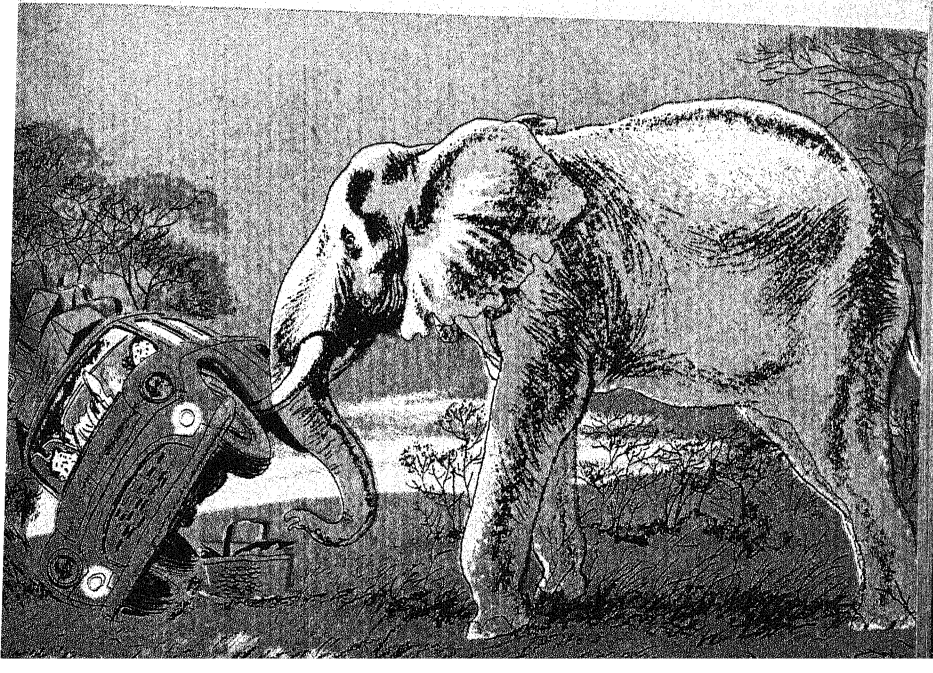
Elephants Are Human—Almost

By Brian O'Brien

They discipline their young, help one another in distress, "fall in love" and care for the aged. Some fascinating observations from a man who has known the "ponderous pachyderm" at first hand

Condensed from U.S. Lady

At Queen Elizabeth National Park in Uganda, Warden R. C. Bere and I were driving across a plain one afternoon when we observed a group of elephant cows with their calves. They looked round, flapped their ears and ignored us, so Bere pulled up to let me take photographs. Suddenly the largest cow spread her ears, shook



her head wickedly and, screaming deafeningly, charged. She pulled up not six yards from us.

"What brought that on?" I asked. "She was peaceful enough before."

"Perhaps she was sick of the sight of safari cars," Bere answered. "Or perhaps she ate something that disagreed with her. Perhaps it was mosquitoes; they drive elephants crazy sometimes. With elephants, you never can be sure. They're unpredictable—like people."

Specialists who have spent years studying elephants regard them with affection for just this reason—that they display so many traits similar to our own. Donald Ker of Ker & Downey, the famous safari-outfitting firm in Nairobi, Kenya, showed me a report signed by two of his hunters. It told of two elephants that came to the rescue of a wounded herd mate. The two got their tusks under his tusks and, squeezing his body between them, lifted him right off the ground. They then ran past the startled hunters into thick bush. The hunters, following the trail, found that the wounded beast, though dropped three or four times, was carried at least two miles.

BORN IN BRISTOL, Brian O'Brien began to study African elephants in 1919, when he left Britain to work for a French charter company in Caméroun and Gabon. Later he became a British Government official in Nigeria. He is the author of several books based on Africa and his African experiences, including *Beating About the Bush*, *Crown Colony* and *She Had Magic*—a biography of Mary Slessor, the missionary.

After that he appeared to have regained consciousness and continued on his own until the three joined a grazing herd.

Bill Ryan, one of Ker & Downey's senior hunters, has studied elephants for 42 years. "They work things out, like people," he told me. "And sometimes they outsmart them. At one of our permanent camps a herd of elephants used to raid the garden. We put up a fence. They pushed through it. So we connected a new fence with the generator and electrified it. It took those beasts only a few nights to reason that when our lights went out the juice was turned off in the fence—so down it went again. We kept the generator running all night. But those brutes hung around fooling with the wire until one of them found that his tusk was non-conductive. Finally, we had to put out rangers with shotguns to keep them away."

When the lodges for visitors to Murchison Falls National Park were being built at Paraa, carpenters were repeatedly chased off the job by a bull known as the Lord Mayor of Paraa. He seemed to regard the area as his private domain and even after the lodges were finished he continued his patrol, pausing obligingly to be photographed.

One wonderful night he smelt *pombe*, a native beer made from fermented bananas, and tore the roof off a hut to get at some banana mash. Soon he began searching for

bananas in every car that came into Paraa. If it was a convertible, he tore the top off to get at the fruit; if a saloon, he reached in at the windows or picked the car up and shook it. Once, visitors who were sleeping in their car made the mistake of leaving food and bananas under the vehicle. During the night they were horrified to feel their car being picked up and turned over. They lay in a terrified tangle while the Lord Mayor nonchalantly ate their bananas.

Near Amboseli, one of Kenya's national reserves, lived an elephant with a sense of humour. He liked to lurk around a tight bend in the road until a car appeared. Then he'd rush out, ears spread, with a deafening screech. Satisfied that he had terrified everyone in the car, he'd back away and watch them pass, with an obvious twinkle in his sly little eyes.

At Queen Elizabeth National Park, where thousands of elephants can be watched by visitors in perfect safety as long as they obey park rules, I've seen elephant love in bloom. With Warden Bere I was observing a herd feeding on a slope above Lake Edward one day, when a handsome young bull stepped out of cover 200 yards from the group. At once a cow left the herd, turning her head shyly from side to side as she moved towards him. When they met, he took her trunk in his, their heads lifted, trunks entwined, until their mouths met in an unmistakable kiss. Then she butted him playfully. He pulled up a tussock of grass with his trunk, beat the mud off it against his knees and offered it to her. She tucked it into her mouth as they moved off, shoulders touching, stopping often to exchange kisses, until they disappeared into a stand of trees.

"They've been going steady for over a week," Bere said. "Courtship continues until the female comes into season. Then, in a remote forest glade—for elephants, like humans, prefer privacy for lovemaking—she responds eagerly to his fondling."

The honeymoon lasts up to ten months, the pair keeping company near the herd all day, then slipping into the forest to continue their lovemaking at night, until the female becomes pregnant and loses interest in her mate. A few months later, the female seeks the company of an older cow who will stand by her when the baby comes; the gestation period is about 21 months. The "auntie" stays on guard, charging viciously anything that comes near while the calf is being born.

The calf weighs about 14 stone, can stand on its legs in a few minutes and walk soon after. The belief that calves suckle with their trunks because they are too short to reach the breasts behind the mother's forelegs is not correct. They suckle with their mouths, the trunk tucked out of the way.

The affection of elephants for their young is touchingly human. They support them when crossing

water, tear down green branches that are too high for them and, when necessary, discipline them for disobedience.

One afternoon Bere and I were watching a herd of four cows and five calves beside the Kasinga Channel which connects Lakes Edward and George. When a small, fat calf wandered down to the channel bank, one of the cows screamed a warning to him. He ignored her, shuffling along the bank like a small boy seeing how close he could get to the edge. Suddenly the earth gave way under him and, with a terrified shriek, he fell into the water.

The cows whirled, ears cocked, then thundered down to the channel, reaching out with urgent trunks. But the calf, wallowing out of his depth, was too panicky to reach for them. Two cows knelt on the banks, rumps in air, while the other two lowered themselves carefully into the water. Between them, grunting encouragement to the spluttering calf, the latter two got their tusks under him and lifted him until the two on the bank could drag him to safety. One cow, obviously the mother, drew him close, chirruping and squeaking as she anxiously felt all over him with her trunk while he huddled against her, whining and blowing water. Then, when she was satisfied that he had come to no harm, she fetched him a tremendous wallop with her trunk and, screeching with anger, chased him away from the water.

A pathetic instance of mother grief was reported in Murchison Falls National Park not long ago. Colonel C. D. Trimmer, the warden, sighted a cow carrying a newborn calf on her tusks, holding it in place with her trunk. The calf was dead. For three days the mother carried the little carcass, laying it on the ground only when she had to drink.

Later she was seen without the calf, standing beside a tree. She stayed there for several days, eating nothing and charging wildly anyone who approached. Finally, she went away. Trimmer found afterwards that she had scraped a grave under the tree and buried her calf there.

The protective instinct is characteristic, it seems, of almost all elephants. A bull grown too old for breeding will leave the herd, possibly because he has become too slow to keep up on the long marches. One or two young bulls may go with him. Many elephant hunters believe that he teaches them his ancient wisdom in exchange for their protection. The young guards will urge him away from danger, shoving him gently into cover, then rush back to challenge the enemy. The youngsters frequently stay with him until he dies, which may be, since an elephant's life span is somewhat shorter than man's, at about 60.

Contrary to popular belief, elephants aren't clumsy. They can step on a coco-nut with a delicacy that

cracks the shell without crushing the meat, and they can turn sweet potatoes from the ground without breaking the skin. They are inclined to be right- or left-"handed"—sweet-potato digging, for example, is always done with the same tusk.

An elephant needs very little sleep —about half as much as a human being—and this is just as well since he must spend most of his time gathering food. To browse the six hundredweight of leaves and grass that make his daily ration he must feed for 16 hours out of the 24. Also, he must continually search for water, since he needs 30 to 50 gallons a day.

It is true that an elephant never forgets. One thing always remembered is the scent of man. Observers claim that, once hunted, the tusker can detect with his trunk the difference between the scent of white man and African at a distance of two miles. Sydney Downey tells of a solitary bull he followed for years in northern Kenya:

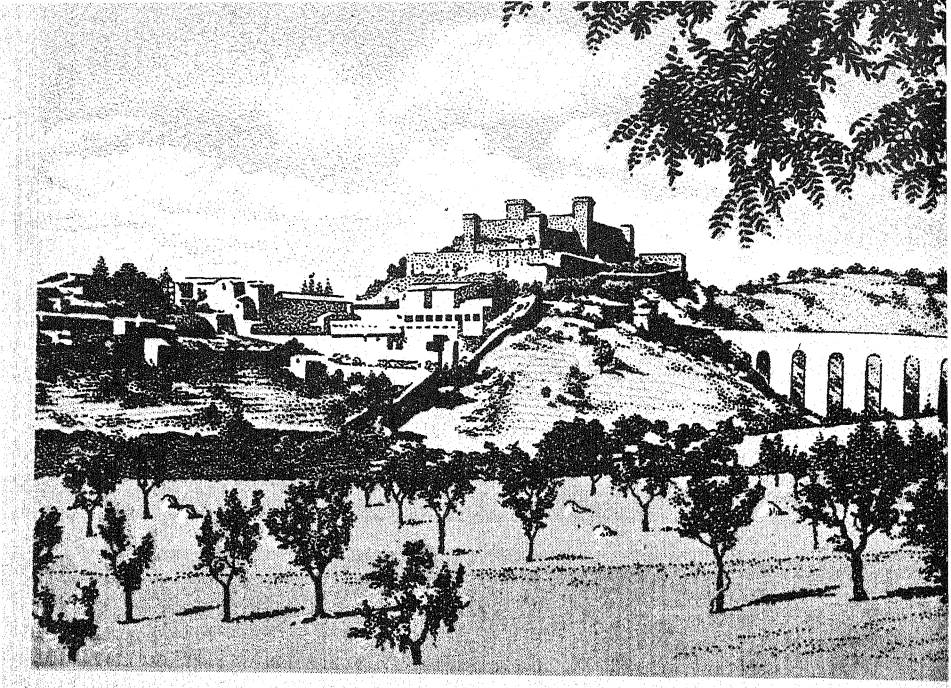
"He fed in loops, straying off to left and right but always coming back to cross his trail. There he'd stop, sniff the ground with his trunk, and if there was no scent he'd move on. If he scented a native foot on his trail, he would back into cover and watch until he was sure all was safe. If he scented a white man, he'd trample the ground in a rage and take off in a straight line for 50 miles or more. He knew what kind of weapons whites carry."

Colonel Bruce-Smith, a well-known Kenya settler, believes that elephants remember kindness as well as danger. He once captured a small elephant with a bad sore on one of its hind legs. Bruce-Smith had the elephant put in stocks, a chamber of thick logs too narrow to permit him to move, while he dressed the wound. At the first bite of the antiseptic, the elephant screeched with pain and rage, almost breaking out of the stocks. But Bruce-Smith finished the job and made the animal comfortable.

After three or four dressings the elephant accepted treatment with patience, but he had to be confined in order to prevent him from pulling off the dressing. Finally, he was released. From then until the animal was shipped to Nairobi, he would run to Bruce-Smith every time he saw him, take his hand in his trunk and guide it to the now-healed wound.

The great elephant herds are fast being depleted. But in Africa's national parks visitors can still see for themselves that these quite unpredictable animals do indeed frequently behave like the beings who watch them.

AUGUST is the month when the collapsible paddling-pool you bought in June finally does. —C.T.



Festival in Spoleto

Gian-Carlo Menotti, in his "Festival of Two Worlds," is launching young singers, actors and musicians on new careers and bringing fame and fortune to this ancient Italian town

By Robert Littell

ONCE UPON a time there was a princess who was roused from centuries of sleep by the touch of a magic wand . . .

In the 1961 version of this fable, the princess is a slumbering Italian hill-town called Spoleto and the magic wand a baton wielded by the Italian musician Gian-Carlo Menotti, composer of the operas

Condensed from Travel

The Consul, The Medium and *The Telephone.*

Three years ago the *maestro* tapped the princess (population 21,500) lightly on the forehead and said, "Awake, Spoleto! You are about to have an international summer festival." Each season since, Spoleto has played host for 30 days of ballet, chamber music, theatre and grand opera, which have drawn thousands of visitors and earned universal applause. In June, the curtain rose on the fourth "Festival of Two Worlds."

When Menotti first came to Spoleto, he found a drowsy Umbrian town picturesquely packed against the slope of a steep hill. Many of its streets are so narrow that sunlight seems an intrusion. But there is an austere charm in the plain, stone-faced houses on tight-lipped little squares, in the shaded fountains, in the sudden far glimpses of a bright land of vine and fig and olive. While some busloads of sightseers did stop to view the lovely cathedral square, Spoleto had suffered because it was off the main tourist track. Worse, the neighbouring brown-coal mines were petering out, and a great frost had killed most of the olive trees in the countryside upon which the town largely depended.

To Menotti, who lives in America but had spent almost a year wandering about Italy looking for a suitable town to house the projected summer festival, Spoleto was what he had dreamt of. It was only 75 miles from Rome. There was a handsome old opera house with a big stage and 1,200 seats, as well as a small theatre, in the cathedral square. Best of all, Spoleto's young mayor, Giovanni Toscano, was as eager as Menotti to have a festival. Many of the townspeople thought them both a little mad. How could Spoleto's few simple inns and restaurants take care of a horde of sophisticated, cosmopolitan visitors?

When Menotti heard that a hotel near Spoleto was about to be sold, he bought it and engaged an artist to paint *trompe-l'oeil* mirrors, curtains and pictures on its naked walls. He called the hotel "Il Matto," which is what the townspeople were calling him: "The Madman."

Convinced that the *matto* from New York was serious, the Spoletini began to stir. All over the town could be heard the swish of brooms, the slap of paint brushes, the bang of hammers fashioning flower boxes to line the kerbs. In the hotels, plumbers uncrated baths and wash-basins, waiters tried on new white jackets, experts lectured *restaurateurs* on the habits of foreign visitors.

No detail was too trivial for the *maestro's* attention. He had trees planted, measuring in person the distance they should be set apart; he dissuaded one restaurant owner from installing neon lights, and treated another to gay murals for his dining-room. Even so, when the festival began, the dust of improvisation was still settling. On the day of

the dress rehearsal of Verdi's *Macbeth,* 300 costumes arrived from Rome, but in all Spoleto there were only 20 coat-hangers, and not a single hairpin for the wigs.

Nevertheless, that first "Festival of Two Worlds" was a huge success. Beside the main courses of *Macbeth,* Eugene O'Neill's *A Moon for the Misbegotten* and Jerome Robbins's *Ballets: U.S.A.,* it offered four "chamber ballets," a string quartet, a symphony orchestra and several operatic sketches. What astounded the citizens of Spoleto even more than the superb performances were the people who came to their sleepy little town from all corners of Europe, from Turin or Paris in sports cars, from New York in jet planes: ambassadors, poets, generals, journalists, politicians, film stars, countesses, oilmen.

Much of the credit for the festival's success goes to Thomas Schippers, who has been its artistic director and conductor since the beginning. An alert young man of 30, Schippers was a guest conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra when he was only 18, and now, in the winter, is one of the New York Metropolitan Opera's regular conductors.

The 1959 and 1960 festivals were even more brilliant than the first, and the bridge of words and music between the Old World and the New grows stronger with each season. All last year's sets were made by local craftsmen, with the help of foreign students. Italian opera and singers balance American ballet and playwrights. Two of the principal roles in *La Bohème* were sung alternately by Italians and Americans. Menotti has tried to keep the festival's accent on discovery and youth. A dozen young singers or choreographers have launched their careers at Spoleto. Talent scouts for La Scala or the Metropolitan come to every opening.

Because the Spoleto festivals cost four or five times as much as the box office brings in, Menotti's chief worry has been raising from foundations and private patrons the money to keep going. He receives no compensation himself, and when the first festival wound up badly in the red, he dug into his own savings. He was deeply touched by the Spoletini —restaurant owners, shopkeepers, antique dealers, the proprietor of a villa rented to visitors—who donated all their profits from the festival. Many artists and performers have played parts for nothing, or for their bare expenses. From far and near, anonymous supporters contribute small sums. Each year since 1958, Amilcare Acconci, an almost-blind Brooklyn shoemaker, born in Italy, has sent in five dollars, with a brief note: "I am sorry I cannot give you more."

For Spoleto the festival has been like rain on a parched cornfield—a rain of lire, pounds, francs, dollars. Since the festival, the number of

tourists who spend at least a night there has more than trebled. And the fame of 30 summer days and nights spreads fortune over many months: 70,000 tourists a year—five times as many as before—now make a detour simply to see the town that everyone is talking about.

In nearly every opera there are silent parts for Spoletini. Signora Irene Gentili, almost 80, was given a walk-on role in the café scene of *La Bohème*. During the rehearsals she was not quite sure where she was, and every time she crossed the stage in front of the conductor she would genuflect, as if in church.

Unsuspected talents for other arts have burst into flame. As she watched ballet dancers rehearsing in the sunlit cathedral square, Mirna Santoni, a girl of nine, suddenly began to dance with them. Soon she could imitate the entire sequence of steps. The ballet company collected the money for her to study dancing. A Spoleto boy of 13 began to paint well enough to sell his canvases to foreigners; a tailor and a barber also took up brush and palette.

When the jazz king Louis Armstrong fell ill in Spoleto, Giorgio, the barber-painter, sent a painting to him in the hospital. After Armstrong recovered, he sent back a photograph of himself with the inscription, "Dear Giorgio: Thanks for the painting—it really is a gasser."

A day in Spoleto during the festival is filled with pleasant, revealing sights and sounds. From ancient windows opening to the morning sun come tenor bursts of Verdi, or a difficult violin passage played over and over again. Along the street to the opera house, stagehands carry a forest of papiermâché trees. A red sports car glides up to the chic, modern, year-old Hotel dei Duchi (built entirely by local labour). At a pavement-café table an oboist from Philadelphia tells a group of Italian wood-wind players that he will send them some special reeds when he gets home.

At noon there is chamber music in the small theatre—a gem of seventeenth century architecture honeycombed with 56 red-and-gilt boxes. The performers are first class, the price of admission absurd: 300 lire, or Rs. 2. For the many Spoletini in the audience (this is their lunch hour) Menotti, slouched in a seat in the aisle, translates the English announcements into Italian.

The Festival of Two Worlds has already taken its place beside the great ones at Edinburgh and Salzburg, but Menotti is the last man to take its success personally. A slim man with dark hair, an absorbed and mobile face and a Roman nose, he moves among his guests almost diffidently, as if astonished at what has sprung from his dream. Another composer might have made the festival a launching ground for his own works. But so far Menotti's work has been represented at Spoleto by only one short opera, for

which he composed the libretto and Samuel Barber the music.

Three years ago, on Menotti's birthday, the people of Spoleto gave their honorary citizen a surprise party. At the end of the performance of Prokofiev's *Angel of Fire,* the *maestro* was escorted to the cathedral square by citizens carrying torches. All the shops and offices in the narrow, echoing streets on the way were brilliantly illuminated; flowers were thrown from windows. In the square, 10,000 people cheered while girls in traditional costume presented Menotti with a many-coloured bouquet eight feet high and a cake as large as a cartwheel, with 49 candles.

The most moving tribute of all, that night, was delivered by the Spoleto postmen, who brought the *maestro* bag after bag of postcards and letters from their fellow citizens — thousands of them, thanking him for all he had done to restore fame and fortune to their once obscure city.

Cartoon Quips

DOCTOR to patient: "I want you to skip your holiday this year and get a good rest." —Doris Matthews

PORTLY matron to bookshop assistant: "What I'd really like is a best-seller that everybody isn't already talking about!" —C. P.

WEARY suburban gardener: "I'll be happy if these tomatoes just get as big as my blisters." —Dave Eastman

HUSBAND, studying menu, to wife: "Nothing that costs that much should be described as an appetizer!" —George Wolfe

SCHOOLBOY to father: "No, I didn't get promoted this year. Did you?" —Dick Turner

BLONDE to boy friend applying for marriage licence: "Seems sort of silly to get a licence after the hunting is over." —Leonard Dove

ONE WOMAN golfer to another as angry man drives off: "Another good rule to remember, don't talk while they're hitting the ball." —*S.E.P.*

AIRLINE pilot to inquiring wife: "Oh, the usual day, you know—New York, London, Paris, Rome." —*C.S.M.*

ONE WOMAN strap-hanger to another: "I suppose it's only right that we should stand. After all, we'll outlive them." —A. C.

POINTS TO PONDER

F. L. Lucas:

That eternal problem for East and West alike—how to be happy though married: There was once, says a Chinese tale, a household so happy that for nine generations none of its members had left it, except the daughters that marriage perforce took away. The fame of such domestic bliss reached the ears even of the Celestial Emperor. He sent to enquire the secret. The old father of the house, taking paper and brush, painted many characters, then handed his answer to the imperial envoy. But when the Son of Heaven unrolled it, there was nothing there but the character for "Patience" repeated 100 times.

This little tale, once heard, sticks in the memory like a burr. One could do worse than give it as a wedding present to every bridal pair on earth.

Jessamyn West in *To See the Dream:*

If I were to join a circle of any kind it would be a circle that required its members to try something new at least once a month. The new thing could be very inconsequential: steak for breakfast, frog hunting, walking on stilts, memorizing a stanza of poetry. It could be staying up outdoors all night, making up a dance and dancing it, speaking to a stranger, reading the Bible—anything not ordinarily done. —Hodder & Stoughton, London

Catherine Wright, author and the "uncritical possessor" of 16 grandchildren:

Today's attitude towards children may be summed up in the words of a contemporary: "I have never tasted the breast of a chicken. When I was young we were given the drumstick, and our parents ate the breast. Now it is the children who are given the breast, and we still have the drumstick!" —Quoted by Elizabeth Pakenham in *The Sunday Times,* London

Donald Laird:

Friendliness is contagious. The trouble is, many of us wait to catch it from someone else, when we might better be giving them a chance to catch it from us.

Robert McCracken:

Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott were both lame. Byron was embittered by his lameness, brooded on it till he loathed it, never entered a public place but his mind reverted to it, so that much of the colour and zest of existence were lost to him. Scott, on the other hand, never complained or spoke one bitter word about his disability, not even to his dearest friend. In the circumstances it is not so very surprising that Sir Walter should have received a letter from Byron with this sentence in it: "Ah, Scott, I would give my fame to have your happiness."

James Bossard, late professor of sociology at the University of Pennsylvania:

Modern patterns of courtship do not make for wise choices of matrimonial partners. The current premium is upon success in party-going, dancing, sports, petting and use of a patois which in my day was called "a good line." There is an impersonality about present-day adolescent courtship similar to what one finds in adult aspects of social life. We go to a cocktail party or reception, observe all the niceties, say the acceptable things and, by avoiding any controversial subject, create the impression of being "nice," "adaptable," and having a "pleasant personality."

This involves a kind of social manoeuvring, little of which touches upon or reveals those qualities which matter so much if the couple are to live happily together for the next 40 or more years. When one thinks in terms of a lifelong union, being a good mixer and having a presentable pair of legs are somewhat less important than what one thinks about God, money and a crying baby.

Cicero:

A thankful heart is not only the greatest virtue, but the parent of all the other virtues.

Eric Sevareid:

Science is becoming the hallmark of our age and epoch. The conquest of nature is first of all a conquest of ignorance. Men can control only what they can understand. Science, in itself, is neither blessing nor terror; men make that decision—you and I.

Benjamin Franklin put the question two centuries ago. It is still the big question. He said, in a letter to Joseph Priestley, "It is impossible to imagine the height to which the power of man over matter may be carried in a thousand years. We may perhaps learn to deprive large masses of their gravity and give them absolute levity for the sake of easy transport. Oh, that moral science were in as fair a way of improvement that men would cease to be wolves to one another!"

Burton Hillis:

Prayer changes things? No! Prayer changes people, and people change things.

Thomas Paine in *Age of Reason:*

It is necessary to the happiness of man that he be mentally faithful to himself. Infidelity does not consist in believing or in disbelieving; it consists in professing to believe what he does not believe.

David Grayson in *Adventures in Solitude:*

Many times in my life I have repeated Rodin's saying that "slowness is beauty." To read slowly, to think slowly, to feel slowly and deeply: what enrichment!

In the past I have been so often greedy. I have gobbled down innumerable facts, ideas, stories, poetical illusions. I have gobbled down work. I have even gobbled down my friends! But rarely have I tasted the last flavour of anything, the final exquisite sense of personality or spirit that secretes itself in every work that merits serious attention, in every human being at all worth knowing.

—Hodder & Stoughton, London

Encouraging news about an irritating and age-old problem

"One-Shot" Treatment for Hay Fever?

By Albert Maisel

Every year hay fever tortures millions with recurrent spasms of sneezing, itching, weeping, swollen eyes, even agonizing asthmatic attacks. Victims spend a fortune on palliative drugs or undergo long, expensive courses of inoculations in search of relief. Small wonder that their hopes have been raised recently—by reports of a simple, single-injection method of preventing hay-fever attacks.

Are these hopes justified? Will such a "one-shot" treatment really be effective and safe? If so, will it be available for all who want it?

To get at the answers to these questions, let us examine what science has learnt about hay fever in the 137 years since a London doctor, John Bostock, first analysed and named the disease.

Dr. Bostock noted that in Britain hay-fever victims sneezed, itched and wept during the short summer hay-making season. Decades passed before scientists recognized that elsewhere sufferers from hay fever were made ill by a host of different pollens, released from early spring to late autumn by trees, grasses and such plants as ragwort.

For nearly a century doctors could prescribe only one remedy—travel. The victim who could not afford a sea voyage or a sojourn in a pollen-free region could only hope for cloudy, windless or rainy weather to lower the pollen count at home.

Then, in the spring of 1911, Dr. John Freeman and Dr. Leonard Noon, two British victims of hay fever (or pollinosis, as it is more properly called), tried making water

extracts of the pollens to which they were allergic, and injecting them repeatedly into each other's arms. That summer, to their delight, their symptoms were greatly reduced.

Other doctors soon adopted this multiple-injection method of "desensitization." Starting with a minute dose of pollen extract and gradually working up to massive injections just before hay-fever time, they sometimes succeeded in eliminating a patient's pollen sensitivity for a season. More often, patients achieved only partial desensitization. And occasionally, in an extremely sensitive person, sharp reactions occurred, ranging from hives to severe shock and requiring drastic treatment almost immediately after the injections.

Over the years allergists learned how to eliminate most of these reactions or how to control them—with epinephrine and other drugs. The injection treatment was often cut from 50 to as few as seven shots. Yet most sufferers still could not afford the expense or the time entailed in visits to the doctor for multi-injections. For some hay-fever victims, more recently, antihistamine drops or—in severe cases—cortisone and related hormone preparations have been helpful. But most pollen-allergic people have continued to suffer from a debilitating and often disabling annual scourge.

Fortunately for them, a number of researchers have persisted in the search for a simple, speedy and inexpensive method of protection. The first real indication of success has come about through the work of Dr. Mary Hewitt Loveless, associate professor of clinical medicine at the Cornell University Medical School in the United States, who followed the lead of an immunologist who was not concerned with hay fever at all.

In the late 1930's Dr. Jules Freund, of the New York City Health Department, was experimentally inoculating horses and other animals so as to produce antibodies against infectious diseases. Wishing to eliminate the chore of daily injections for each animal, he emulsified his materials in mineral oil so that a single massive shot, deposited in muscular tissue, would gradually leak into the animal's blood-stream. This, he discovered, not only saved him the trouble of administering multiple injections; it also raised the antibody production of his animals far beyond anything he had previously attained.

Would the same technique work on humans afflicted with hay fever? In 1947 Dr. Loveless made the first cautious test on a few pollen-allergic volunteers at New York Hospital. Injecting pollen extract in mineral oil into their arms to form a "repository," she soon found that she could safely use doses up to 20 times stronger than ever before. And, when the hay-fever season arrived, these volunteers found that they benefited as much as they had in

earlier years under multi-injection treatment.

With the next year's patients, the emulsion injections were followed, in a number of cases, by hives and other allergic reactions. But, as Dr. Loveless gradually perfected her technique, the incidence of reactions decreased. By 1957, when she had administered more than 1,200 repository injections, the reaction rate to these "single shots" had fallen substantially *below* that experienced by the same patients under multi-shot treatment.

By that time, too, many other allergists were using Dr. Loveless's pollen emulsions experimentally on their own patients, with encouraging results. In Boston, since 1957, Dr. Ethan Allan Brown has reported on over 17,000 single-shot treatments for victims of tree, grass, ragwort, house-dust and several other allergies.

The 8,000 most recent injections have produced not a single adverse reaction. Following the first year's shot, 75 to 85 per cent of these patients have gone through the pollen season with complete freedom from hay-fever symptoms. A growing number, after two years of successful single-injection treatment, have been able to skip the injection in the third year without suffering a recurrence of hay fever. Dr. Brown has tentatively concluded "that the emulsion-injection treatment represents a major break-through in the treatment of human pollinosis."

Recently, Dr. Frank Furstenberg, director of an allergy clinic, reported on the results achieved by 23 clinical researchers in the treatment of more than 1,200 patients; the techniques used were those learned from Dr. Brown or Dr. Loveless. Seventy-six of these patients experienced injection reactions ranging from mild sneezing to asthmatic attacks. But, significantly, the incidence of reactions diminished sharply as the doctors gained experience in the single-injection technique. In 92 per cent of those treated, relief from hay-fever symptoms in the 1959 season equalled or surpassed that of 1958 under older forms of treatment.

Nevertheless, some leading allergists urge caution until more extensive controlled studies can be completed. For example, Dr. Bram Rose, President of the American Academy of Allergy, points out: "The single-injection method may be associated with certain hazards, such as severe immediate reactions. Because of the quantity of injected extract, these may be serious and difficult to control. In addition, nothing is known of the long-term hazard which might arise as a result of the injection of emulsions."

Enthusiasts for the one-shot technique counter with the claim that, in the hands of experienced users, it has brought on reactions no more frequently than has multi-injection therapy. As for long-term hazards, they point out that since 1951 a

similar emulsion injection of influenza vaccine has been administered to more than 100,000 people without producing a single known long-term ill effect. Nor have any adverse long-term effects turned up among patients treated for hay fever by the single-dose method, though some have been under the new therapy for 14 years.

What is the practical situation facing the hay-fever victim today?

At present, relatively few allergists have had experience with the one-shot treatment. If experimental studies continue to indicate a consistently low rate of reactions and a consistently high degree of effectiveness, their number will undoubtedly increase.

Then—and only then—will most of us be confronted with the possibility of a choice between the long-established, but not total, safety of the multiple-injection treatment and the convenience and economy of warding off this troublesome ailment with a single shot.

Fare Enough

OUR country bus was chugging along when we came upon a woman loaded with packages standing beside the road. The driver, thinking her a would-be passenger, came to a stop and opened the door. She climbed up on the step and looked all round. The driver asked where she was going. "Well," she said, "I ain't goin' anywhere. Just wanted to see who was."

—M. F. M.

* * *

Afterthoughts

AT THE entrance of an art gallery which was exhibiting some particularly atrocious abstract paintings was this sign: "Dogs are not allowed."

Underneath, a disenchanted visitor had added: "By order of the R.S.P.C.A."

—Contributed by Marguerite Hanhart

A PLACARD on a hoarding advertised a product with photographs of two men and a woman proclaiming, "I made it!" (manufacturer), "I sold it!" (merchant), "I bought it!" (consumer).

Added to the placard was a roughly pencilled sketch of another woman's face. She was saying, "I exchanged it!"

—Contributed by T. R.

HALF-WAY up a mountain road from the port of Charlotte Amalie, on the island of St. Thomas, is a clearing which commands a breath-taking view of the sea and the harbour. A sign put there to indicate that the site was cleared by the hotel at the peak reads: "Lookout Point—Courtesy of Mountain Top Hotel."

Below the lettering is scrawled in angry, black pencil, "And a little help from God!"

—Contributed by I. C. K.



Stephen Leacock, My Most Unforgettable Character

By Leslie Roberts

To the world at large, Stephen Leacock was a great humorist. To thousands of young men and women who knew him, he was a warm and wise teacher "who saved the British Empire every Monday, Wednesday and Friday"

The first time I saw Stephen Leacock at close quarters he came swinging into a classroom in Moyse Hall, the serenely ugly old Arts Building of McGill University in Montreal. The room was packed with undergraduates like me, who had come with huge curiosity to listen to their first

lecture on political science by a man whose humorous writing had rocked the English-speaking world with laughter, but who was a university character for very different reasons.

Leacock enjoyed a reputation for eccentricity and for an impish individualism that expressed itself in blunt speech on every subject.

Naturally, we looked him over carefully.

What we saw was a shock of greying hair crowning a rugged face that wore a friendly smile, emphasized by crinkles of mirth about the eyes. I remember thinking, "He could do with a haircut." His tie had slipped its moorings, and his tweedy suit looked slept-in. Across his waistcoat his watch-chain had come apart in the middle and had been put together with a safety pin. The effect was of a man who gave no thought to his appearance. But his manner was far too buoyant to suggest the absent-minded professor.

His apparel was topped by one of those loose, black gowns that professors wore. Leacock's had been acquired about the time he received his Ph.D. from the University of Chicago in 1903. Even though the garment was showing signs of wear in 1914, it was still one of the essential properties of his play-acting. At least a dozen times during every lecture it would slip off his shoulders and seize him by the crook of his elbows. Without pause in the flow of talk and motion—he was a walking lecturer—a great shrug of the shoulders would hoist the gown part of the way into place.

Leacock was tremendously proud of his Doctorate of Philosophy, but it was inescapably in character that he must spoof it.

"The meaning of this degree," he quipped in a lecture, "is that the recipient has been examined for the last time in his life and pronounced full. After this, no new ideas can be imparted to him."

In similar vein, after returning from a holiday abroad, he told his class: "I was sitting quietly in my cabin when a steward knocked and, after making sure I am called Doctor, asked if I would come and look at the stewardess's knee. I was off like a shot, but another fellow got there ahead of me. He was a Doctor of Divinity."

What came through to me, even in the first lecture, was Leacock's warmth and humanness. I knew I was listening to a man who loved young people and was determined to give them as much wisdom as he could.

His teaching methods were unconventional. He couldn't resist the temptation to explore by-paths. In discussing the days of Queen Victoria, he mentioned Disraeli, and this set him off to talk about the

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LESLIE ROBERTS has devoted much of his career to writing magazine articles about Canadian topics, and about military flying and the Arctic.

man rather than the Prime Minister —his way of living, his quick mind, his dilettantism, his great love affair with his wife. The digression lifted the great statesman into a framework of his own, and when Leacock returned to the main line of his subject, the listener understood, in a way no textbook could inform him, how such a man could bring off the *coup* which gave Britain control of the Suez Canal and made the Empire impregnable for decades to come.

His classroom methods were often the target of men who taught by the book.

To those who complained that he was too unorthodox, Leacock retorted scornfully: "Economics isn't a rule-book business. Any theory which fails to recognize human aspirations is pure nonsense. People aren't statistics. Hell's bells! They're alive!"

His critics, who related all teaching to exams, could never understand that by his methods he was fulfilling the purpose for which any university exists: he was teaching his students to think. "College," he once said, "is to teach the mind, not the thumb."

The humorous writing which brought him international fame and five times the income his job paid was an avocation which, to quote him, "played hell" with his workday and his sleep. But there is where his heart lay. "I would sooner have written *Alice in Wonderland* than the whole *Encyclopaedia Britannica,*" he once remarked.

Leacock's talent for stirring laughter came from his feeling of the ridiculous nature of many of life's little complexities and of his own professed inability to cope with them.

Critics and scholars have written that the essence of this brand of humour is its lack of malice. My own opinion is that many of the situations at which Leacock poked fun actually infuriated him. He simply set out to slay them with the light rapier of ridicule, instead of the heavy cudgels of wrath.

Teaching, writing and long hours of good talk were still not enough for this man of remarkable nervous energy. He plunged intermittently into Canadian politics with boiling enthusiasm. He could have had cabinet posts in two Conservative ministries, but he turned them down. "I can't picture myself as a professional stuffed shirt," he used to say to his cronies, "or as being in agreement with my Prime Minister for four consecutive years." What he meant was that he would allow nothing to sever him from teaching.

His students all knew vaguely that Leacock was a devoted husband and father, but at the university he lived for them. And because he loved his profession, it was in his nature to deride it affectionately. "A teacher has more time to think than a businessman," he once told a business audience, "or, better still, time

to stop thinking altogether for months." Again, on being appointed to head his department at McGill, he could not resist remarking wryly that he had "now reached an eminence so high that the emolument places me distinctly above policemen, postmen and bus conductors, and I am even able to mingle with poorer businessmen on terms of something like equality."

Leacock was every student's friend. He liked undergraduate talk and company. To the student with a serious financial problem he was the softest touch at the university. He was the only senior faculty member I ever saw around the Students' Union on any but official occasions. He dropped in as casually as any undergraduate, usually in search of a game of billiards, a favourite pastime which, he always maintained, "stimulates conversation."

Indirectly this was my own introduction to a firm friendship with Stephen Leacock. His favourite opponent was a convivial character named William Ewart Gladstone Murray, later chairman of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. By some preposterous device of their own invention, this happy-go-lucky pair became involved in a billiards match for 20,000 points, which was still in progress when Stephen died in 1944. The score then stood at 18,975 for the retired professor and 16,793 for his ex-student.

The marathon had been staged at various times in Montreal, Toronto, New York, Vancouver, London, Birmingham, Biarritz and Monte Carlo.

Once, after a long absence from Montreal, I ran into Murray as he was heading for the University Club to see Leacock. I went along, and kept going back. Leacock soon became a combination of friend and critic-of-manuscripts. At times when my economic problems were severe (as they often become to a young writer), the telephone was likely to ring and a voice from an advertising agency would say, "Dr. Leacock suggested you might be willing to write a brochure for a client of ours."

Any attempt to thank Stephen would be waved aside with a quip: "I hope you had the good sense to put a high price on your talents. The trick with these advertising fellows is to find out how much money they have—and don't take a penny more!"

He would push everything aside to help a former student, or any young person fighting his way up the steep ladder of the lively arts. He wrote a book for one young woman illustrator to fit drawings she had already made, thereby turning normal publishing processes upside-down.

Leacock was probably the first Canadian to qualify as a "pro-American British Imperialist." A colleague, Professor John Culliton, said of him: "Long before Winston Churchill, Leacock was saving the

Empire every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 3 p.m. in Room 20." He was also ahead of his time in prodding Britons and Americans towards greater friendship and understanding.

His feeling for both sides of the Atlantic came naturally. He was born in Hampshire, England, in 1869, and emigrated to Canada as a six-year-old.

On his retirement from McGill, influential English friends urged him to return to live in the land of his birth. He refused, saying, "I'd hate to be so far away from the United States. It's second nature, part of our lives, to be near them. Every Sunday morning we read the New York comic papers. All week we hear about politics in Alabama and Louisiana, and whether they caught the bandits who robbed the vault of the National Bank—well, you know American news. There's no other like it."

In the eight years of his retirement, Stephen produced the work he believed most likely to endure. It was far removed from the kind of wit which had made him famous. He described his history, *Montreal: Seaport and City,* as "the best job I've done." Unlike most historical works it bubbles with the author's laughter. In his foreword, after thanking two former colleagues for checking the manuscript, he added that any errors which remained must obviously be theirs. "Acknowledging these debts," he concluded, "I also feel that I owe a good deal of this book to my own industry and effort."

Midway through the war, I asked Stephen if he would write a foreword for a book I had written on the Canadian Navy and its gallant role in convoy-escort. He agreed. Some time later he handed me more than 20,000 words, in which he had told the whole fascinating background story of Canada's lifelong relationship to the sea. His research was staggering to a reporter, who had simply described events and engagements to which he had been an eye-witness.

"I got interested in the subject," he explained. "If you don't like it, throw it away and I'll write something shorter."

Not a word was changed. To my joy, the book appeared under our joint by-lines.

Soon after, throat cancer took Stephen from the thousands of Old McGillers who loved him.

Leacock loved human beings for their little vanities and pretensions—and laughed at his own. The fictional town of Mariposa of his famous "Sunshine Sketches" is obviously Orillia, Ontario, where Leacock built a summer home and developed a farm which, he said, "used to lose a few dollars a year, but by dint of hard work and modernization, I have contrived to turn that into a loss of thousands."

The citizens of Orillia had little difficulty in self-identification when

the book reached the town, but they soon realized that Leacock had ribbed his own idiosyncrasies more sharply than he had pinpointed theirs.

Today's Orillians speak of him with the awe given to any community's adopted son, though it was he who adopted Mariposa-Orillia.

Stephen Leacock was so honestly simple that to many men he seemed to be a mass of complexities. To the world he remains the man of laughter. His greatest achievement, however, was that he taught thousands of young men and women to want to know. By example he proved one simple fact to all of us who attended his classes, certainly to that numerous crew who came to enjoy his friendship—that the right of outspoken dissent is the free man's most precious heritage. Such men do not often pass this way.

Knight Errant

ACTORS who receive knighthoods seldom use the title "Sir" in their billings. I once asked Sir Cedric Hardwicke about this. Insisting that it was not due to modesty in his case, he recalled that he once opened in a play in London with a cast which included two other actors who had been knighted. While waiting for a cab after the first night, he heard a Cockney talking to his girl about the poster outside the theatre: "How do you like that? Three bloomin' knights in the play!"

"And that's about how long the show will run," the girl exclaimed.

—George Jessel

HARDWICKE also describes a drive he took with Ralph Richardson and Laurence Olivier. When the car was stopped because of a traffic offence, Richardson said, "I am Sir Ralph Richardson. Seated next to me is Sir Cedric Hardwicke. And behind me is Sir Laurence Olivier."

Replied the policeman: "I don't care if it's the whole of King Arthur's Round Table—you're getting a summons."

—Leonard Lyons

IN HIS autobiography Hardwicke answers the question *How does your title affect your social life?* "I suffer from what might be termed Sir-tax. A knighthood inflates the cost-of-living beyond belief."

—*A Victorian in Orbit* (Methuen, London)

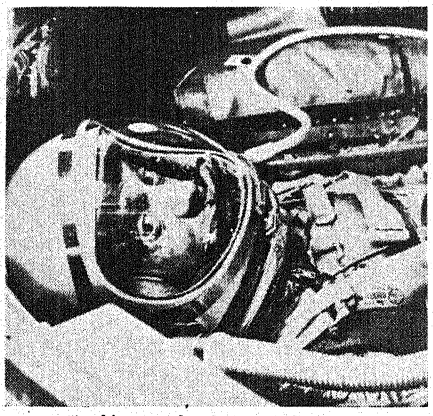
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Remote Control

THE MANAGER of an electrical equipment factory in Canterbury says his firm will no longer hire girls with Jayne Mansfield figures. They look fine, he explained, but they can't get close enough to the machines.—UPI

The dramatic story of America's first man in space

"Boy, What a Ride!"



In his capsule, Commander Shepard awaits the countdown

FOR AN ENDLESS, heart-stopping moment, the tall, slim rocket hung motionless—incredibly balanced above its incandescent tail. Slowly it climbed into the sky, out-racing the racket of its engine as it screamed towards space. In the returning silence, the amplified thump of an electronic timer beat like a pulse across the sands of Florida's Cape Canaveral. The pulse of the American nation beat with it. For this was no routine rocket shoot. Aboard that long, white missile as it soared aloft was Navy Commander Alan Shepard, the first U.S. astronaut ever fired into space. And riding with him was his country's pride, the prestige of his country's science, the promise of his country's future on the expanding frontiers of the universe.

As the missile arced into high, cool air, millions of awed Americans from Cape Canaveral to California followed its flight on television sets. They listened while Lieutenant-Colonel John Powers relayed the calm, businesslike messages of the astronaut as he reported his progress by radio. Schoolrooms hushed as students concentrated on Shepard's

dangerous trip. Traffic thinned in thousands of cities as drivers pulled to the kerb and tuned their radios. In Indianapolis, a judge halted courtroom proceedings so that all present could watch a television set that had been picked up by police as part of a thief's loot. Tension built steadily until the proud word came: Commander Shepard had landed safely, 302 miles downrange in the Atlantic, 12 miles from the predicted impact point. Both he and his capsule were safely aboard the aircraft carrier *Lake Champlain*.

After 28 months of bickering, breakdowns and wrecked plans, the U.S. Mercury man-in-space project had finally achieved its first objective. Shepard's trip, to be sure, had been brief (15 minutes). Though his capsule had curved along its course with infinite precision, its ballistic trajectory could not be compared with the far more complicated orbital flight that Russia claimed last April for its own astronaut, Yuri Gagarin. Still, it was a signal achievement of U.S. science. It was also a spectacular American gamble in the glare of pitiless publicity.

The United States could take special satisfaction in the fact that its spacemen did not keep secrets from science. They had worked in the open, unafraid of failure, unshielded by the compulsive secrecy that still surrounds much of the voyage of Yuri Gagarin's *Vostok*. Now Shepard has been into space—while the world watched.

The Contour Couch. In his silvered pressure suit, Astronaut Shepard seemed a creature from another planet as he stepped out of a white van into the baleful Florida dawn on May 5. He glittered under the searchlights that surrounded the rocket pad as he made his long-legged walk to the gantry lift that would take him to his capsule. When he rose to the "greenhouse," an enclosed platform at the gantry's 65-ft. level, technicians helped him to squeeze through a hatch in the squat, black space capsule perched atop a Redstone rocket. Then he submitted to the time-consuming business of being strapped on to a contour couch, of being hooked up to myriad tubes and wires. At 6.10 a.m., Eastern Standard Time, the hatch was closed and sealed. Blast-off was still more than three hours away.

Shepard himself had already put in even longer hours of preparation. That morning, he had been awakened at 1 a.m. After a shower and shave he had breakfast: orange juice, eggs, tea and a seven-ounce *filet mignon* wrapped in bacon was characteristic of the substantial but low-residue diet that astronauts stick to when about to make a flight. After eating, Shepard underwent an elaborate medical examination. Everything was normal; so he moved to the suiting room to get into his space gear.

First "clothes" applied were four electrocardiograph sensors glued to

his body. Then came a respirometer (to measure breathing) taped to his neck and a rectal thermometer to measure deep body temperature. Wires from all these instruments were gathered at a metal plug that would be fitted later into the space suit. After all wires and instruments were checked, Shepard donned long underwear with built-in spongy pads to aid air circulation. Then he was helped into his 20-lb. space suit made of aluminized nylon outside and rubberized nylon inside. It was a tight squeeze. Before all zips, straps and metal fittings were set properly in place, Shepard was sweating profusely and breathing hard. As soon as he got his helmet on, he lay down on a specially fitted contour couch, feet held up in clamps, while his oxygen and air-pressure hoses were attached.

Shepard relaxed on the couch until 3.55. Then, escorted by a doctor and a fellow astronaut, he carried his portable air-conditioning unit out of the building. Glaring television lights met him head on, forcing him to squint his eyes. He climbed into the white transport van and lay down on another contour couch while the van drove slowly to Pad 5.

He stayed on the van's couch, comfortably cooled and pressurized, until 5.14, when he went up in the gantry's lift and entered the Mercury capsule, Freedom 7. For the last time that morning, Shepard lay down on a contour couch.

Redstone Ready. There were delays as weather reports came in, and the possibility of cloud cover had to be calculated. Minor mechanical troubles had to be repaired. As the count-down was stopped and resumed, doctors talked to Shepard and pronounced him the calmest man on the Cape. At T minus 2 (two minutes before launching), as the sun climbed the eastern sky, the "cherry picker" (a jointed crane capable of plucking the astronaut out of his capsule in case of a pre-launch disaster) backed away. At T minus 30 seconds the "umbilical cord" of tubing and cables that had been supplying electricity, communication and liquid oxygen fell free. At 9.34 a.m. E.S.T. the last second ticked off; the rocket's liquid-fuelled engines flared flame, and the flight began.

Rocket's Path. Strapped firmly on his couch, Shepard could hear the rocket's roar, could feel its wild vibration, its immense thrust as he was boosted into the air. Everything went exactly according to expectations. In the Mercury control blockhouse, doctors crouched over telemetering equipment that recorded the astronaut's pulse, temperature, respiration. Range officers watched as moving lights on the electronic status board traced the rocket's path. Another astronaut manned the communications console and began the running fire of reports.

Voice from ground: Firing command, 30, mark.

Shepard: Roger. Periscope has retracted.

Voice: 15, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, zero. Lift-off.

Shepard: Roger, lift-off, and the clock is started.

As the rocket climbed, Shepard calmly reported the growing g's of acceleration and the state of the capsule's pressure and oxygen supply. The g's rose to four, then five, but his voice showed no sign of stress.

Shepard: Cap sep is coming out, and the turn-around has started. (This meant that the capsule had freed itself and was ready to manoeuvre.)

Voice: Roger.

Shepard: O.K. Switching to manual pitch.

Voice: Manual pitch.

Shepard: Pitch is O.K. Switching to manual yaw.

Shepard was testing the capsule's manoeuvring system, which can control changes of pitch, yaw or roll by emitting spurts of gas. Every movement was completed with ease.

Shepard: On the periscope. What a beautiful view——

Voice: I'll bet it is.

Shepard: Cloud cover over Florida. Three- to four-tenths on the Eastern Coast, obscured up through Hatteras. Can see (Lake) Okeechobee, identified Andros Island (one of the Bahamas).

The conversation continued. Shepard's voice was clear and controlled. After manoeuvring his capsule, he reported that it had assumed the proper attitude for firing its three braking retro-rockets. (They were not necessary for the flight; this time they were fired for practice.) Then the retro package was jettisoned. Preparing for descent, Shepard reported that his periscope had retracted. As the capsule plunged downwards into the atmosphere, and the g's of deceleration climbed towards a punishing ten, the astronaut's voice grew gruff as he strained to control his breathing. Then the capsule slowed down and his words were distinct again.

Shepard: All clear. This is Freedom 7.

Voice: Your impact will be right on the button.

Almost on the button waited the aircraft carrier *Lake Champlain*. Just before Shepard's launching, five Marine helicopters had buzzed from her deck to stand by for his arrival. Their crews had trained for a year for this moment; they were experts at hovering over a Mercury capsule, snagging it with a giant, steel shepherd's crook and getting its astronaut on board quickly.

On the deck of the carrier, 1,200 crewmen scanned the sky. When Freedom 7's big orange-and-white parachute popped open at 10,000 feet, the *Lake Champlain* came alive with a roar of cheers.

The capsule descended, swinging widely on its chute, and the helicopters buzzed to meet it. They were hovering close when it hit the water, three miles away. Now a

crook-handler got a line round the capsule, steadied it and lowered a horse-collar sling to lift Shepard to the helicopter. Safe in the cabin, the first U.S. astronaut exulted: "It's a beautiful day. Boy, what a ride!"

Tests and Torture. One of seven volunteers chosen in April 1959 from a list of 110 military test pilots, Astronaut Alan Shepard had been in rigorous training ever since. He took physical tests that most doctors have no need for. His blood was analysed in a dozen different ways; the functioning of his various organs —heart, lungs, spleen, stomach, eyes, etc.—was tested over and over again. He went to Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory to have his body's natural radiation measured.

Along with his fellow astronauts, Shepard submitted on the ground to all the possible privations of space flight. He walked on endless treadmills, sat with his feet in ice water, endured two hours in a room heated to 130° F. and three hours in a soundproof, totally dark chamber. He took countless psychological tests. His torso was tattooed to mark the spots where electrodes would be attached for medical measurement.

He rode in a human centrifuge to feel crushing g forces. He learned to recognize useful stars. He took training in desert survival and practised squirming out of a Mercury capsule while it was tossing on a choppy sea. He learned about weightlessness by flying in high-speed aircraft as they curved over the top half of an outside loop. He rode in a MASTIF (Multiple Axis Space Test Inertia Facility), a training device that tumbles on three axes, and learned how to bring it to an even keel. In quieter moments he studied astronautics, aviation biology, astronomy, meteorology and astrophysics. Always, he kept in top physical shape.

Most important, Shepard and his fellows (all as well trained as he) learned to operate the intricate machinery of a Mercury capsule, which is far from being a passive space vehicle just up there to coast along. Though it weighs only a little more than one ton (Russia's *Vostok* weighed five tons), it is packed with instruments, controls and safety devices, many of them merely duplicate systems for the sake of safety. Sealed into an actual capsule, Shepard "flew" dozens of simulated missions without leaving the ground, learned to handle the controls with skill, and found out exactly what he could do to save himself if anything went wrong.

Skis and Soles. For Shepard, the challenging curriculum seemed a natural outcome of the life that he likes to lead. Born in East Derry, New Hampshire (population 200), in 1923, he is the son of a retired army colonel, but he chose the Naval Academy instead of West Point, was commissioned an ensign in 1944, and served on a destroyer in the Pacific until the end of the war. Everything he did, he did with a

personal flair. After wangling his way to flying school, he became so impatient with the pace of service routine that he got himself a private pilot's licence at a civilian school. When he took up water ski-ing, he found two skis too prosaic; he learned to manage with one and is now planning to get a boat fast enough to pull him along on the soles of his bare feet.

"It is characteristic of him always to find a challenge," says his pretty wife, Louise, whom he married in 1945. Shepard's prep school coach puts it another way: "He was a hard-nosed kid, always accepted a challenge. He always had a lot of courage."

As she and her family watched on television while Alan Shepard blasted off on May 5, Louise never doubted that he would survive the challenge. Or so she said, as she wiped away her nervous tears when word came that her husband was safe. Then, beaming with pride and joy, "This is just a baby step," she said, "compared to what we will see."

Louise had been resigned to the ordeal ever since her husband put in for space-flight training. The day that he got his orders to join Project Mercury, Christian Scientist Alan Shepard had a serious talk with his wife, harping on the security that an astronaut could never have. Louise listened for a while and said: "What are you bothering to ask me for? You know you'll do it anyway."

By this feat U.S. prestige and self-confidence made a real gain. The Free World rang with praise. Official Iron Curtain comments were contemptuous, but many Russians seemed privately pleased. U.S. newsmen at a Moscow reception were warmly congratulated by their Russian colleagues.

From Japan to Britain, radios had reported the gathering tension at Canaveral, the blast-off and the brief, successful flight. Congratulatory messages poured in from the world's capitals. In Europe and the United States most space spectators agreed with Leonard Carter, secretary of the British Interplanetary Society: "The Americans had the right way of doing it. Unlike the Russians, they allowed us all to take part in the fantastic adventure. We were pretty well up there in the capsule with him."

Rag Dolls

A TOYMAKER is putting out a political doll. It talks, but it doesn't say anything (E. W.). . . Have you heard about the waiter doll? You wind it up and it looks the other way (L. A.) . . . Then there's the Hollywood doll. You sell it to two children and it spends six months in the home of one and six months in the home of the other *(Mad Magazine)*

The Common Market has become one of the fastest-moving, most prosperous economies on earth—six nations banded together in a unique business partnership

Europe's Six-Way Success Story

By Oscar Schisgall



On the elegant Avenue de la Joyeuse Entrée in Brussels, tourist guides point out a trim glass-and-concrete building as "the new capital of Europe." This is the headquarters of the European Economic Community (popularly known as the Common Market), centre of a hundred modern miracles that are changing the face of the Continent.

Only 15 years ago the six nations that compose the Common Market—France, West Germany, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxemburg—lay shattered under the rubble of war. Today, bound together in what has been called "the greatest attempt at European unification since Charlemagne," they constitute the fastest-growing economy in the Free World. They are building themselves a free-trade area nearly as huge (170 million people) as the one that makes America rich, and are already cashing in on the specialization, mass production and mass marketing that this makes possible. In 1960, commerce among the Common Market countries ran 28 per cent higher than in the year before!

Primarily, this has been accomplished by the most drastic slashing of tariffs in economic history. For generations the 1,700 miles of internal customs lines which separated the six nations had stifled their trade. Tariffs on manufactured imports—

precision instruments going into France, for instance—were as high as 66 per cent. Then in 1958 the Common Market began hacking away these trade barriers. By January this year, the six states had reduced all internal tariffs by an impressive 25 to 30 per cent.

Actually, the original plan had been to eliminate internal duties gradually over 12 to 15 years. But the first whacks at the tariff wall spurred business so much that even French industrialists, who had feared competition from modern German factories, voted for faster cuts. It now appears likely that all internal customs lines and restrictive quotas will be slashed to zero by 1966.

That tariff reduction creates prosperity is evident all over Europe. In the first ten months of 1960, for example, France sold a record Rs. 364 crores worth of goods to Germany, a tremendous increase over the previous year's Rs. 276 crores; in the same period Germany's exports to France totalled Rs. 387 crores, an all-time high.

Meanwhile, firms of the six nations, now open to the icy winds of competition at home, have become leaner, tougher, better able to compete overseas. One result is that trade *outside* the Market has also increased phenomenally—by about 20 per cent in the last year.

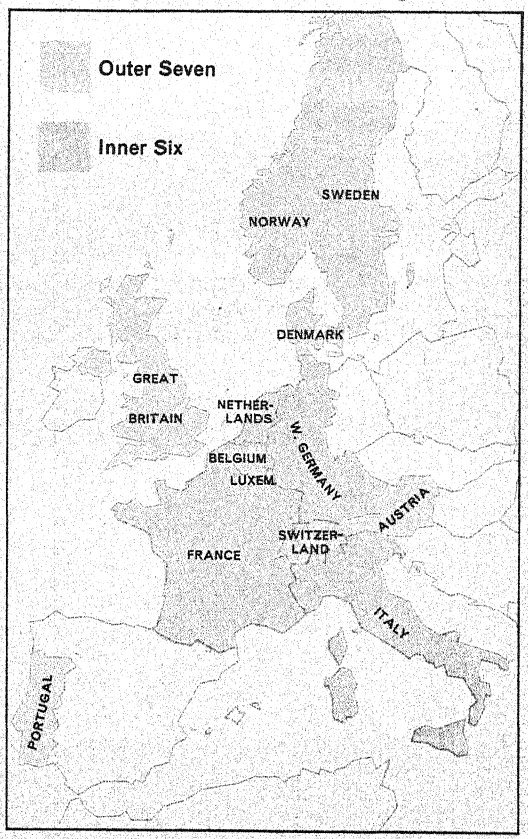
Nor is tariff-slashing the only accomplishment of the Market. The member countries are committed to equalizing welfare benefits to avoid unfair competition. This means, for example, that German industry may some day have to adopt equal wage treatment for men and women such as France has long enjoyed. Also wages and fringe benefits will be boosted in many companies throughout the six nations. The Market has established a bank of Rs. 475 crores to finance industrial development within the member nations. And a monetary committee is working to bring about, in the distant future, a common European currency.

The phenomenal European boom began before anybody thought of a Common Market. Where cities and factories had been destroyed by war, they had to be rebuilt. This growth was stimulated by numerous steps towards economic integration that were encouraged by post-war American aid. The first was the establishment in 1948 of the 16-member Organization for European Economic Co-operation and its offshoot, the European Payments Union (an international bank and clearing-house). Since then Europeans have produced a proliferation of international associations: Benelux, Council of Europe, etc., all drawing them gradually together and all promoting their prosperity. A turning-point was the creation of the European Coal and Steel Community, set up in 1951 by the six present EEC nations to regulate their coal and steel industries and

replace cut-throat competition with co-operative growth. In its first four years, steel production went up 36 per cent and the area became, after the United States, the largest steel producer in the world.

It was thus in a boom atmosphere that diplomats from the six nations met in Italy in 1955. Their purpose was to perpetuate their economic growth by the formation of large economic unions. In 1957 they signed the Treaty of Rome, which set up the EEC beside the older Coal and Steel Community; they also launched a new enterprise, Euratom, to develop peacetime uses of atomic energy. They bound these three divisions together by an executive Council of Ministers, European Parliament and a Court of Justice. The individual governments and their police forces are bound by treaty law to carry out the decisions of the Court; there is no doubt that the entrusting of such powers to an international agency is a long step towards political union.

The president of the Common Market is scholarly, precise Walter Hallstein, a former university professor in Germany. From his Brussels desk, where he supervises a staff of 1,800 economists, diplomats, labour leaders and businessmen, he has witnessed remarkable changes in just three years: first, EEC has accelerated the gradual fusing of two traditional antagonists, France and Germany, in a fruitful business partnership. Second, there has been a virtual abolition of frontiers. The Common Market has created a new Pan-European atmosphere in which many industrial pacts have been encouraged. A new



oil pipeline is being built right across the Common Market countries. Telephone companies now base their Continental long-distance rates on distance only, and no longer charge extra for international calls. And, most important, there seems no doubt that the Common Market has given *added* impetus to the amazing surge that, over-all, has about doubled the national income of these six nations during the '50's.

"To take full advantage of a market of 170 million people," a Belgian banker told me, "industrialists have to think big. Some small firms will collapse in the new Europe-wide competition. But some will grow big." Some are already doing so. A French firm, Desmarais Frères, which sells Azur petrol, is planning to combine with Germany's BV-Aral. Together they will establish the Common Market's first Continental-owned international chain of petrol stations.

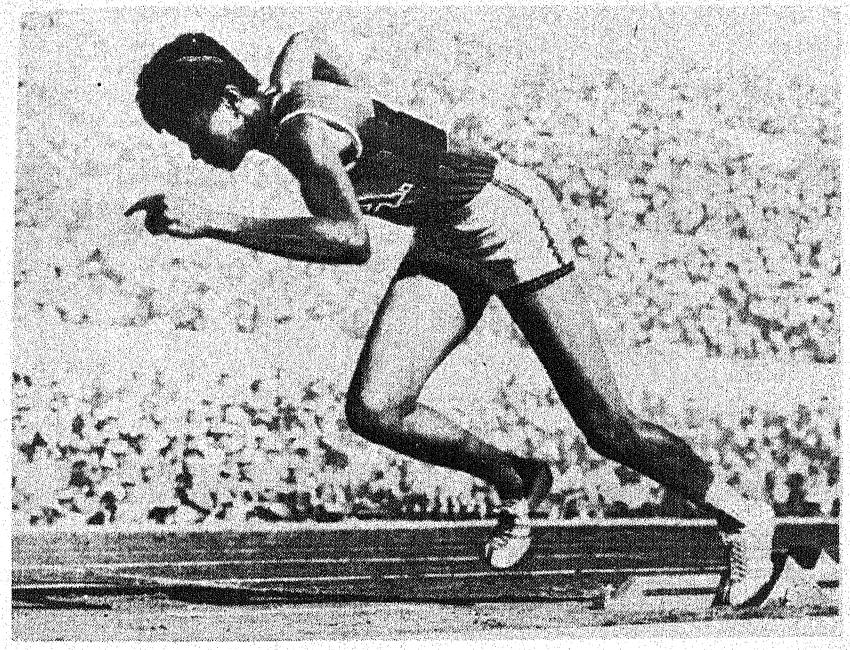
Italy's enormous Fiat interests have car-assembly plants in Belgium and Germany, and vast expansion plans will put them in all six nations. And from France several new supermarket chains are preparing to branch out to operate through the six countries.

One effect of the Market has been to drive non-member European nations to form a league of their own. Thus in 1960 Britain, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Austria, Switzerland and Portugal (called the "Outer Seven," in contrast to the "Inner Six") organized the European Free Trade Association (EFTA), with a buying public of 90 million people. Finland joined EFTA last March. "We have many commodities the Common Market needs," an English businessman told me. "Timber from the northern countries, for instance. And as a united group it enjoys a stronger bargaining position in negotiating reciprocal tariff cuts with the Six."

Having seen how well a union of tariff-free states stimulates business, EFTA has adopted a plan to abolish customs lines among its own members. The schedule calls for tariffs to reach zero in about ten years. Some members hope that it will eventually merge with the Inner Six to produce a Super Common Market of 260 million people.

Britain, with her own reciprocal trade agreements and traditional loyalties to the Commonwealth, has had serious reservations on this point. "I don't think we ought to rush it," said Harold Macmillan. But, as Continental prosperity has soared, there has been mounting pressure on Britain to join EEC.

Chancellor Adenauer says: "I am firmly convinced that, in the not-too-distant future, economic merger of the Inner Six and EFTA will come, almost automatically." Meanwhile, the essential success of the Common Market has been proved. Perhaps in time it will be the basis for some degree of political union of the separate states of Europe.



U.P.I.

The Girl Who Wouldn't Give Up

Wilma Rudolph's spectacular triumphs in last year's Olympics made world headlines. But even more remarkable is the story of determination behind them

By Alex Haley

Spectators packing Rome's huge Stadio Olimpico last September were hushed as the six teams competing in the women's Olympic 400-metre relay final took their positions on the track. All eyes were on the lithe brown 20-year-old who was to run the final leg for the U.S. team. Wilma Rudolph, a five-foot-eleven co-ed from Tennessee

State University, had already won the 100- and 200-metre sprints, and in the semi-finals of the relay she had played a large part in setting a new Olympic and world record. If the U.S. team won this final, she would be the first American woman ever to win three Olympic gold medals on the track.

The starting pistol cracked. The first runners shot from their starting blocks, raced the baton to the second. The second to the third. And now Lucinda Williams of the U.S. team was in the lead, flashing towards Wilma, who had already started her forward motion. Then a gasp went up from the crowd—the baton change was muffed and Wilma had to stop to grasp it! Germany's Jutta Heine was flying two strides ahead. But now Wilma's great, scissoring, incredible strides began to burn up the track. She came abreast of Jutta Heine . . . pulled slightly ahead . . . and burst the tape in first place.

A roar went up from 60,000 throats. In the din, one confused spectator had to ask a French photographer standing near the finishing line who had won. The photographer replied, *"La Gazelle, naturellement. La 'Chattanooga Choo-Choo.'"*

Wilma Rudolph's spectacular triumphs at the Olympics brought her tremendous acclaim both at home and abroad. Last December, European sportswriters named her Sportsman of the Year, the first American woman to be so honoured. In the United States, she was voted Woman Athlete of the Year. But more remarkable than all the honours is the fact that her triumph was achieved over a staggering handicap: for one-third of her life she was a cripple, unable to walk.

A tiny 4½ pounds at birth, Wilma Rudolph was the 17th child in the poor home of a Negro shop assistant and a domestic in Clarksville, Tennessee. Always sickly, she was four before she began to toddle. Then she was stricken with scarlet fever and double pneumonia. The child lay near death for weeks. Finally she pulled through, but her left leg had suffered a form of paralysis.

Her mother, a resolute woman, decided that this pitiful child was as deserving of health as the rest. Wrapping Wilma in a blanket, Mrs. Rudolph took her 45 miles by bus to Nashville's Meharry Medical College. There specialists tested the little girl exhaustively. They said that years of daily therapeutic massage *might* restore the use of the leg. "I can't bring her here every day. Can you teach me?" the mother asked. The doctors could, but there had to be treatment at the clinic also, with special apparatus for heat and water therapy.

For the next two years, Mrs. Rudolph, on her weekly day off, made the 90-mile round trip to the clinic. The other six days, after arriving home from work and preparing

the family's supper, she carefully massaged the wasted small leg until long after Wilma had fallen asleep. When after a year the doctors could detect only slight improvement in the muscular reflexes, Mrs. Rudolph taught three older children to massage, and there began four daily shifts of "rubbing Wilma." "She's going to walk," Mrs. Rudolph declared.

By 1946 Wilma could manage a sort of hop for short distances, but then the leg would buckle. By the time she was eight she was able to walk with a leg brace. That summer the Meharry clinic substituted a specially reinforced high-top left shoe for the brace, and Wilma limped off happily to school.



Wilma Rudolph

A brother, Westley, had got a basketball and mounted a peach basket on a pole in the back yard. To the family's surprise, Wilma was soon out on the court, playing basketball almost fanatically. Ignoring the heavy orthopaedic shoe, she would swivel and pivot away from Westley, dribble in a weaving crouch, then spring up to make a shot. When the others stopped to rest, she would continue alone—"making up," her mother said, "all the playing she'd missed."

One day, her mother, returning from work, stood open-mouthed with astonishment: Wilma was bounding around under the peach basket barefooted! She no longer needed the shoe.

Entering Burt High School in 1953, 13-year-old Wilma went all out for basketball. Playing with fervour, during one game she collided with Coach Clinton Gray, who was refereeing. "You're buzzing around like a skeeter wherever I turn!" he exclaimed, exasperated. "Skeeter" promptly became Wilma's nickname. Not long afterwards, Coach Gray inaugurated girls' athletics. He saw Skeeter run, timed her—and stared at his stop watch in disbelief.

The gangling, unknown Skeeter proved the sensation of the state high-school meeting, winning the girls' 50-, 75- and 100-yard sprints. Watching was Edward Stanley Temple, the women runners' coach

at Tennessee State University. With his crack team of "Tigerbelles," Temple was bent on gaining wider recognition for this Negro university. And in this young girl with the perfect sprinter's body, the long powerful legs and the drive to win, he recognized a potential champion.

Each summer Temple tried out ten high-school-girl running stars; those who proved to be of Tigerbelle calibre could receive a work-aid scholarship for four years at the university. "Be glad to try you out," he told Wilma casually.

The news elated the Rudolph household. "You're the first one in this house that ever had the chance to go to college," Wilma's mother said. "If running's going to do that, I want you to set your mind to be the best! Never give up."

With nine other bobby-soxed runners from Negro high schools, Wilma arrived on the Tennessee State campus. Temple promptly let them know that this was no picnic. His first order was for a cross-country jog, some five miles across rough farm pastures. Halfway, many of the girls sagged down exhausted, some even retching. Wilma, too, stumbled and fell. But somehow they all dragged themselves back to the track. Temple greeted them bluntly: "If you want to run here, you have to be in condition."

Next morning the girls were routed from bed at 5 a.m. Pairing each candidate with one of his star Tigerbelles, Temple ordered 50-yard sprints. Every high-school runner finished a humiliating five to ten yards behind, and Wilma did worse than most. Back in the dormitory, she cried, sick with shame that she had come. But she thought of her mother saying, "Never give up."

Temple knew exactly how to plant incentive and competitiveness. Relentlessly, he criticized the flaws in her style. "Stretch out those long legs—*stride!* Your elbows look like a windmill. Pump the arms straight, like this. No clenched fists—you run more relaxed with open palms."

He also knew when Wilma reached the point where she was ready to explode. "Look, Skeeter," he said, calming kindness in his voice. "Right now you are a fair runner. But I want great runners. My Tigerbelles make you look bad only because they're better prepared than you. Now you can go home if you want to. Or stay, and I'll teach you how to win races." Pausing, he added, "I think you can be a champion if you want to."

Three days later Wilma was speechless when Temple read her name among the four Junior Tigerbelles he was taking with his college stars to participate in the U.S. National Amateur Athletics Union competition. The Junior Division 440-yard relay was won by Temple's four trainees, including

Wilma. Their sister Tigerbelles swept all Senior Division sprints and the relay. Tennessee State had its first A.A.U. championship.

Wilma returned to her family and schoolmates a heroine—to everyone but herself. She was still convinced that she could never run as brilliantly as Temple's college girls.

Her mother put her finger on the trouble. "It *looks* like you can't," she said, "but you can't think you can't! You just got to forget everything but trying!"

Through the remaining high-school summers, Wilma drilled in the countless details of Tigerbelle style. By the time she was a university freshman Temple was admonishing his summer trainees, "Watch how Rudolph does it." Again and again she would race 100 yards, walk back to the starting line, then race again. She had heard so many starting pistols, counted her early strides so often, that by now instinct triggered her catapulting take-offs, told her the exact instant to begin straightening up and "floating" and, seconds later, when to start leaning to meet the tape.

Everywhere they raced, the Tigerbelles demolished the opposition. With the three other members of the relay team—Martha Hudson, Barbara Jones and Lucinda Williams—Wilma ranked as one of Temple's four fastest Tigerbelles. Yet in intra-squad races the other three invariably beat her. "You've got the physical equipment and style; you should be winning. What's wrong, Skeeter?" Temple often asked. She would answer, "I don't know," for she was trying with all she had.

Then, in November 1959, Wilma began suffering from a sore throat, and gradually her tonsils flared into a swelling agony. Temple took her to a Nashville doctor, who operated immediately. "Those infected tonsils have been sapping her strength for years," the doctor said.

Three weeks later Wilma returned to the track, in full health for the first time in her life. At the Chicago 1960 Indoor A.A.U. Nationals she blazed to victory in three races. In Corpus Christi she shaved three-tenths of a second off the Olympic and world 200-metre record. In the Olympic try-outs at Abilene, Texas, she took the 100 and 200 metres, and ran the final leg for the winning Tigerbelle relay team that would represent the United States.

"Somebody will have to set a new world record to beat her in Rome!" Temple exclaimed.

Seven Tigerbelles were among the 310 U.S. athletes who flew to Rome last August. There, in the 100-metre women's sprint, Wilma scorched to a new Olympic record of 11 seconds flat. In the 200-metre heats the following day, she cracked the Olympic standard. Then, in the final, she blazed to

breath-taking victory over Germany's great 200-metre star, Jutta Heine. Not since "Babe" Didrikson's phenomenal performance 28 years before had the United States boasted a woman double gold medallist.

On the day when her final burst of speed won the relay for the Tigerbelles and made her a triple gold-medallist, a deafening ovation exploded in the Stadio Olimpico. "Wilma!" the crowd roared. "*Gazzella Nera* [Black Gazelle]!" "Skeeter!" Hats, newspapers, programmes and autograph books rained down on the emerald-green field as the lean brown girl half-circled, slowed and jogged towards the side.

"Coach Temple! Coach Temple!" Wilma was crying as athletes and photographers mobbed her. She was the world's Queen of the Track, flooding out tears of gratitude for Temple's persevering training, for her mother's determination that a puny, crippled daughter must walk.

Back in the United States, Wilma was so lionized that it was ten days before she could return to a clamorous home town. Clarksville's "Welcome Wilma Day" saw every school and business closed, and the entire population lined up to cheer the champion.

Wilma takes all such adulation in her graceful stride. She has settled quickly again into life at the university. She is continuing to win races, indoors and out. She is majoring in elementary education, preparing for a career in grammar-school teaching and coaching high-school girl athletes. In the roles of teacher and coach she will pass on to other youngsters the important lesson she learned: that those who really want to can win.

Street Scenes

AMAZED and then delighted smiles followed a young mother as she walked down the street proudly carrying her small baby. Perched jauntily on the infant's bald pate was a perky bow of pink ribbon—held in place by a piece of sticky tape.

—Contributed by Gertrude Bell

AN ELDERLY couple, standing in a pouring rain, were engaged in a friendly argument over who should take the one umbrella they had between them. Finally the wife put an end to the argument: "You take it, dear. I'm all drip-dry and you aren't."

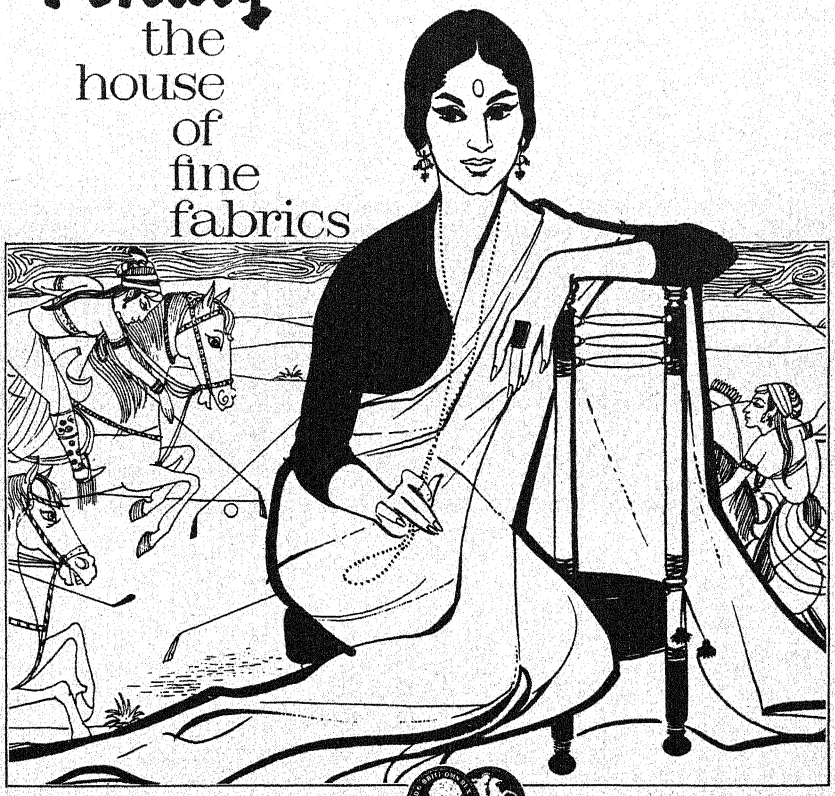
—Contributed by Avery Keenes

THROUGH the heavy traffic of the Champs-Elysées in Paris, a café waiter deftly steered a motor scooter with one hand, while holding aloft in the other a tray with a dozen freshly opened oysters.

—Noel Anthony

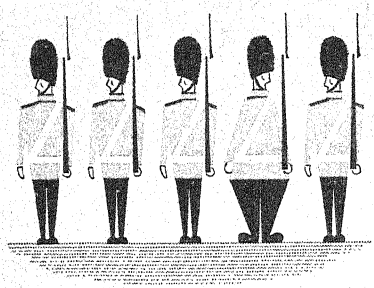
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THE FINLAY GROUP OF MILLS

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Humour in Uniform

SHORTLY after Robert McNamara was appointed U.S. Secretary of Defence, I went home from the Pentagon and told my wife that I was now a member of "McNamara's Band."

"Which section?" she asked. "The brass or the wind?"

—COLONEL J. P. LISACK

TO KEEP people out of the Snark missile testing area at Cape Canaveral, a sign was posted: "DANGER—KEEP OUT. SNARK-INFESTED WATERS."

—W. M. O'ROURKE

NEW CARS were practically unobtainable and salvage values were at an all-time high at the close of the war. The first case of a newly-commissioned young lawyer was to collect damages from a civil-service employee who had wrecked a government car. The lawyer wrote to the defendant, who had ignored all previous correspondence, the usual last-notice-before-suit letter. It brought an immediate reply. The defendant requested that he be informed of the inventory value of the car before the wreck and the value of the salvage, for which he claimed credit.

"Complying with your request," the lawyer wrote back, "we wish to inform you that the inventory value of the wrecked car is shown as Rs. 2,000. The salvage department estimates the salvage as Rs. 2,400. We are therefore authorizing the accounts department to issue you a cheque for the amount of Rs. 400, and we wish to thank you for having caused the wreck."

—LUTHER COWHERD

THE balance-of-payments problem has resulted in orders to American units overseas to buy needed supplies and equipment in the States whenever possible. To this end, a base in West Germany submitted a request for medicine bottles to a New York supplier. When the shipment was received, each bottle was found to be stamped with the legend: "MADE IN WEST GERMANY." —F. J. L.

IN ONE OF his first letters home, our 17-year-old son in the army wrote: "I'm certainly glad I enlisted now, because I don't know how those old chaps in their 20's can take this basic training!" —MRS. H. S.

THE MEN at our out-of-the-way air force station had long been awaiting completion of the elaborate gymnasium under construction a quarter of a mile from their barracks. Finally it was finished, and at a parade the commander was extolling the body-building equipment that had been provided. After exhorting all personnel to make maximum use of the gym for badly needed physical conditioning, he asked if there were any questions.

"Yes, sir," came a prompt response. "What about transport from the barracks to the gym?" —L. V. BATES

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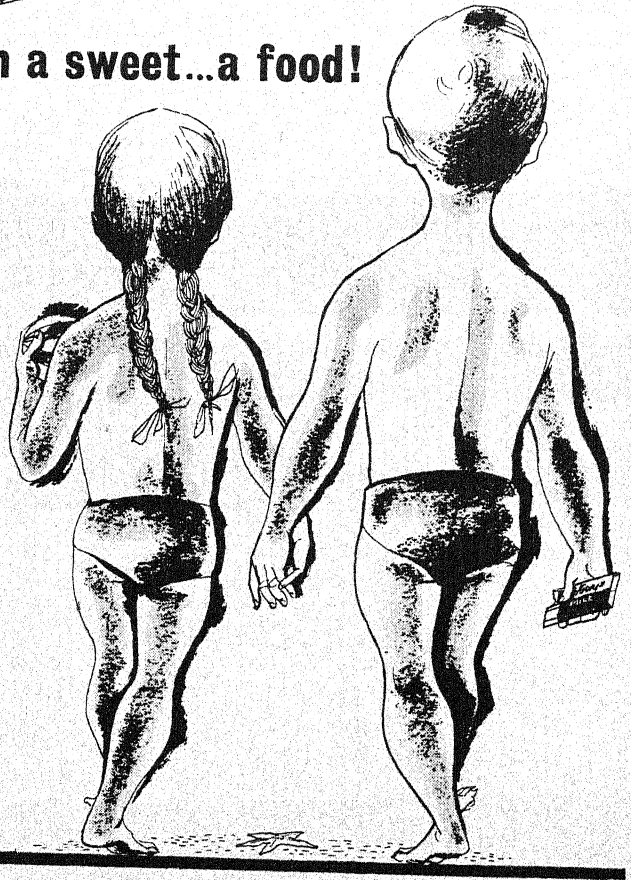
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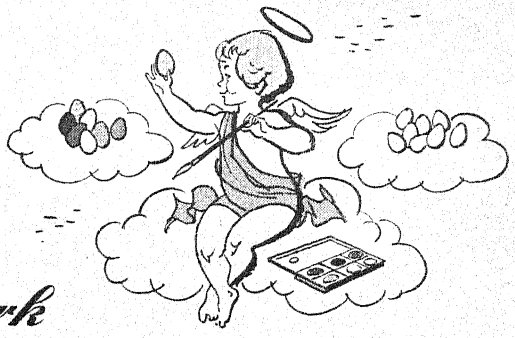
Enjoy life with



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CADBURY MEANS QUALITY



Angels at Work

The next time you see a zebra or a peacock or a humming-bird, pause and pay tribute

By Dorothy Van Doren

I like to think that while God was busy with the larger wonders of creation—placing the stars in the sky, ordering the galaxies, separating the waters from the land—a group of young Angels became a little obstreperous and bored.

The Father of all, though doubtless He might with a wave of His hand have silenced them effectively, chose to give them a task to work off their restlessness.

"Go and make things," He might have said; "small things. I'll attend to the larger ones. And do it quietly!"

The little Angels were happy to obey. "I," said the smallest, "will colour birds' eggs. White eggs may be good enough for hens, but wild birds should have prettier ones."

"I," said one of the larger Angels importantly, "shall do butterflies."

The littlest Angel set to work with a brush and a box of colours. He made the large egg of the ibis blue-green like shallow sea water over sunny sands. He coloured various eggs grey or pink or blue or green, and then put spots on them. The spots were brown, small and regular on the egg of the brown thrasher; on the crested flycatcher's egg they were delicately drawn, like fern fronds. I can almost see the littlest Angel, his wings folded neatly over his back, his feet twisted one over the other, and his tongue protruding sideways from his mouth

Condensed from "Men, Women & Cats," © 1960 by Dorothy Van Doren

to mark the seriousness of his endeavour.

Meanwhile, the larger Angel had a heavenly field day working on butterflies, not to mention wasps and bees.

Half a dozen Angels took care of the flowers. One devoted himself to lilies: blush-pink, pale-green, orange and red, with spots and stripes and curled petals. Perhaps their greatest success was with wild flowers: red-splattered mountain laurel; wild orchids; laughable white-and-yellow pants of Dutchman's-breeches, and the ghostly stems of Indian pipe.

There were comics among the little Angels. Only one with a sense of the ridiculous could have put a top-heavy protuberance on the sharp curved beak of the rhinoceros hornbill, or have designed the wise, wrinkled faces of young monkeys. In their own way the little Angels improved some larger creatures already made: they painted stripes on the zebra and eyes on the peacock's tail.

Who but a tiny Angel could have put the fastest little motor in the world into the humming-bird's minuscule body? Who but a mischievous Angel could have made the puffin: red legs, squat black-and-white body, large black head and fat, striped beak?

I wonder about the crow. Perhaps it was the end of the day and the bird-decorating Angel, being tired, thought he would try glossy black and nothing more—although it came out iridescent in the sun. His sense of comedy triumphed; he gave the crow a loud, raucous voice.

I think of young Angels doing this busy work on a rainy Saturday, for sheer love of colour and shape. Make it red, one said; put a green stripe here, another proposes; I like pink, says the third, and makes flamingos.

The young Angels provide the only plausible explanation for these charming caprices in nature. Surely somewhere in the process of creation there was an Intelligence with a sense of humour, a love of fantasy, an airiness and a delight in manipulating a paintbrush and all the colours of the spectrum.

Bad Publicity

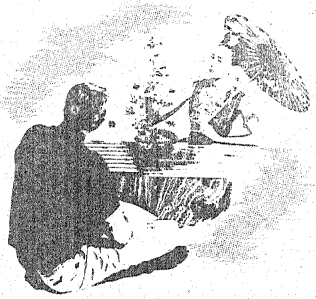
A PARIS FIRM agreed to supply sugar-coated almonds to be used as stage props at the Marigny Theatre, on condition that the programme included this credit line: "The almonds have been supplied by the House of Martial."

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Few sports in the world can hold a candle to being a doctor's daughter—if you like to live dangerously

"That's No Doctor—That's My Father!"

By Janet Kern

It took a while for me to realize the difference between my family and that of most of my contemporaries. My awakening came one day when Mother and I were sitting in a hotel foyer waiting for Father, who was at a meeting in a near-by room. I saw a page-boy dash into the room, and a moment later he emerged with Father close behind him. To my horror, they headed straight for the ladies' room. Grabbing my mother, I whispered in alarm, "Look where Daddy's going!"

Mother glanced up, murmured, "Oh?" and returned to her reading.

I whispered louder, "Moth-*er!* He's in the ladies' room! Men can't go in there!"

Mother smiled calmly. "It's all right, dear," she said. "Your father isn't a man—he's a doctor."

Doctors *are* a breed apart, as my father has more than once demonstrated. He carries his peculiarly medical outlook into all areas of life. It's a long-standing joke in our family that when Father was courting Mother, and they held hands, his fingers unconsciously crept upwards until he was unthinkingly taking her pulse.

This story gained in credibility when we were all sitting together one evening, watching television. A bevy of scantily clad circus girls appeared on the screen; we were supposed to guess which one of them was to marry a celebrated clown the next morning. "I bet it's the second from the right," Mother challenged.

"Nope—I think it's the one at this end," I guessed.

"It's the third from the left!" Father declared authoritatively. He was right.

"How did you know?" I asked.

Father shrugged. "Her respiration was faster than the others'," he said.

Doctors' households have no problem about teenagers monopolizing

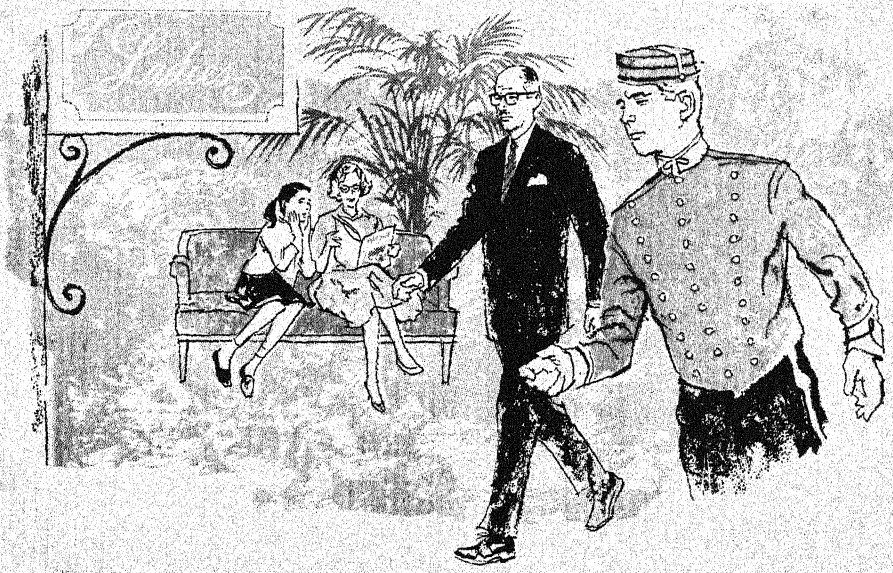
Condensed from The Doctor's Wife

the telephone. Long before adolescence sets in, the doctor's child knows that the telephone belongs to Daddy. It must *never* be used unnecessarily; when it is used the conversation must be brief. In later life I have had to struggle against the compulsion to cut short every phone call with the automatic recitation, "I'm sorry, but I have to ring off now. My father is expecting a call."

The doctor's child also learns how to take a message. Before you're old enough to go to school, you know how to take the caller's name and number, to ask the nature of the complaint and to get the information referred to in medical homes as TPR (temperature, pulse and respiration).

Teachers seemed to have an unshakeable belief that doctor's children were unusually healthy. If I missed school, the teacher would eye Mother's note suspiciously and say, "You were ill? A doctor's daughter?" Actually, nobody gets ill as often as doctors and their families. For no matter what the epidemic raging, or how virulent the germs and viruses going round, doctors are busy sticking their faces into infected throats, being breathed on by feverish patients, coming home exhausted and bearing the day's invisible harvest of germs. If there's anything "going around," it's sure to be going around a doctor's household.

But when doctors' families get ill, the treatment is usually a strictly do-it-yourself procedure—one

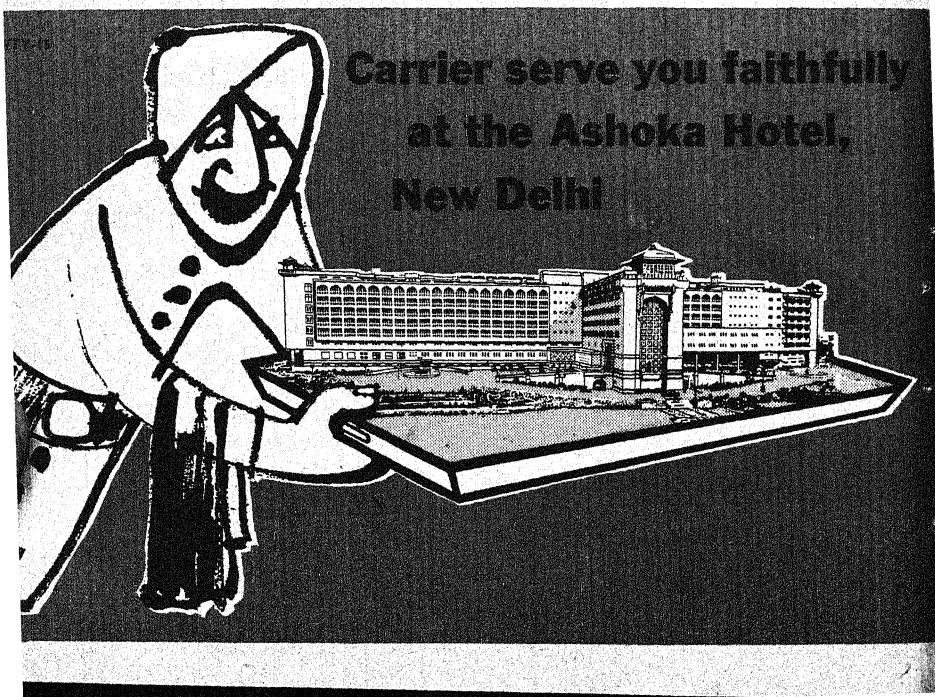


reason being that your father is seldom at home.

Many a doctor's child has had good reason to bless the custom of illustrating medical-textbook articles with detailed colour photographs of a victim's appearance. That's how doctors' wives diagnose their children's illnesses. Once Mother got my disease labelled, all she had to do was read what the book prescribed and then ring my father to bring it home from the surgery.

In serious illnesses it is an unwritten rule of the medical fraternity that, because of possible emotional involvements, a doctor does not treat his own family. Yet much as every doctor hates to be called to another doctor's house, even more does he hate seeing someone else called in his stead. Years of professional relationships hang by a suture while the doctor and his wife debate which colleague would be offended if he weren't called, and which inconvenienced if he were. The usual result is that no doctor is sent for.

This recalls the night of my apparent appendicitis attack. As a well-indoctrinated doctor's daughter, I tried to struggle through the night on my own, letting nature take its course. Then, after a few rule-of-thumb tests seemed to confirm my self-diagnosis, I turned off the electric blanket (heat is *not* prescribed



for an ailing appendix) and crawled to the bathroom to get a drink of water. By 3 a.m. the situation had clearly got out of control—my control, at least. There was no avoiding the emergency move of bothering Father. Both parents came quickly and held a bedside conference. "I think she's right. . . It looks like her appendix," Father muttered.

"Should we take her to the hospital?" Mother inquired.

Father scowled. "That won't accomplish anything unless we operate at once. And 3 a.m. is awfully early to wake a surgeon."

My mother leaned over the bed and asked, "Do you think you can stand it till six or seven? It's only a few hours. Your father would hate to bother a doctor at this hour!"

From the depth of my appendix, lifelong medical daughterhood came to the fore—we *couldn't* call a doctor in the middle of the night! "If I could just get to sleep . . ."

My father turned to Mother and sighed, "Go and sterilize a needle. I'll give her a shot of morphine. That'll hold her till the morning."

By all odds I should have suffered a ruptured appendix, peritonitis—any ordinary daughter would have. But I was a doctor's offspring, over whom Heaven must keep special watch . . . or perhaps it wasn't appendicitis at all. By the morning the pain had subsided, the stomach

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had settled, no doctor had been disturbed in the night—and I still have my appendix.

Nine times out of ten, the prescription for the patient who lives in a doctor's house is aspirin and bed. For more potent treatment there's a wonderful institution known as the Sample Drawer. Pharmaceutical firms send a multitude of samples to doctors, and most of them go into the Sample Drawer against the day of need. It is from this drawer that the family ills are treated.

This, of course, imposes something of a problem, for it is incumbent upon doctors' families to bend every effort towards matching their ailments to the medicines available here. Sometimes the doctor's family rebels.

One physician of my acquaintance, an eminent authority on disturbances of the skin, was quite put out when his teenage daughter announced that she wanted to take her acne to a "real doctor."

"Just what," her injured father demanded, "do you consider a real doctor?"

His daughter's answer was straightforward: "A doctor who will treat me with a prescription instead of samples."

Once while cleaning out the Sample Drawer I picked up an unfamiliar bottle of huge, green pills. "What's this?" I asked.

Father took the bottle, read the label and handed it back. "Take it," he said. "It might be good for you."

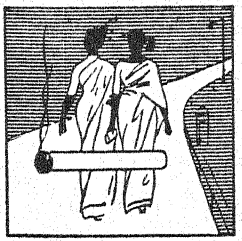
I don't believe there's any sport in the world that can hold a candle to being a doctor's daughter if you like to live dangerously. The statisticians may not yet have worked out the mortality rate among doctors' offspring, but I'll wager that this is one section of the population in which the old jungle law of survival of the fittest still holds good. A doctor's child *has* to be fit to survive.

The Bard and the Bird

THE starling was a popular bird in Elizabethan England, often kept as a pet because it could be taught to speak. In all his plays, Shakespeare mentioned the bird only once, when a character in *Henry IV, Part 1*, says, "I'll have a starling that shall be taught to speak nothing but 'Mortimer.'" This single line was to have far-reaching effects. In 1890 a wealthy New Yorker named Eugene Schieffelin, who had two great passions in life—birds and Shakespeare—decided to introduce into America every bird mentioned in Shakespeare's plays. Skylarks, chaffinches, song thrushes and nightingales died out quickly in their new environment. But 40 pairs of starlings taken over from England to New York's Central Park prospered. In a few decades the bird developed from a curiosity into a national problem and pest.

—James Harvey

While in the company of ladies smoke if you must, but take care not to offend them. When you meet ladies and if you happen to be smoking, remove your cigarette before greeting them. It's decorous to resume smoking only after you've passed them.



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Life's Like That

BEFORE MY trip to Pakistan, I had been warned against overzealous salesmen, and for a while I avoided loitering in the bazaars. One day, however, I paused to gaze at a beautiful display of jewellery and, as predicted, the owner hurried out and pulled me inside.

When I protested that I had no money, that I was a poor student and could buy nothing, I expected him to lose interest. Instead, he gave me one of the most fascinating afternoons of my life.

"Yes, sahib," he said, "you have no money. But in 10, 20 years I know you will return here to Lahore. By that time you will have very much money, and then you bring your friends and buy my goods. So now you look at them."

Assistants were summoned to fetch a stool and a bowl of tea. As I sipped, the shop owner showed me his rarest and most exquisite possessions. "I am often sad when I sell my treasures," he said quietly at the end. "Because my heart is then empty, though my pocket is full. It is better like this. Now I can display beautiful things—and not only those that other people do not want."

—ROBERT FRASER

WHEN I WENT to baby-sit for a young couple with twins five weeks old, I found the wife haggard and exhausted. Assuming she was going out, I asked her where she could be reached. She pointed to the bedroom. "That's my forwarding address," she said. "But I don't want to be disturbed."

Five hours later she emerged, wearing a pretty dress and looking completely refreshed. At that moment her husband arrived home and let out a surprised, appreciative whistle. When I left, each of them was holding a baby and chatting happily.

—STEPHANIE GERRARD

ONE EVENING I tried to use the telephone, but could not get the dialling tone. Realizing that someone on our party line must have forgotten to replace the receiver, I tried to attract his attention by whistling shrilly into my phone. Much to my surprise, I heard a clear, unmistakable "Moo." Unable to believe my ears, I whistled again—and again was answered by a loud "Moo." Then a neighbour's voice broke in. "Oh, I'm sorry!" she apologized. "We've just had an extension phone installed in our barn and a cow knocked the receiver off the hook."

—MRS. D. C.

THEY SAY that some tourists never leave home, and I believe it. On a cross-Channel steamer I helped an American woman fill in her French entry card. "You've left one line blank," I pointed out.

"Why, yes," she agreed pleasantly. "That one says, 'For Foreigners Only.'"

—IDABEL EVANS

I WAS SHOPPING in a department store with a friend who is five feet nine inches in her stockinged feet. As we browsed through a dress rack, the saleslady asked, "May I help you?"

"Yes," my friend lamented. "I wish I could find something to make me look shorter."

At that moment, a masculine voice purred over her shoulder, "In that case, may *I* help you?"

She looked round and upward, right into the eyes of the manager—a handsome young man well over six feet tall. —JUNE BACHNER

IN Williamsburg, the restored Colonial town in Virginia, I bought one of those long clay pipes at an 18th-century apothecary shop. After paying the assistant, I asked if he had any tobacco.

"Yes, we have," he said. "It's made from an old recipe."

So I bought the wax-sealed package of "Virginia's Best" and filled my new pipe. But I didn't have a light and asked for matches. The storekeeper smiled and said, "Sorry, sir—wrong century." —ROGER WILLIAMS

DRIVING HOME from work, I went through a crossroads after only a slight hesitation. An instant later I heard a police gong and pulled over to the kerb. The officer, with note-book in hand, said to me sternly, "You went through a halt sign."

Astonished, I asked, "What halt sign? I don't see one there."

The officer turned to point it out, stopped and scratched his head. "My gosh," he said. "I'm in the wrong street." —FRANK SEARIGHT

AFTER I told the New York taxi driver where I wanted to go, he said something I didn't understand. "What was that?" I asked.

"Never mind," he said. "Give me another try." The next minute I heard, *"Selamat pagi"*—"good morning" in Indonesian.

I was surprised and pleased to be greeted in my own language and enquired how he knew my nationality.

"I have learnt to greet people in 32 languages," he explained, "and my hobby is to fit the language to my fare. I thought at first you were from the Philippines." —C. L.

AT A Boy Scout leaders' meeting one of the delegates asked if a billy-can had been found on a camp site that scouts had used recently.

When the chairman replied that one had been handed in, the delegate gave a sigh of relief. "The Scout's mother," he explained, "wanted the can returned for sentimental reasons—it was hers when she was in the army."

—HERBERT O'HANLON

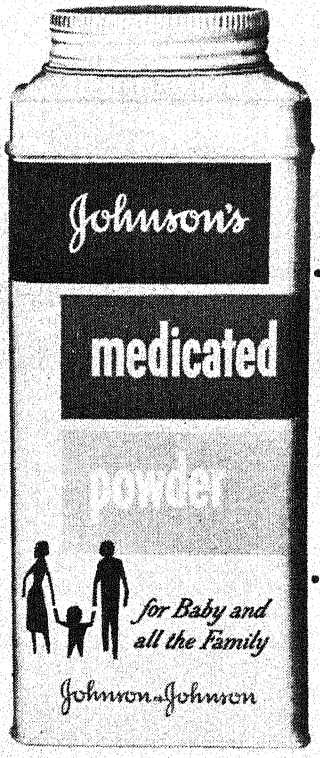
TWO AMERICAN girls who were cycling through France spent the week-end at an 18th-century château which was being run as an hotel. The owner, an elderly marquis, regaled them with stories. He said that once in his youth he had so displeased his father that he was confined to the château grounds for a year.

Wide-eyed, one of the girls asked, "What terrible thing did you do—kill somebody?"

The marquis looked at her slyly and replied, *"Au contraire."* —I. R.

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Incident at London Airport

By Ira Wolfert

Man's reaction to another man's agony raises the age-old question: Are we, indeed, our brother's keeper?

Though it was raining in London that morning, there were 68 of us at the airport with tickets for the 9 a.m. plane to Paris. A young lady in blue uniform told us that Orly Airport was closed by fog and our flight would be delayed, so while the loudspeaker kept announcing other arrivals and departures, I wandered off sightseeing. It was after 11 when our blue-uniformed shepherdess caught up with me in one of the airport shops. "Your flight has been called and we've been looking for you for ten minutes," she said. "Please hurry."

We went pounding down the long, crowded, glass-walled corridor on the upper level. Through the glass I could see, through the rainy murk, planes taxi-ing along on the apron below, swaying and teetering like ponderous bugs. Among them moved a fire engine, a crash truck and two ambulances. But they made no sound that could be heard above the stir and thump in the corridor.

Suddenly my step faltered. Far ahead, two blue-clad figures came towards us, a man and a woman running as with some enormous desperation. They did not look like people but like some surrealist painting of a scream hurtling through the corridor. Then the two runners plunged through a door, and the crowd pushed on.

My shepherdess and I came up to a man carrying the passenger lists—long sheets of green paper attached to a clipboard, which trembled in his hand. "May I have your name, please?" he said to me.

He began to search for it, going down the rows of names with one finger slowly, in a strange, dazed way, as if he were ill. Not since the war had I seen a look like his, but I recognized it—the unmistakable look of a man who has watched some awfulness happen.

"Is anything wrong?" I asked.

He raised blank eyes, then: "Oh no, everything's quite in order, sir."

He smiled palely. "But you'd better hurry. You're the last."

I hastened after the girl, and at the far end of the corridor turned down a ramp that led to the apron.

Halfway down the ramp I saw it. A mushroom cloud, black and oily, was booming up through the rain. In front of the cloud danced a wall of flames about 500 feet long, 15 or 20 feet high—the livid orange colour of burning high-octane fuel. The girl stopped, shocked. I heard my own voice: "That's a crash. A plane has just crashed there."

For a moment she remained uncomprehending. Then her clenched hands flew to her mouth. "Oh, my God!" she groaned through her fists, and staggered against me.

It was the way it had been for me one morning in France a dozen years before. Then, a young lieutenant had been pointing out for me on a roughly sketched map the disposition of his platoon. A German tank shell passed between us and snipped off his right leg, so fast neither of us realized what the little snicking sound meant. Knocked backwards, the lieutenant for a moment was only astounded. Then when he tried to pull his legs under him to scramble up, he saw that where his right leg had been there was nothing.

A few seconds passed. The boy stared without a sound at the unbelievable emptiness in which his knee ended. Suddenly, like an animal, his whole body sprang. He was



leaping up on one leg to run away, as if running would put his other leg back on. I had to battle to get him down; then I pressed my chest against his to hold him still, and put my face against his and let him scream into my ear.

Now it was an English girl springing within herself, mindlessly, like an animal. The boy had shrieked the way a horse does, but she only panted, and fought against my restraining grasp like a bundle of writhing, lashing wires.

There is in all of us a tornado of berserk energy that can be released only by the mechanism that governs our instinct for self-preservation. The boy had been fighting for his life. But those two people I had seen running down the corridor with such superhuman urgency, and now this girl—their own lives were not at stake. Why had the trigger sprung in them?

A mother protecting her young loses sight of the differences between her fate and her children's. Could it be like that even with strangers, mere onlookers? Psychologists say we "identify" with something outside ourselves, but this giving a name to a mystery does not make it any less mysterious. Is it possible that in some area beyond the reach of consciousness and reason we actually *are* our brother's keeper, and know it so completely that when we see another die we must fight for our own lives?

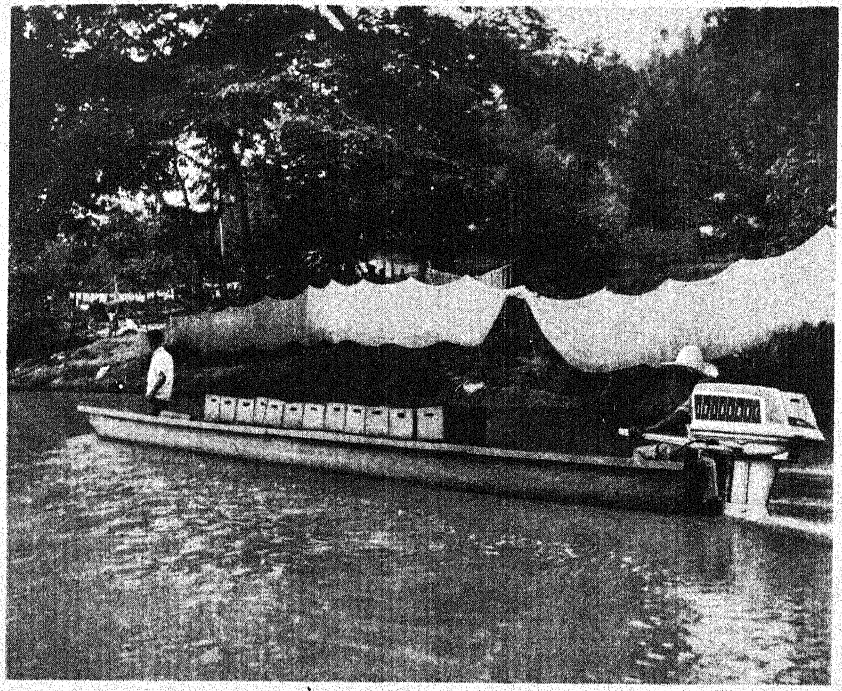
In the end I was able to turn the girl away from the agony going on and sit her down against the railing on the ramp. Her soft white face stared up at me piteously; her young mouth worked as if torn.

That crash, on October 1, 1956, made headlines throughout the world. The largest delta-wing aircraft ever built—the R.A.F.'s Vulcan—was completing its first major flight, a 26,000-mile round trip to New Zealand and Australia. A welcoming party had waited for it alongside Runway No. 1: wives and children bearing bouquets, Government and Air Ministry officials, representatives of the Press.

But, coming from bright sunshine into the murk, the Vulcan had touched down 700 yards short of the runway. The pilot had revved-up his bursting plane, but it went up into the air on momentum alone, bleeding shreds and tatters of its metal flesh. The six men inside had a few seconds to get out. Two managed, by means of a new-type automatic ejector that had been fitted to the cockpit. But the four in the fuselage died.

Now, beyond the ramp, men in asbestos armour were walking into fire with hoses that sprayed foam. A voice commanded over the amplifier: "All spectators back, please!" But we were not spectators. We were silent actors in the drama, moved by what is perhaps the oldest, first purely human emotion.

Watching the white and silent face of the girl was like watching



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The Evinrude shown here is headed down the Magdalena river, deep in Colombia's interior. Colombia's waters are muddy, filled with silt and snags. Workboats are often crude and primitive. Yet every day entire fleets powered by Evinrude link Colombia's commercial centers to the most remote outposts. And operating on an eight hour schedule, fleet owners pay for their motors in as little as three to four months.

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the finger of God at work in the human spirit. As in birth, her agony had begun with love: "You are your brother's keeper"; "Love your neighbour as yourself." But if the agony had come from love it could not be altogether unkind, and after a while the girl understood that. After the understanding had come prayer. After the prayer, peace. After the peace, strength. In the strength, the will to resume the human role.

It was a long trip over an ancient road. When she had completed it, she dropped my hand and I helped her to her feet. Then she said, "Would you please go to your plane?" and went back up the ramp to find something useful to do in the emergency.

I FOUND my plane and my seat. The fire was smothered. The ambulances took away the corpses. Limousines took away the broken-hearted wives, the terrified children. The wreckage was carted off. The sun emerged. A bouquet of flowers, fallen from some unnerved hand on the welcoming line, expanded eagerly in the light.

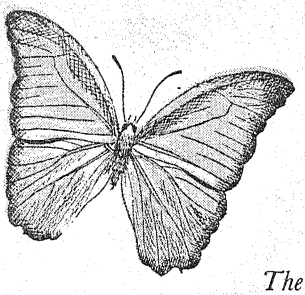
There was a long line of planes ahead of us, waiting to take off. An hour passed. My fellow passengers had seen the crash, but the 68 of us were as we had been in the waiting room, strangers still, with nothing in common except a ticket to Paris. We sat silently, our faces homogenized in the same lead-coloured masks, as though nothing of importance had happened.

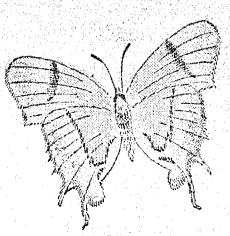
Dear God, what extraordinary creatures you have made us—clowns playing our immortal roles with our mortal selves, mortal roles with our immortal souls. At the end, what can we think to say except: "Amen. Thy will be done"?

Practice Games

CONCERT pianist Mme Agi Jambor, *en route* by train to an engagement, opened up her portable practice keyboard in her sleeping compartment and clacked away on it to keep her fingers supple. Next day the train was two hours late. When Mme Jambor asked why, the guard explained that they had stopped for two hours during the night to make a fruitless search for the source of an ominous clacking noise in one of the sleeping cars. —AP

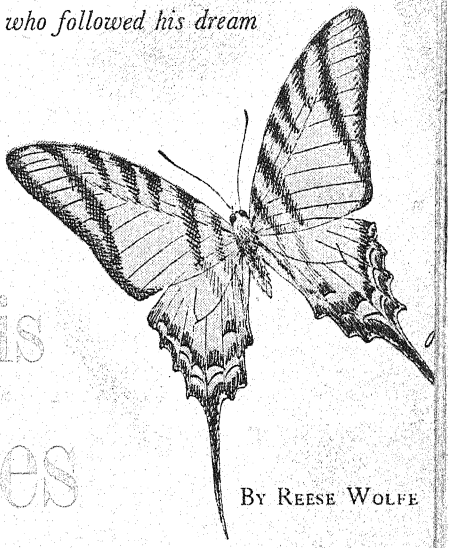
I WAS past 40 when I joined a church choir as a soprano, and some of my high notes sounded like a squeaky gate. I formed the habit of practising high notes when I walked alone in open spaces, always stopping if a car approached. But one day a convertible sneaked up behind me and slowed down at a crossing just as I was reaching for one of my most difficult notes. Looking startled, the young driver pulled his car over to the kerb, got out—and examined all his tyres. —Contributed by Sophia Oltmann



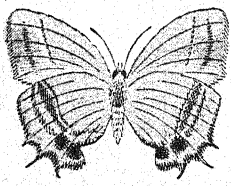


The story of a man who followed his dream

D'Almeida and his Butterflies



By Reese Wolfe



One day in 1933 a small man in a postman's uniform plodded up the hill to Rio de Janeiro's imposing Oswaldo Cruz Institute and asked to see Professor Lauro Travassos, head of the zoology department. No, he hadn't an appointment. He explained that he had taken time off from his job at the post office in Encantado, a suburb 15 miles to the north, especially to see the professor.

The zoologist greeted his caller and asked what he could do for him. Hesitantly, the little man said that he wanted to find someone who could make microphotographs of butterflies' eggs. In technical terms he described what he wanted, while the professor listened with increasing interest. Suddenly the professor asked, "What did you say your name was?"

"D'Almeida."

"Not Romualdo d'Almeida!" exclaimed Professor Travassos. "I've been looking for you for four years—ever since I read about your winning the French Alcide d'Orbigny Prize."

For Romualdo d'Almeida it had been a long search of another kind, begun when he started collecting butterflies as a boyhood hobby—a search that today has resulted in one of the largest private collections of its kind in the world.

What makes the collection unique is d'Almeida's monumental work in scientific classification, which has made it possible for entomologists to compare the almost imperceptible differences in similar specimens from other parts of the world. In his home-made laboratory in the garden of his modest cottage in Encantado are 25,000 specimens of Lepidoptera—the insect group comprising butterflies and moths—of which more than 18,000 have been classified and indexed for ready reference.

It is gratifying but only incidental to d'Almeida in his search for scientific truth that from his work has come the knowledge for successfully fighting numerous crop-damaging pests. The sugar-cane borer, a world-wide destroyer of sugar, was one. Another was the cabbage butterfly, whose voracious larvae once threatened Brazil's cabbage, cauliflower, broccoli and related vegetable crops with extinction.

Romualdo d'Almeida's quest for knowledge got an early start. An only child, the serious-minded, lonely boy found companionship with his pet birds, rabbits and dogs, and a consuming interest in watching and collecting the numerous varieties of butterflies that abounded in the neighbourhood. At school he would look up the scientific name of a specimen, memorize it, then place his find in its proper family group in his collection. He was fascinated to discover that, though nearly 80,000 species of Lepidoptera were then known, thousands more were still to be found and classified.

By trial and error the boy determined that the best bait for his quarry was fermented banana smeared on trees and fence posts along the edge of a wood. The ordure of carnivorous animals also held a special charm for some butterflies—especially the great iridescent blue monsters with their six-inch wingspread. He developed a quick eye for detecting butterflies' eggs deposited on leaves. He brought them home, put them in ventilated boxes and raised his own specimens.

As Romualdo grew older he set his heart on becoming a doctor, but his father's failing health forced him to give up his plan. He had always been fond of music and had studied under his father, a church organist. Now, faced with the necessity of helping to keep a roof over their heads, Romualdo became relief organist at the church of St. Francis of Paula in Rio de Janeiro.

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Still his thoughts clung to butterflies. If he worked hard enough, d'Almeida was sure that through them he could make a contribution to science, even if he couldn't be a doctor. He sold his medical textbooks to buy a 16-volume set on Lepidoptera, published in Germany. When the books arrived he discovered they were printed in Latin. So he spent hours with the parish priest, getting the essential parts translated; from them he learned how to classify his specimens.

One day he came upon a butterfly with wing veins that appeared to be in a different position from the others he had examined. With infinite care he moistened the delicate wings with chloroform to get a momentarily clearer view of the veins without destroying the covering scales. The minuscule variations were unlike anything he had seen or studied in his books. Sure that he had discovered a new species, he threw himself into the search for more such variations. When he had finally identified three species that matched no others, he set down his observations.

He took more than a year to write his first scientific paper, which he sent to the National Museum in Rio. It was returned without comment. Then he sent it to the Ipiranga Museum in São Paulo. A German scientist turned it down with a note implying that only European-trained scientists could make a contribution to so intricate a subject.

D'Almeida had studied French at school; now, between stints at the organ, he reviewed the language feverishly. He taught himself for nearly a year before he was satisfied that he could do his subject justice. Then he laboriously rewrote the rejected paper in French and sent it off to the Entomological Society of France. After months of waiting a letter came from Paris: his paper had been accepted by the society.

In the meantime, he had married and needed a measure of security that would also leave him free time for his scientific efforts. He applied to the local post office and was given a job as letter-carrier.

He was often the butt of ridicule as he tramped his route with his coloured cheesecloth nets—green for catching green butterflies, blue to attract the blues, yellow for the yellows—his pockets bulging with containers of fermented banana and animal droppings. But the taunts of small boys and the amusement of friends failed to dampen his ardour.

After nearly a year as a letter-carrier he was given inside work at the post office. He wrote his second scientific paper in French and sent it off to Paris. It was published, and to his astonishment he was invited to become a member of the Entomological Society of France.

Now he started writing a book about his findings. For more than two years he worked at night, writing in longhand, in French. Sure that no publisher in Brazil would

take it, he put the manuscript aside. Finally, in 1922, he decided to get a Berlin publisher to bring it out. But in the intervening years he had learnt more about his subject—and French—so he painstakingly rewrote the entire manuscript. His royalties on the book were less than Rs. 50, but his sole concern was to make his findings available to science.

Always adding to his collection, he continued to write meticulous papers about his findings, and to carry on a growing correspondence with entomologists in Europe. Having added a working knowledge of scientific German to his proficiency in French, he was able to get his papers published in Germany, as well as in England, France and Belgium.

In 1930 d'Almeida was puzzled to receive a letter of congratulation from a U.S. scientist in Chile, quoting from the Smithsonian Institution's newly published *History of Applied Entomology* by Leland Howard: "The great work of Romualdo d'Almeida on the *Rhopalocera* of Brazil should be mentioned. Señor d'Almeida was given the Alcide d'Orbigny Prize of the Entomological Society of France in 1929 for his work." It was the first d'Almeida had heard of the award: the letter of notification from the society had gone astray.

Following his "discovery" by Professor Travassos in 1933, arrangements were made for d'Almeida's transfer to the Oswaldo Cruz Institute—on loan from the post office, at his postal clerk's salary. For the first time in his life he had a laboratory and a library of technical books at his disposal, and he was free to devote all his waking hours to scientific pursuits.

There were no specific funds to carry on his work, but he was allowed to accompany government engineers throughout Brazil as an "auxiliary naturalist." Thus he was able to hunt for specimens at the mouth of the Amazon River—a region famed for its butterflies—and on to the borders of French Guiana. Gradually he discovered over 50 new species of Lepidoptera.

Recognition in his own country, when at last it came, was of a kind he had never dreamt possible. In 1950 the President of Brazil made him a Master of the Order of National Merit, a citation rarely awarded, and presented him with the Gold Medal of Humanities. But for the ex-postman, his longest academic step was taken on July 16, 1952, when a new President of Brazil signed a decree naming him officially—what he had been, in fact, for half a lifetime—an entomologist.

Among the flood of congratulatory messages is a telegram he still cherishes: "Better late than never. Congratulations on moral victory." It is signed by a German scientist at the museum in São Paulo—the son of the man who rejected his first scientific paper long ago.



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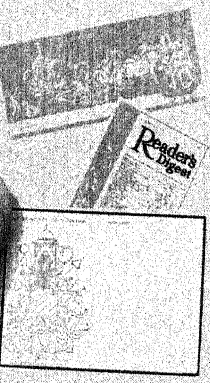
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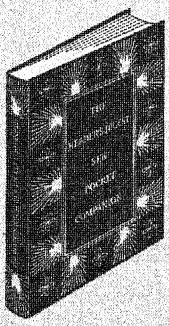
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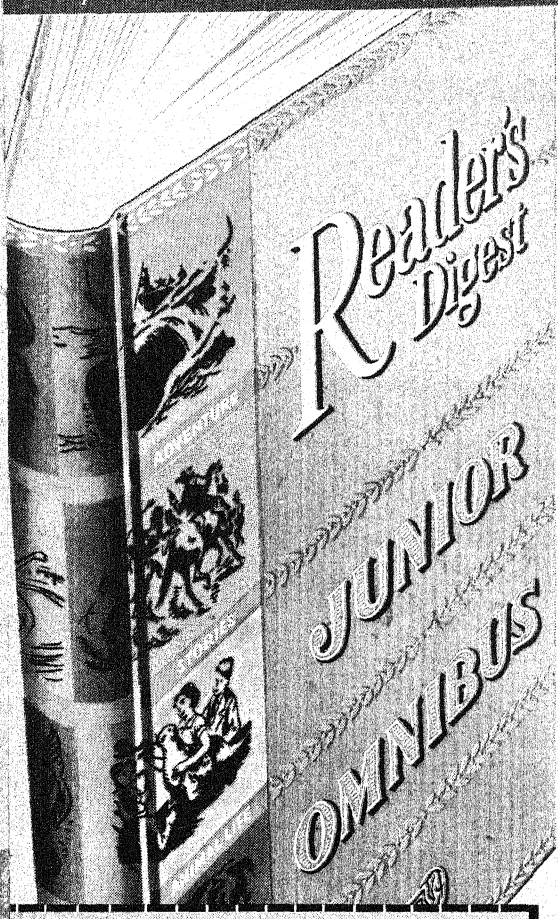
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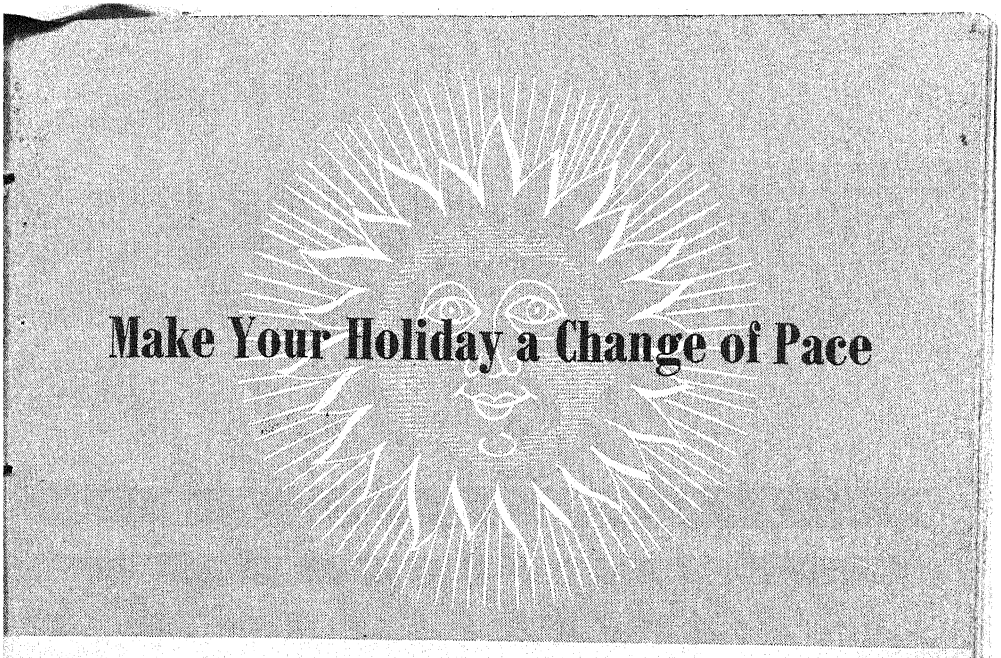
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Make Your Holiday a Change of Pace

By Dr. George Stevenson
President-elect, World Federation for Mental Health

as told to Lester David

THERE IS a real danger that you and your family, along with thousands of others, may come home from your holiday this summer more tired and tense than the day you left. Your precious leisure time will be gone, and your mental and physical well-being, far from fortified and refreshed, will have received the worst setback of the year.

How can this happen? It has been my experience, both as a holiday-maker and a psychiatric adviser, that most of us are in holiday ruts. I have had patients who did the same kind of thing on their holidays that they were doing all the year round at their jobs. I know people who have been going to the same lake each summer for ten years, and return bored to death and wondering why they feel so tired.

I urge you to take stock now so that this won't happen to you this year. When you plan your holiday, give yourself *a real change of pace*. If your family has always gone to the coast, take an inland motor trip. If you have gone to the same bungalow in the hills, explore the waterways. This summer, try something different.

Here are five suggestions to keep in mind when planning your holiday.

Avoid the time-table trap. If you work by the clock or by deadlines, or if you have a routine job that chains you to a desk, counter or workbench, plan an aimless sort of holiday where time doesn't matter.

Unwind by yourself. If you have a high-pressure, competitive job, avoid holidays that will put you into golf tournaments, fishing contests or boat races. More important, have fun on your own, and don't get yourself involved with groups of people where you will have to make new friends.

Change gear. If you are accustomed to travelling a great deal, settle down in one place on your holiday. If you have a sedentary job, try travelling.

Take it easy. If you are unusually tense, "getting far away from it all" may not be the tonic you expect. The strain of packing and travelling, coming on top of other stresses, may only make matters worse. Strange as it may sound, a stay-at-home holiday with side trips lasting one or two days can help you to relax better.

Learn something new. Above all try to learn something you didn't know before—or didn't know how to do before. Whether we realize it or not, we all have minor goals which must be satisfied to round out our lives.

To waste a holiday is pitiful, even tragic, when there are so many possibilities for turning it into a positive benefit.

A world you never knew existed can open for you if you discover new sights, acquire new skills and absorb new knowledge.

The Secretary's Day

A.M.

"He hasn't come in yet."
"I expect him in any minute."
"He just sent word he'd be a little late."
"He's been in, but he's gone out again."
"He's gone to lunch."

P.M.

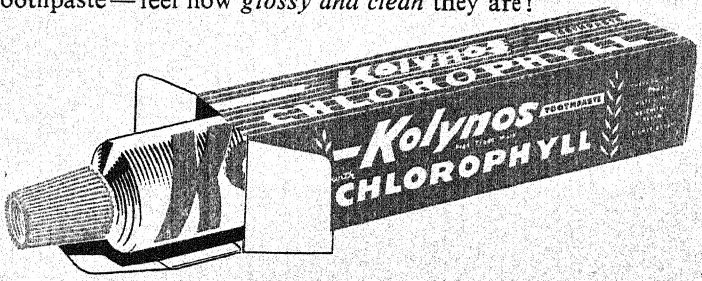
"I expect him in any minute."
"He hasn't come back yet. Can I take a message?"
"He's somewhere in the building. His hat is here."
"Yes, he was in, but he went out again."
"I don't know whether he'll be back or not."
"No, he's gone for the day."

—*B.N.*

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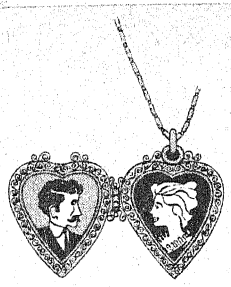
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Q. 32 (a)



Personal Glimpses

SIR ROBERT WATSON-WATT, who made great contributions to the development of radar, was once summonsed for speeding—caught in a radar trap. He wrote this poem about it:

Pity Sir Robert Watson-Watt,
Strange target of his radar plot
And thus, with others I could
mention,
A victim of his own invention.

—Contributed by Wilbur Cross

BRITAIN'S House of Commons was aghast. Not only had a Tory, an M.P. from Halifax, arisen to condemn Mr. Macmillan's Government for "wandering about without ever knowing where the main road is," but the rebellious M.P. was Maurice Macmillan, son of the Prime Minister.

When asked for his comment at question time next day, the Prime Minister placidly brought down the House by remarking that "the member from Halifax has both intelligence and independence. How he got them is not for me to say." —*Newsweek*

IN BOTH his life and his art, painter Corot was the epitome of contentment. In failure he did not sulk: in success he was happy to use his wealth to help out his friends, including the caricaturist Daumier, who—impoverished and nearly blind—was about to be evicted from his cottage. Corot bought another cottage for Daumier and sent along a tongue-in-cheek explanation: "It is not for you I do this; it is merely to annoy your landlord." —*Time*

IN APRIL 1956 the mayor of East Berlin invited members of the West Berlin Parliament to inspect an "intelligence tunnel" running from West Berlin into the eastern sector. All except West Berlin's Mayor Willy Brandt refused. He accepted on condition that he be permitted to choose his own escort. In his letter of acceptance he listed the names of those he wanted to accompany him: they were all public and political figures known to be held as prisoners by the Russians or by the East German Government.

—George Bailey

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM was always having differences with his audiences. His temper would boil over; he would spin around, fix the audience with a baleful eye and tell it to shut up while the music was being played.

Once an audience which had had enough tongue-lashing from Sir Thomas was determined to sit on its hands. He led the overture and waited. Not a handclap. He went through a Beethoven symphony. Silence. A little worried, he came out after the interval, finished the concert and put down his baton. More silence.

Sir Thomas turned to the audience. "Let us pray," he solemnly announced. The audience broke down, and they were friends again. —H. C. S.



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A glimpse into the grim, sometimes deadly duelling of the electronic spies in the skies

RADAR—Hot Weapon of the Cold War

By Martin Mann

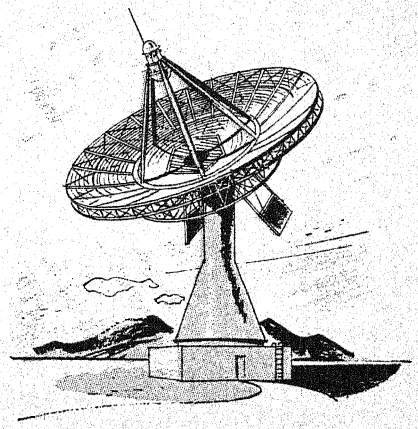
One of the strangest and most secret wars ever fought is the Great Battle of Radar. Somewhere at this moment American units are scouting the Russians' electronics; listening to, analysing, recording their signals, looking for ways to slip through their radar-controlled defences and block their electronically guided attackers. And the Russians are scouting the United States's electronics in the same way.

The Radar Battle is a reality. In July last year, Russian fighters blasted a U.S. Air Force RB-47 into the Barents Sea. Two months earlier, Francis Powers's U-2 went down near Sverdlovsk. Fifteen American planes have been shot down and 69 men killed.

Yet only the occasional shooting scrapes make the headlines. Usually the weapons are innocent black boxes—and sharp wits.

Ferrets and Ravens. The United States patrols the borders of the Communist world with "ferret" aircraft: six-jet, 625-m.p.h. RB-47's and probably Navy P2V Neptunes. Until Powers's mishap in May last year, high altitude U-2's also ferreted *across* Communist territory.

The Russians in turn probe



America's northern defences—Alaska, Canada, Greenland—with their ferret aircraft (possibly twin-jet Il-28 Beagles) and they send submarines and thinly disguised fishing trawlers along North American coasts. The ships cruise where the electronic fishing is good: near Fort Monmouth, New Jersey (army research centre), Wallops Island, Virginia (space programme test site), Cape Canaveral, Florida (rocket base).

In both Russian and American ferrets there are "ravens"—electronic-warfare specialists trained to pick up and analyse the other side's signals. Exactly what they do is secret, yet this much is known: their principal tool is an extremely sensitive radio receiver that automatically tunes across a wide range of radar frequencies, hunting for signals and amplifying them. The raven listens to the sounds: the low-pitched, repeated *br-r-rp* of a search radar, the *blip-blip* of a height-finder, the steady, medium-pitched *brrr* of precision radar. A precision-radar beam probes around the ferret, then locks on (ravens are warned not to linger over identification of precision radar; it usually aims weapons). Tape recordings of all the radar sounds are made while three oscilloscopes analyse signals and pinpoint their sources.

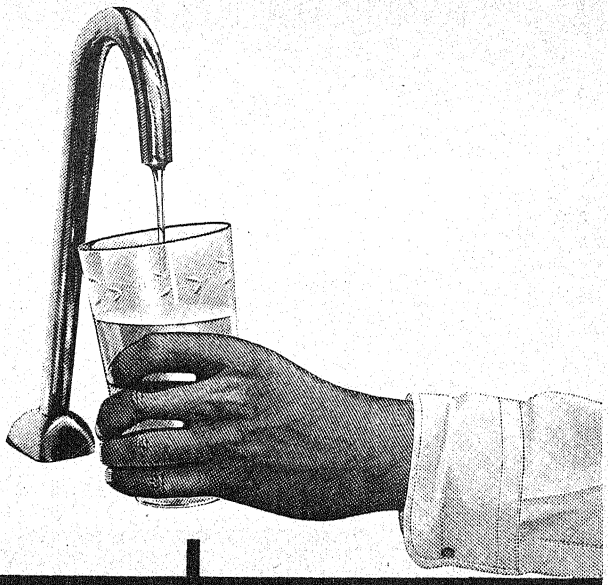
Sometimes the raven can eavesdrop without giving himself away. A radar station sends out a powerful beam and registers the echo reflected back by an object. A raven can pick up the beam much farther away than the radar can detect the echo.

Radar and radio signals travel at least to the horizon. The higher up you are, the farther it is to the horizon. From even such an ageing workhorse as the RB-47, which cruises at 40,000 feet, the horizon stretches about 200 miles away. So it can fly *outside* the Iron Curtain and still sample radars as far as 200 miles *inside* the Curtain.

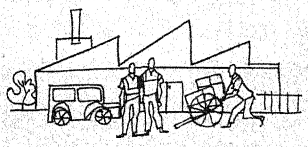
Of course, nobody leaves all his radars turned on all the time. Why show your cards? So the ferrets bait the radar operators—deliberately fly close in the hope that more radars will be turned on. (Trickery was cruder, but more exciting, in the Second World War when the Nazis dispatched agents with portable radio transmitters to talk their bombers in over London. British agents got on to the same frequencies with conflicting directions—in fluent German. The ether was often filled with genuine and counterfeit screams of "Fake! Phoney! Don't listen to that *Schweinhund!*" Some Nazi pilots got so disorientated that they landed in England.)

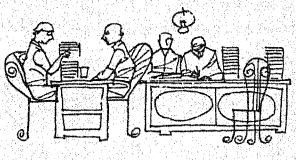
Listening In on Everything. With modern electronic equipment there's lots more than radar for an expert raven to find. He can intercept secret radio communications. If he's lucky (or well informed) he could alight on a missile firing. Many missiles are guided by radio, and a recording of the guidance signals reveals, to experts, how the control

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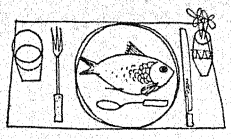


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system works. Then they can think up ways to foul it—perhaps by sending out fake signals to trigger the missile into blowing up in mid-air, or by nudging its steering mechanism into a full turn so that it doubles back to wipe out its own launching base.

It is even conceivable that a raven could eavesdrop on the countdown preceding a missile firing, since the launching officers relay their orders over a public-address system, which broadcasts extremely weak, low-frequency radio signals. The countdown would give away many details of the missile's design. It might also reveal if the firing was a test, a space shot or a real war missile. Countdowns for liquid-fuelled ICBM's take hours, so this kind of warning is much more useful than one from a radar "fence" like the U.S. Ballistic Missile Early Warning System, which at best might spot an ICBM only 15 minutes before it struck.

The main job of the ferrets, however, is to bring back data that shows how to neutralize the other side's radar.

Electronic counter-measures, or ECM, are many and devious. You can jam a radar by aiming a powerful beam of static at it. This mottles the scope with "hash" so that the operator can't identify the few blips representing the real intruders. But



new radars can—by switching frequencies quickly—avoid jamming, which must be concentrated in a narrow frequency range.

Deception. This is better than jamming because the radar operators don't know they are being misled. You may use decoys—harmless targets to lure defence forces away from a real intruder. One U.S. decoy missile is the Quail, a small rocket cleverly shaped to reflect radar waves strongly. On a scope it looks like a big bomber.

One of the most ingenious deception devices is the Spoofer, which is carried aboard the intruding craft. It picks up the radar beam, amplifies it and sends it back to the radar station—a fake echo more powerful than the real one would have been. At first the fake is timed to coincide with the real one. But then the Spoofer gradually slows down the pulses it sends. The radar, which is usually designed to track strong echo pulses, follows the receding fake and disregards the genuine echo. Since it calculates range by measuring the time between echo pulses, the intruder seems to be going away from the target when it is actually approaching.

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prevent radar echoes would be almost as good, and it is known, despite a dense fog of secrecy, that they exist.

One type works like the anti-reflection coatings on camera lenses. It uses two reflecting surfaces between which the radar waves bounce back and forth, almost cancelling themselves out. Unfortunately, the coating must be designed for particular radar frequencies, and won't work at others. Another kind of plastic coating soaks up radar waves like a sponge, converting their energy to heat, so that little is left to be reflected.

Tomorrow's electronic warfare will be even more complicated. Ferrets will be artificial satellites, surveying every inch of the globe every day. They'll be hard to shoot down. But if they orbit low enough to snoop effectively, they'll be easy to spot and track—and jam. They might report back nothing but gibberish or, worse, electronic fairy tales.

Radar defence is giving way to infra-red detectors which spot an intruder by the heat its engines throw off. That means you can't ferret them. (Could you tell if somebody was taking your photograph?) They're quite safe from jamming, but you can decoy them with flares and fireworks.

Some missiles, such as the U.S. Navy's Polaris, have inertial guidance, which steers by automatic dead reckoning—no radio signals, no radar. To jam such a weapon you would have to distort time or twist gravity.

Yet somewhere all these modern marvels are vulnerable.

Some clever electronic analyst will work out how to foul them up. And then some even cleverer analyst will outsmart *him*.

The Questing Mind

ONE OF THE most fruitful moments in my life came when my zoology professor told me that he would give any student an A in his course who asked *one intelligent question*.

Up to that time I had assumed that intelligence consisted of giving answers. Now I began to see that the question is as much a part of knowledge as the answer—often the more important part.

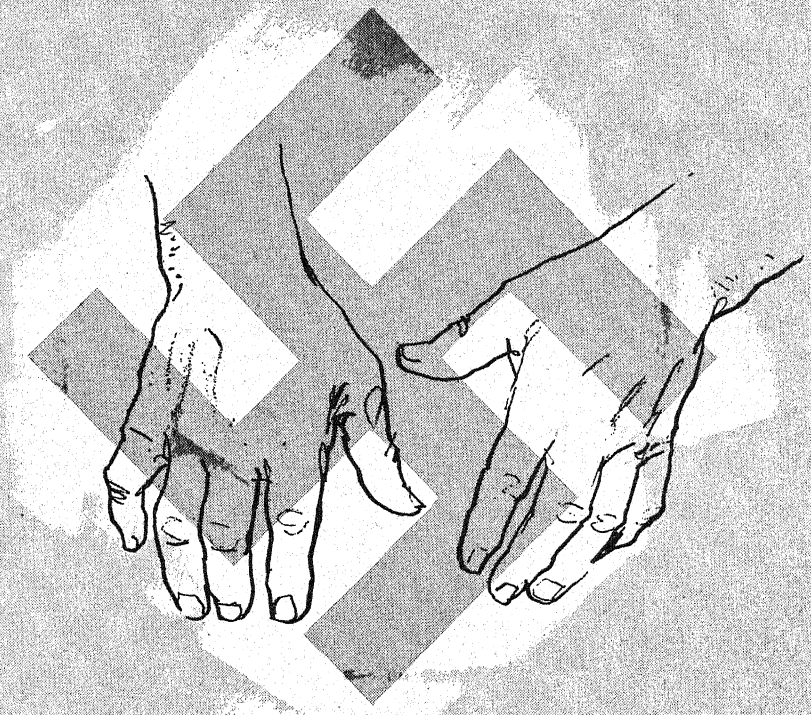
Men had assumed from the beginning of time that a heavier object fell faster than a lighter one—until Galileo said, "Does it?" Men had marvelled at the giraffe's neck for thousands of years before Darwin asked "Why?"

It has been 36 years since my old teacher startled me with his pronouncement. For 30 of those years I have myself been a teacher. Most of the facts he taught me—most of the *answers* he gave me—have long been forgotten. But I have not forgotten that a questioning student is more important than an answering teacher. —B. E.

The Man With the Miraculous Hands

from the book by

JOSEPH KESSEL



One of the finest book I have ever read.

The miraculous hands in this absorbing book were those of Dr. Felix Kersten, a gifted manual therapist who came to have amazing power over Heinrich Himmler, one of the most dreaded figures in recent history. Called in to treat Nazi Germany's No. 2 man, Kersten used his strange influence over Himmler to save lives marked for extermination.

Week by week, month by month, in the blood-filled years between 1940 and 1945, Kersten snatched Himmler's victims from concentration camps and gas chambers. The World Jewish Congress credits him with the rescue from certain death of 60,000 Jews; the number of Dutch, Poles, Finns, Norwegians and other victims he saved is difficult to estimate.

"No man's story would seem at first sight less credible," says Hugh Trevor-Roper, Oxford professor and well-known authority on Nazi Germany. "But no man's story has undergone a more searching scrutiny. It has been examined by scholars, lawyers and hostile politicians, and it has emerged triumphant."

"Joseph Kessel tells the story with great skill and sense of drama," said Robert Blake in The Sunday Times, *when the material was published recently under the title* The Magic Touch. *"If ever a book deserves to be a best-seller this does."*

THE MAN WITH THE MIRACULOUS HANDS

EXCEPT FOR its immense size, No. 8 Prinz Albrecht Strasse did not differ outwardly from other public buildings in pre-war Berlin. It was heavy and grey, and over it floated the usual swastika flags. But this dull-looking structure was guarded night and day by sentries stiff as robots, and when people walked by it they quickened their steps and carefully averted their eyes. For this was the general headquarters of Heinrich Himmler, head of the Schutzstaffel (SS—the Elite Corps), lord of the Gestapo, the most dreaded man in all Germany.

One afternoon in March 1939 a luxurious, chauffeur-driven limousine drew up at this address. The podgy 40-year-old civilian who stepped out of it approached the building and, apparently unaware of its sinister character, asked to see Reichsführer Himmler. ("Reichsführer" was a designation that Hitler had specially coined for this important Nazi.)

"The Reichsführer in person?" a sentry asked.

"In person."

The soldier took the visitor's name and hurried into the building. Shortly thereafter an officer appeared, wearing the black-shirted SS uniform. Extending his arm in

Condensed from "The Man With the Miraculous Hands," © 1961 by Joseph Kessel. The story is published in Britain, under the title "The Magic Touch," by Hart-Davis, London

the stiff Nazi salute, he barked, "Heil Hitler!"

The rosy-cheeked stranger lifted his hat politely and answered, "Good day, Lieutenant."

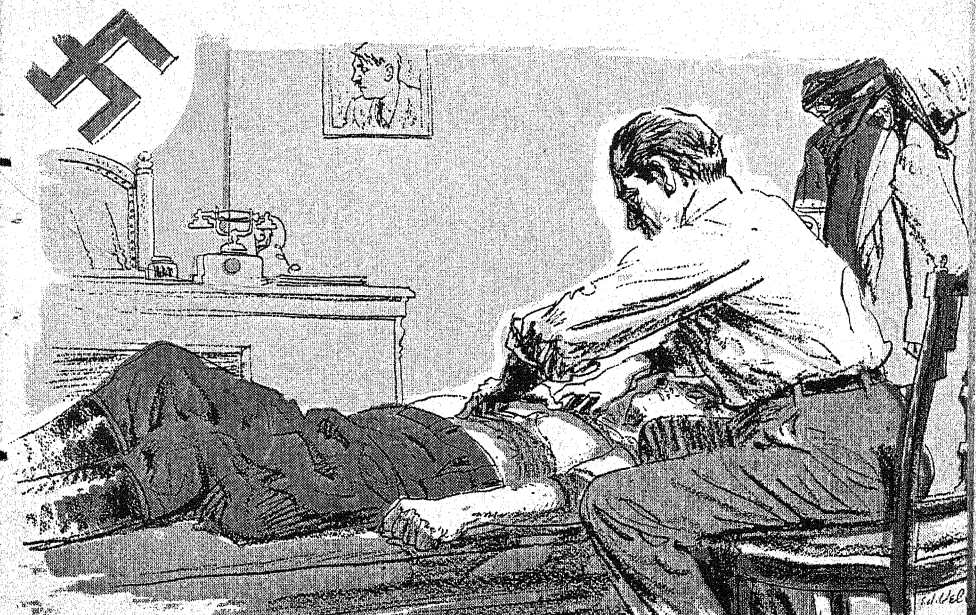
"Follow me," the officer said. His tone and manner were respectful and, as the doors closed after the two men, the sentries exchanged quick looks of amazement.

This visitor had nothing in common with the people who usually appeared here: SS officers, high-ranking policemen, secret agents, informers, suspects called up for interrogation. He showed neither arrogance, nor fear, nor servility. He was simply a well-fed, solid-looking citizen. Most unusual.

Inside, the officer led the visitor through halls crowded with soldiers, up two enormous staircases, down a long corridor. Before he could knock, a door flew open to reveal Himmler himself waiting for them. A slight, narrow-shouldered man with a wispy moustache, he wore the uniform of an SS general. Steel-rimmed spectacles framed eyes of deep grey, and he had prominent cheekbones set in a face the colour of bees-wax. With a bony hand he seized the visitor's plump fingers and drew him into the room.

"Thank you for coming, Doctor. I have heard a great deal about you. Perhaps you will be able to relieve these excruciating stomach pains which permit me neither to walk nor to sit still."

Himmler released the other's hand. His unpleasant face became even more waxen as he continued, "Not a single doctor in Germany



has succeeded. But I have been assured that you obtain results where others fail. Do you think you can help me?"

Without answering, Dr. Felix Kersten studied the Mongoloid cheek-bones, the sparse hair, the receding chin. This was the head that had conceived and carried out measures which were a source of terror to Germans, and of horror to all civilized men—the round-ups, the concentration camps, the mass exterminations.

But in those livid and flabby features, Kersten also recognized the familiar appeal of suffering human flesh. He looked round the room. It was soberly furnished: a large desk covered with papers, a few chairs and a long divan.

"Will you please strip to the waist and stretch out flat on your back, Herr Reichsführer?" he asked.

Himmler hastened to comply. Kersten drew up a chair and placed his hands on the outstretched body.

They were large, thick hands, but each finger had, under a short nail, a sort of swelling, much fleshier than normal. As the hands began to move, the doctor's plump face underwent an extraordinary change. The lines disappeared; the flesh lost its heaviness, and the mouth its sensual look. At last his eyes closed; the solid Flemish burgomaster he resembled seemed to have become the figure of a Buddha.

The fingers skimmed lightly, almost imperceptibly, over Himmler's throat, chest, heart and stomach. Then they began to stop at certain spots, to press down, to seek, to listen. . .

Suddenly Himmler gave a cry. The fingers, so light and velvety, had just pressed brutally on a spot in his stomach from which pain burst like a wave of fire.

"Very good . . . Hold still," Kersten said softly. Another tongue of pain raced through Himmler's intestines. Then another and another. He groaned and chewed his lips; his brow was wet with perspiration.

"That is very painful, isn't it?" Kersten asked.

"Terribly so," Himmler answered between clenched teeth.

At last Kersten placed his hands on his knees and opened his eyes. "I see," he said. "It is the stomach, of course, but especially the related nervous system. There is nothing more painful than that."

"Can you help me?" Himmler asked. The lustreless face seemed to beg for relief.

JOSEPH KESSEL, well known in France as a novelist, journalist and screen writer, was born in the Argentine in 1898; he spent his early childhood in Russia, settling in France with his family when he was ten years old. In the First World War Kessel served with the French Air Force; in the Second he worked for the Resistance until, hunted by the Gestapo, he was forced to escape to England by way of Spain.

In 1959 Kessel received the million-franc Prix de Monaco, the literary award established by Prince Rainier for the recognition of the excellence of the entire work of an author writing in the French language.



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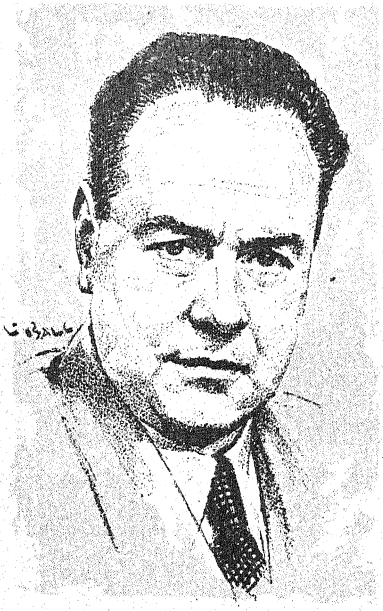
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"We shall find that out right away," Kersten said.

This time he did not grope. He thrust his fingers deep into his patient's stomach, seized a roll of flesh and squeezed it, kneaded it, twisted it. At every movement, Himmler started with pain.

After several minutes Kersten dropped his arms, and his body slackened like a boxer's between rounds. "That will do for the first time," he said. "How do you feel?"

The Reichsführer paused before answering. He seemed almost to be listening to what was taking place in his body. Finally, he said hesitantly, "I feel . . . yes, it's amazing . . . I feel better."



Dr. Felix Kersten

He raised his body gingerly, obviously terrified of the consequences of movement. But his physical relief remained; the unbearable pain did not return.

"No medicine works," he exclaimed. "Not even morphine. And now, in a few minutes—I would never have believed it! Doctor, I want to keep you near me. I will have you registered at once in the SS with the rank of colonel."

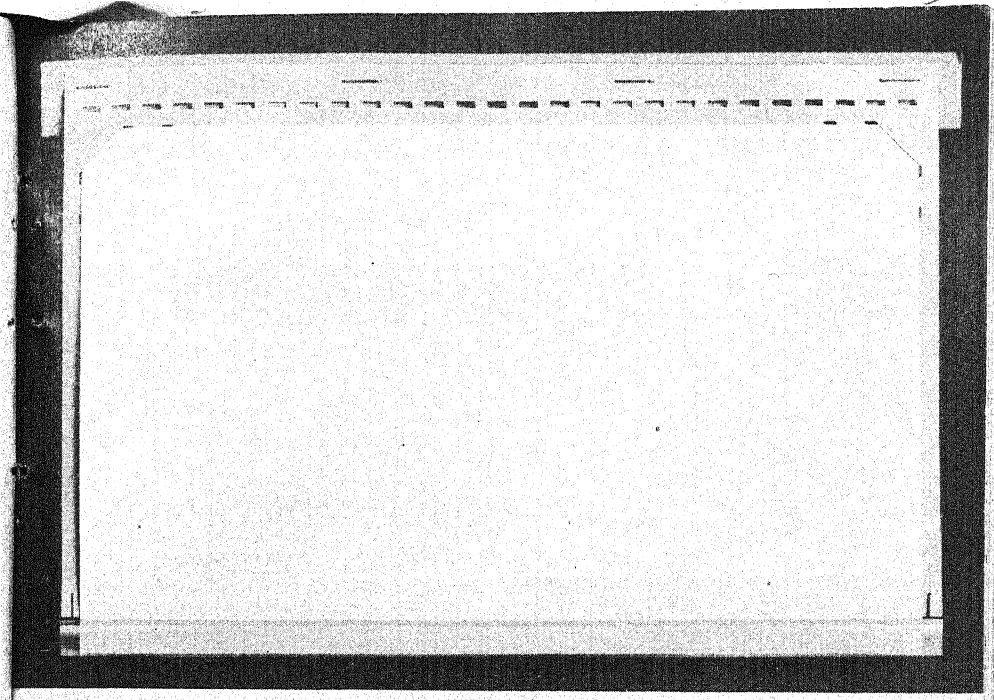
Kersten started uneasily as he contemplated this fantastic offer. But he answered gravely: "Herr Reichsführer, I am only too sensible of the honour you do me. But unfortunately it is impossible for me to accept it." He went on to explain that he lived in Holland, that he had a home there, a family, an established routine and a great many patients.

"But," he said, "should you have need of me, I can return. And I'll be in Berlin for the next two weeks to see my patients here."

"Then include me among them, Doctor. Come every day, I beg of you."

Decisively Himmler pressed a buzzer on his desk. An *aide* entered and saluted. "Doctor Kersten is always welcome here," Himmler told him. "Let it be known by everyone."

Every morning for the next two weeks Kersten treated Himmler at No. 8 Prinz Albrecht Strasse. It was not a task he undertook willingly. He would not have been there at all except for one of his oldest patients,



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and a dear friend as well. August Diehn, a German industrialist with large holdings, had come to Kersten late in 1938 with the request: Will you examine Himmler? Kersten had refused point-blank. "I have avoided that element up to now, and I've no intention of starting with the worst of them," he said.

Diehn had continued with visible effort. "I have never asked you to do anything, Doctor. But now I am going to have to insist, for others' sakes as well as my own. Himmler is planning to nationalize the potash industry, and I will be one of his first targets. I know from my own experience the influence you have on your patients when you relieve their suffering. You can see, then . . ." He had broken off, ashamed.

So Kersten agreed. It was a fateful decision. Hundreds of thousands were to owe their lives to it.

Fate and Doctor Ko

FELIX KERSTEN was not really a doctor. He was, in the ordinary term, a masseur, but he was far from ordinary. Fate had endowed his hands with unusual skills.

He was born in 1898 in Estonia, but after the First World War he became a Finnish citizen, and began his studies of massage in Helsinki. In the northern countries, especially Finland, manual therapy is a very old science and a much respected art. One of the greatest specialists then in Helsinki, a Dr. Colander, came often to the hospital where Kersten was training. He recognized that the young man had a natural gift for massage and took him under his wing.

Two years of intensive study followed, and in 1921 Kersten was awarded his degree in scientific massage. Then he went to Berlin for further training. There, at a small dinner party one evening in 1922, he met a Dr. Ko.

Aged and wrinkled, Dr. Ko was Chinese; but he had grown up in a Tibetan monastery, where he became a lama. From childhood he had been instructed in the arts of healing—above all, in the ancient and subtle art of massage. He had devoted 20 years to these studies, then come to the West, qualified as a doctor in England and set up practice first in London, later in Berlin. Despite his medical degree, he treated his patients solely by using massage as it had been taught to him in Tibet.

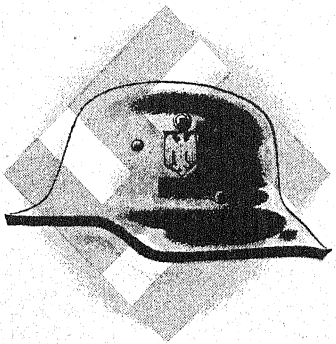
During dinner Dr. Ko became interested in the young student, and asked him home to display his Finnish techniques. After Kersten had given an ambitious demonstration, Ko regarded him with twinkling, half-shut eyes.

"My young friend," he said, "you know nothing, absolutely nothing. But I would like to take you as a pupil."

For the next three years Kersten spent almost every working minute with the lama-doctor. Assisting him

in his labours, he saw him perform some remarkable cures. Ko did not claim that his massage could cure everything; but its range was so great that it was beyond the dreams of most practitioners.

According to the Tibetan science, as it was taught by Ko, the masseur's first duty was to ascertain the exact nature and source of the pain. He paid no attention to the patient's complaints; his only source of information was his finger-tips. Through them could be determined which tissue was dangerously enlarged, which nerve group damaged.



Finally, in 1925, Ko said, "Kersten, you have learnt all I can teach you." Ko turned his patients over to Kersten, and returned to Tibet.

Overnight Kersten's material life was transformed. Always a penniless student, forced to take part-time jobs to support his studies, he now became wealthy. Influential patients flocked to him, and soon his reputation spread outside Germany. In 1928 he was called in to treat Prince Hendrik, husband of Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands. He liked the country so much that he transferred his principal residence to The Hague; but he kept a flat in Berlin and acquired a magnificent estate outside the city as well.

He married, and his young wife, Irmgard, pampered him with the good food he loved so well. He worked now at The Hague, now in Berlin, now in Rome. A son was born. His happiness seemed without flaw.

To be sure, about the time of his marriage, Hitler annexed Austria; and in the year that son (the first of three) was born, Hitler seized a piece of Czechoslovakia. But Kersten closed his eyes to these things. He barricaded himself behind the walls of his profession, his family, his happiness. How could he ever become involved in politics?

"There Will Be War"

HIMMLER'S reaction to Kersten's ministrations was astonishing, even during the first two weeks. Assigned the most secret, sordid and brutal tasks, and living only among policemen, spies, fanatics and hangmen, he was normally ultra-suspicious. But now, soothed and softened by the doctor's hands, he became extraordinarily relaxed. Kersten stopped the massage every five minutes or so to give the nerves a chance to rest, and during these intervals the Reichsführer began to talk.

At first he chatted about himself, about his illness. Then he lectured Kersten on the superiority of the

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German race and the glory of the SS, its purest essence. Himmler chose these soldiers himself, always on the same model: tall, athletic, fair-haired, blue-eyed.

Eventually his talk would come round to Hitler, and then there was no stopping him. Hitler was a genius such as appeared only once in a thousand years. He was inspired, all-wise, all-powerful, a god. The German people had only to follow him blindly to reach the zenith of their history.

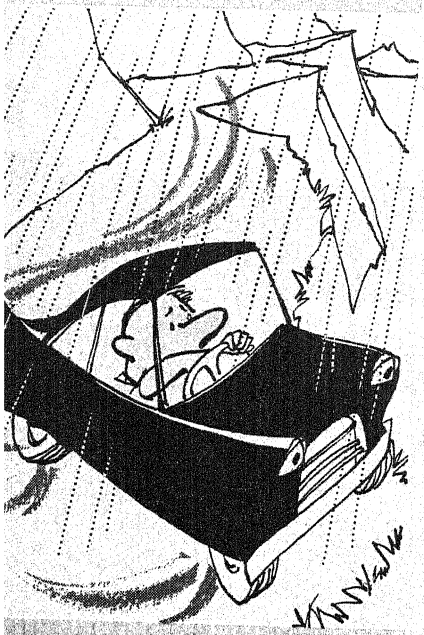
Kersten made no reply to these speeches. He hoped to avoid any political involvement, and tried to regard Himmler as just another patient. But one day he was jarred abruptly when Himmler, relaxing on the couch, said calmly, "We will soon be at war . . ."

"War!" Kersten exclaimed involuntarily. "Good heavens! Why?"

Himmler propped himself on his elbows, and his voice rose in excitement. "There will be a war because Hitler wants one. War makes men stronger and more virile!"

He lay down again and spoke more calmly, reassuringly: "Anyway, it will be a little war—short, easy, victorious. The democracies are rotten at the core. They will soon be brought to their knees."

When Kersten returned to Holland, Himmler was without pain. The Reichsführer's good-byes were full of emotion and gratitude. He seemed to look on the doctor as a sort of magician, a sorcerer.



It was almost three months before Kersten came back to Berlin. By then Himmler needed him badly, and their sessions began once more. Again the talk was of the war that the Führer wanted. Already Hitler had seized what remained of Czechoslovakia, but the democracies had backed away from general conflict. "The world cannot know real peace until it has been purified by war," Himmler ranted.

Little by little Kersten began to answer him. He did not want Himmler to interpret his silence as approval. War was an outrage against humanity, he would repeat. Himmler had only one reply: "The Führer says . . ."

That autumn when Hitler secured his war by attacking Poland (and Britain and France belied Himmler's predictions by entering the conflict), Kersten found himself in a difficult position. In October, after responding to an urgent request from Himmler, the doctor decided to consult the Finnish embassy before he returned to Holland. Though he rarely visited Finland now, he was still a Finnish citizen and an officer in her reserve force.

He now met several Finnish diplomats and told them that for several months he had been treating Himmler. He mentioned that while under treatment Himmler had a tendency to indulge in confidences, some of them of possible military and political significance. Should he continue to treat him?

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"Do not hesitate a moment," he was told. "It is your *duty* to treat Himmler. Maintain and improve this confidence he shows in you. And keep us informed. It is of vital importance."

Kersten promised to do his best.

Aboard Himmler's Private Train

By May 1940 Kersten's situation had become extremely difficult.

His native country, Estonia, had been annexed by Soviet Russia, against whom he had fought in 1919. There he faced death for treason.

His legal residence, Holland, had been invaded by Hitler's troops, and the Dutch Nazis were out to get him. They felt that he'd been too close to the court of Queen Wilhelmina.

His adopted country, Finland, was closed to him, since its highest authorities had ordered him to continue treating Himmler.

In Germany, his freedom of movement was more and more restricted. During the invasion of Holland he had been put under virtual house arrest on his estate outside Berlin. And in mid-May he was ordered, not invited, to accompany Himmler to the front in his private train.

The German armies were soon advancing through France with terrifying speed, and Himmler's private train was a veritable headquarters on wheels.

Every department under him—the Gestapo, the SS, Intelligence, Counter-espionage, Control of Occupied Territories—had its rolling office. In the wake of this train came fear, hunger, torture, death.

To escape from this landscape of destruction, the doctor sought refuge in Himmler's small field library. There he made an astonishing discovery. All the books were on religion: the Vedas, the Old Testament, the Gospels, the Koran, critical works and commentaries, theological tracts, mystical writings and volumes on church government and law.

"Haven't you told me that a true Nazi can have no religion?" he asked Himmler one day.

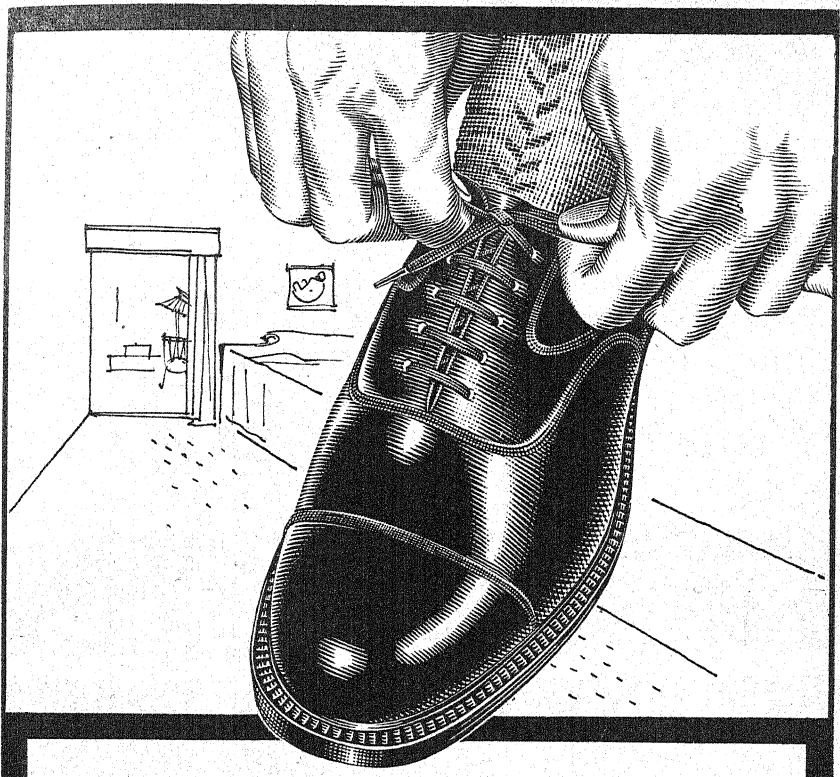
"Of course," Himmler replied.

"Well?" Kersten asked, indicating the shelves of the makeshift library.

Himmler was amused. "I have not been converted," he said. "These books are necessary for my work." His face took on an exalted look, and Kersten knew he was about to pronounce the name of his idol. "Hitler has entrusted me with preparing the bible of the new Nazi religion."

"I don't understand," Kersten said.

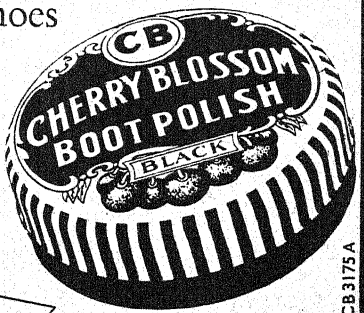
"After the victory of the Third Reich," Himmler explained, "the Führer will abolish Christianity and establish the Germanic faith on its ruins. We will preserve the idea of God, but it will be vague and indistinct. The Führer will replace



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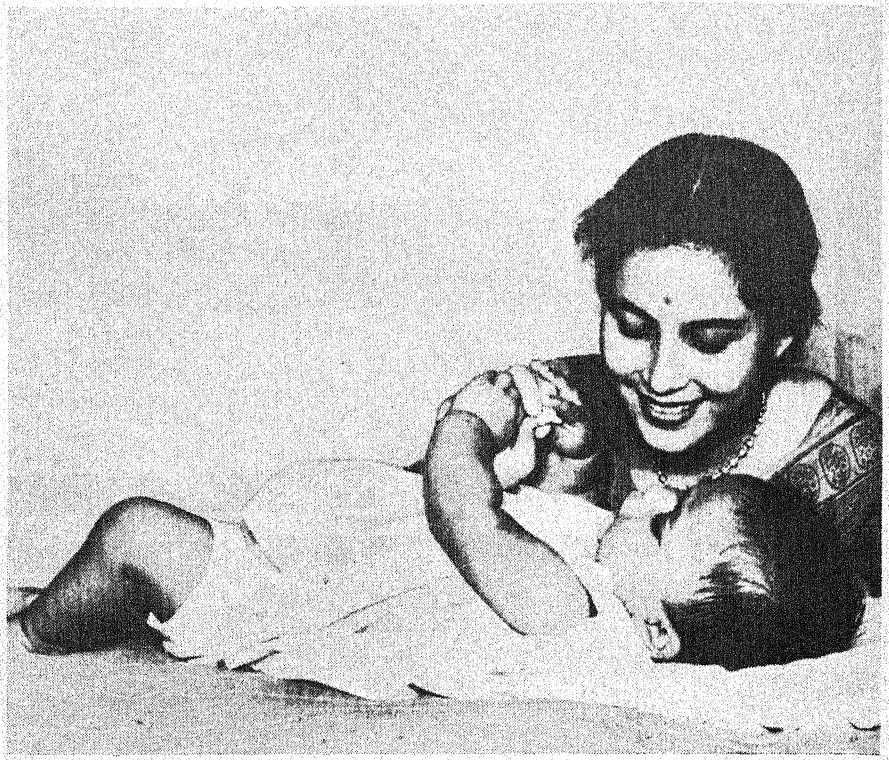


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Christ as the saviour of humanity. Thus millions and millions of people will say only Hitler's name in their prayers, and 100 years from now nothing will be known but the new religion."

Kersten listened to this with bowed head, afraid to let Himmler glimpse his outraged expression.

"You see, for this new bible I need documents," Himmler concluded.

In the mess car Himmler's officers each day celebrated France's death agonies with crude toasts to victory. Kersten, who was so fond of eating, could barely swallow a mouthful. His attitude was noticed, and the SS officers, already jealous of him, became increasingly hostile. "This strange doctor," they would whisper audibly when he entered the car, "this damned civilian, this Finn . . . he sees Himmler whenever he wants, while we must follow the strictest protocol."

Only one officer did not share the animosity. This was the second lieutenant who was Himmler's private secretary. Peace-loving, unpretentious Rudolf Brandt was, like Kersten, merely a stray civilian among the uniformed killers who filled the train. He was a doctor of law, and before the war he had been first clerk to the state. When Himmler asked his men to find him a secretary, they chose Brandt. He had no sympathy for the Nazis, but he dared not refuse the post. He was soon enlisted in the SS, and his intelligence, education, quiet charm and great discretion quickly earned him the esteem and confidence of the Reichsführer.

Brandt suffered from stomach trouble, and Himmler asked Kersten to treat him. Thus Brandt and Kersten were often thrown together. At first they were extremely cautious. But gradually they came to recognize each other for what they were: two lone men who had not forgotten what it meant to be human.

The Doctor Names His Fee

AFTER THE fall of France, Himmler came back to Berlin, and outwardly Kersten's life resumed its normal course. He returned to his flat, his comforts, his work—and he regained his appetite. He saw his friends and family again. And every week-end he found peace in the fields and trees of Hartzwalde, his opulent country estate.

Nothing seemed changed, but beneath his carefree manner lay a deep uneasiness. And late in August an incident occurred which was to set the pattern for his unique wartime service to mankind.

Himmler suffered an excruciating attack of cramp and summoned Kersten in desperate haste. Kersten rushed to No. 8 Prinz Albrecht Strasse and, as usual, quickly relieved the pain. But the attack had been so violent that Himmler remained lying on his couch.

From the depths of his relief he regarded the doctor with near veneration. "Dear Kersten," he said,

"what would I do without you? I will never be able to express my gratitude. And I have a guilty conscience—I have never paid you anything."

Kersten realized instantly that if he agreed to let Himmler pay him, he would become an ordinary salaried person in his employ; Himmler would be released from any sense of obligation. He also knew that Himmler had only a modest income. His fanaticism was so single-minded that, among the Nazi high-ups, he alone appropriated nothing for his own use from the secret funds at his disposal. On his official salary, which was little more than 2,000 marks a month, he supported his wife and daughter, as well as an ailing mistress and two illegitimate sons.

Kersten put on his most amiable expression. "You know very well, Herr Reichsführer, that I do not charge by the visit, but by the completed cure. Besides, I am much richer than you are."

"That doesn't matter. It is my duty to make you some compensation. You must tell me how much I owe you."

Kersten waved his hand good-naturedly. "Let's leave things as they are. Rest assured, when you are better off, I shall be merciless."

Himmler was now sitting up on the couch. Never had the doctor seen him so moved. "Dear, dear Kersten," he exclaimed, "how will I ever thank you!"

Suddenly Kersten remembered that an old patient, August Rosterg, had come to him two weeks before with a request. Although Rosterg was one of the most powerful businessmen in Germany, a foreman on his estate, an honest, peace-loving old man, had been thrown into a concentration camp. Since the man's sole crime was being a Social Democrat, Rosterg asked Kersten to use his influence with Himmler to get him out. Kersten had disclaimed any influence, and only Rosterg's insistence made him accept a memorandum on the case, which he had then buried in his portfolio and promptly forgotten.

Now he thought of it. Impulsively, he opened his portfolio and handed the memorandum to Himmler.

"Here is my bill, Herr Reichsführer," he said. "I want this man's freedom."

Himmler gave a start. He read the note. Then he said, "Because it is you who asks me, I agree."

He shouted, "Brandt!" His private secretary came in.

"Take this memorandum, and have this man released. Our good doctor wishes it."

"At once, Herr Reichsführer," Brandt said.

He stood still for a moment, but he gave Kersten a brief look of approval. It was then that Kersten knew for certain that in Brandt he had a friend, a trustworthy ally



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against the Gestapo and the death camps.

He was to need such a friend. For the victory he had won, in extracting a life from Himmler, was to define the course of an ever-widening battle.

A Test of Power

ONCE RESTORED to health, Himmler was again fanatically inflexible —even with his doctor-magician. Three days after he had granted the foreman's release he asked Kersten dryly, "Is it true, as my agents in Holland tell me, that you have kept your house in The Hague?

"I have warned you repeatedly," he went on hotly, "that certain Dutch are gunning for you because you continue these connexions. I cannot cover for you any longer. You must get rid of this house."

He allowed Kersten ten days for the task, but stipulated that he must report daily to Gestapo headquarters in Holland. "It's a matter of courtesy," he told the doctor, although actually he was placing him under strict surveillance.

When he arrived in Holland, Kersten quickly learned how nightmarish the German occupation was, as friends flocked to tell him of arrests, deportations, torture and summary executions. It was infinitely depressing, and the more frustrating that he could do nothing about it.

One day he did try to help. He had been in The Hague for five days when an early-morning report of a Gestapo raid roused him from bed and, after a hasty investigation, sent him rushing to Gestapo headquarters. Walther Rauter, the Gestapo chief in Holland, was not surprised to see him, since Kersten reported to him every day. This time, however, after observing the usual ritual, Kersten said evenly, "I tried to visit my friend Bignell this morning. The police were searching his house, and I was not permitted to enter."

"They were acting on my orders," said Rauter, glaring at Kersten. "Bignell is a traitor, in communication with London. After the search of his house, he will go to prison where I"—Rauter smiled icily—"will interrogate him."

Kersten's friend Bignell was an art dealer from whom he had bought several fine Flemish oils. He was of advanced years and in precarious health, and the thought of what was in store for him made Kersten shudder.

On a sudden impulse, the doctor said, "I guarantee his innocence. He has done nothing against Germany; free him."

A look of disbelief passed over Rauter's face. What! A foreigner, a suspect under daily surveillance, was giving him orders!

"Free the swine?" he shouted, banging the table with his fist. "Under no circumstances. Least of all because *you* say so."

Kersten had promised himself he would remain calm. But anger



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breeds anger, and in his rage an idea came to him that he would normally have dismissed as insane. "You have a telephone?" he asked coldly. "Get me Himmler."

Rauter was taken aback. He leaped from his chair. "That is impossible. Even for me. When I want to talk to Himmler, I have to go through Heydrich, the head of all the services."

"Try it," Kersten insisted. "We shall see."

Rauter picked up the telephone, transmitted Kersten's request, then pretended to be engrossed in the papers on his desk. Within five minutes the phone rang. Rauter lifted the receiver with an ominous grin. Then a look of terror came over his face as he thrust the instrument at the doctor. Himmler was on the line.

The wait had given Kersten time to reflect, and he would gladly have retracted his rash request. He knew that Himmler was rigidly determined to protect the heads of his various services. But retreat was not possible now.

"One of my best friends has just been arrested," he said to Himmler. "I guarantee his innocence. Do me a favour, Herr Reichsführer, and let his case drop."

At the other end, Himmler seemed not to have heard. In a feverish voice he asked, "When are you coming back? I need you desperately."

Kersten almost fainted with relief. The fates were with him. Himmler in pain, Himmler calling his healer to the rescue, was no longer the fanatical bureaucrat, the lord of torture and extermination. Instead, he was the addict prepared to do anything for his drug.

"I am not finished here," Kersten said. "And if my friend is arrested, I will be in no condition to help anyone."

"Put Rauter on — quickly!" Himmler commanded.

The Gestapo chief took the phone.

He stood at attention, heels together, head and shoulders rigid, face frozen. All Kersten heard was, "Very good, Herr Reichsführer! At once, Herr Reichsführer!"

Then Rauter handed the phone to Kersten again, and Himmler said, "I trust you. Your friend will be freed. But come back, come back as soon as possible."

In the long silence that followed, Rauter and Kersten looked at each other vacantly. They were equally stunned.

The first victim Kersten had saved had been a unique case. Kersten had, in effect, exchanged his whole medical fee for the liberty of one man. A man, moreover, guilty of nothing except belonging to the wrong political party. What a difference here! Bignell was accused of high treason by no less than the head of the Gestapo for all of Holland. Yet a word from Kersten had been enough to free him.



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The doctor passed a hand slowly over his forehead. He felt slightly dizzy.

Just how far did his new-found power extend?

"Love Letters" From Holland

DURING THE months that followed, Kersten received a steady flow of information from Holland, details concerning unwarranted imprisonments, flagrant thefts, unfair punishments. The letters came to him in the safest possible way, for they were addressed to Himmler's own postal number, and were sorted out by Brandt and handed to Kersten unopened.

This unusual privilege was obtained easily, as is often true of unlikely successes. With feigned embarrassment, Kersten had confided, first to Rudolf Brandt, then to Himmler, that in Holland there were several women with whom he had had affairs. When they wrote to him, it pained him to think that the censor would read the letters—or that his wife might thus get wind of these liaisons.

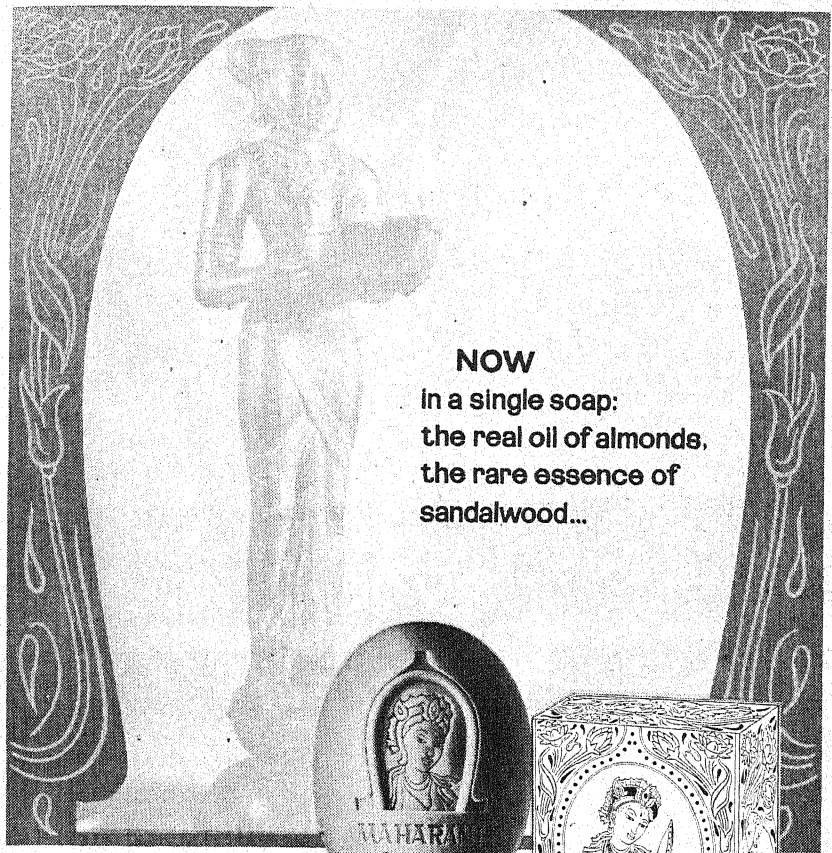
Brandt had suggested using Himmler's private address and, surprisingly, Himmler had readily agreed. Himmler liked to think of himself in terms of the ideal Germanic superman—athletic, warlike, a great eater and drinker, and a great lover. The facts were painfully different, but he tried to forget this. Hence, Kersten's request delighted him. It changed their doctor-patient relationship, made them man-to-man conspirators, accomplices in virility.

Thus the "love letters" from Holland flowed in and, although it was naturally impossible to intervene in every case of injustice and suffering they revealed, Kersten selected from the dreadful lists individual cases that moved him. And these he mentioned to Himmler at propitious moments.

Gradually he evolved a whole technique for his petitions. When Himmler's illness was acute and only Kersten's hands could relieve him, the doctor could sometimes request a pardon, a release from prison or the cancellation of a decree. But such opportunities were rare. Once the crisis was over, Kersten lost his power. Then he had to appeal to the Reichsführer's vanity, which was boundless.

Just as he worshipped the superman of the future, Himmler also revered German heroes of the past, such as Frederick Barbarossa and Henry the Fowler. So Kersten would tell him, persuasively: "In centuries to come you will be called the greatest leader of the German people, a hero, the equal of the old chevaliers. But remember that these men did not owe their fame to force and courage alone. They were also just and generous. For your reputation in future ages, Herr Reichsführer, you must be equally magnanimous."

Himmler believed this flattery.



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"My dear Doctor Kersten," he would say, "you are my only friend, the only one who both understands and helps me."

Then he would summon Brandt and order him to draw up a list of the names designated by Kersten, and he would sign a decree of liberation. And often, when there was still space above the signature, Brandt would secretly add two or three more names to the list.

The very number of these rescues became a source of danger. For the Gestapo chiefs, the inquisitors, the executioners, could hardly fail to wonder what was causing Himmler to pardon all these people. He had always asked of them an implacable, unrelenting fury in persecution and terror. Why the change? Sooner or later, Kersten knew, they must trace the responsibility to him.

A Visit From the Gestapo

FOR A LONG time Kersten was left alone. Then, early one morning in January 1941, two Gestapo men appeared at the door of his Berlin flat.

"We wish to speak to you," one of them said curtly.

Kersten, still clad in pyjamas, led them to his study. Had one of his friends in Holland betrayed him, he wondered, and confessed to using Himmler's postal number? Or had they discovered that Brandt was adding names to Himmler's pardon lists, at his instigation? In either case, he was done for.

In the study one of the officers began, "Have you any Jewish patients?"

"Of course," Kersten said, much relieved that their questioning took this turn.

"You do not realize, then, that it is absolutely forbidden for a German doctor to treat Jews?"

"I am not a German doctor," Kersten said politely. "I am Finnish."

Kersten produced his passport, and with this undeniable proof in their hands the two police officers suddenly became almost apologetic. As abruptly as the interrogation had begun, it ended.

Afterwards Kersten speculated on the purpose of the visit. Had the officers actually thought him German? No, the Gestapo knew all about him. They had only to go to the Finnish Embassy to check on him.

What then—warning? Intimidation? Blackmail?

When he told Himmler about the visit, the Reichsführer at once seized the telephone and barked a number. Then, his face pale with anger, he shouted, "I forbid anyone to interfere with Doctor Kersten, for any reason whatsoever. This is an order. The doctor is responsible to me and me alone."

But shortly afterwards Rudolf Brandt warned the doctor to be on his guard against Reinhard Heydrich, head of the Gestapo, a man who stood just below Himmler in the hierarchy of terror. Recently

Heydrich had told his colleagues that he suspected Kersten of being an enemy agent, or at least of using his power over Himmler on behalf of Germany's foes. Heydrich had assured them he would soon be able to furnish proof of this.

One day late in February 1941, as Kersten was leaving Himmler's office, he found himself face to face with Heydrich, who said civilly, "I would like very much to have a chat with you, Doctor."

"Whenever you like," answered Kersten amiably. "Today, if it is convenient."

They agreed to meet that evening in the Gestapo offices. In the half-hour interview that ensued, Heydrich blandly and coldly let Kersten understand, without ever saying it outright, that the Gestapo was aware of his extensive information service from Holland and Finland.

"Do you know, Doctor," he said, "that we could really be very useful to you? When people ask you to intervene for them with the Reichsführer, it is your duty, is it not, to form an objective opinion about them? We shall be happy to undertake for you the research as to their social and political status, their character, resources and so on. And please note that you would be entirely free to make up your own mind as to the veracity of our information and to use it as you see fit."

Actually, all Heydrich's roundabout talk had but one purpose: to get Kersten to reveal to the Gestapo the names of his correspondents in Holland and Finland.

When Kersten thanked him cordially but noncommittally, the Gestapo chief appeared satisfied. But Rudolf Brandt was much concerned when the doctor repeated this conversation to him.

"Please, I beseech you, redouble your precautions," Brandt urged.

"Don't worry, I have already decided to do so," said Kersten.

A few days later, however, he was forced to abandon all caution.

The Incredible Deportation Plan

On March 1, 1941, Kersten arrived at No. 8 Prinz Albrecht Strasse at noon, the regular hour for his visits, but found Himmler detained in an important meeting. As usual, he decided to wait for him in the staff mess hall.

Not one head was raised as he crossed the large, crowded room, though it buzzed with unfriendly voices. Ignoring the general hostility, Kersten found a corner seat. The N.C.O. who managed the mess hall soon came over with a cup of very strong coffee, heavily sweetened, and the richest cakes he could find. He knew the doctor's tastes, and had orders to give him the best possible service.

Kersten was contentedly enjoying this snack when he became aware of a commotion around him. Looking up, he saw that Walther Rauter and Reinhard Heydrich had just



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entered the room, to a flurry of salutes, and were coming his way.

They took a table near by, but neither noticed him, for they were lost in conversation. Kersten tried to shrink his great bulk and hide his face, though he made an intense effort to hear what they were saying. Rauter was speaking.

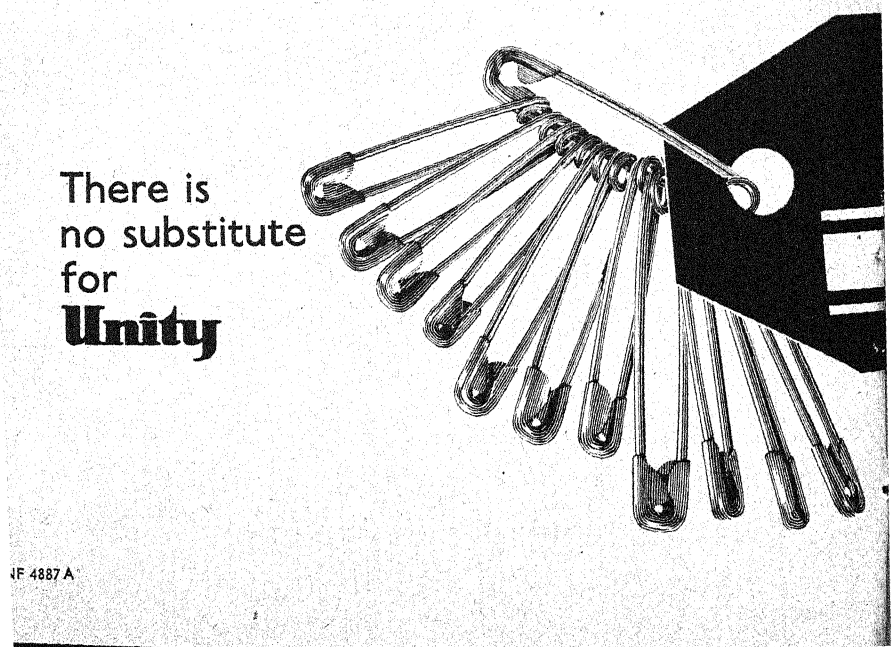
"What a surprise those Dutch pigs are in for. Only this week they stoned two of my men. Filthy swine! At last they'll get what's coming to them."

"It's cold enough in Poland to cool them off," said Heydrich with a laugh. "I have just received my directives for the deportation," he went on. "You will have the working plans shortly, and then there won't be a day to lose."

"What is the date?" asked Rauter eagerly.

At this point, Heydrich lowered his voice, and Kersten could make out nothing more. But what he had heard was enough to enable him to know that Holland now faced a new and sinister ordeal. It required great effort for him to leave the mess hall calmly and, during the treatment hour with Himmler, to behave as if nothing had happened.

That afternoon Kersten telephoned Brandt to ask if he could see him alone. Brandt agreed to meet him that evening at six o'clock in his office. There Kersten repeated



exactly what he had overheard in the mess hall. "What's going on?" he asked.

Brandt hesitated for a moment. Then he locked the door. "If someone should come," he said, "I will say that you are giving me treatment."

He went to a table covered with papers arranged in neat piles. There he drew out an envelope labelled "Top Secret."

"I have told you nothing, you have seen nothing," he whispered. "For God's sake, don't forget."

Kersten sank into a chair and began to read.

The document was formal and precise. Because the Dutch were of Germanic blood, they were guilty not only of resistance, but of treason. Therefore, Adolf Hitler, Führer of Greater Germany, had authorized Heinrich Himmler to carry out their mass deportation to the province of Lublin, Poland. Three million men would be sent on foot; their families would travel by ship and rail.

As he finished reading, Kersten's hands were trembling. He could picture the exodus: the men in endless columns, pistol-whipped and beaten, shoes and clothing tattered, with all of Europe to cross; the women and children packed into holds and goods wagons, dying of thirst, asphyxiated by the lack of air

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and the stench of their own wastes. It was a panorama of hell.

"It is horrible," Brandt said. "A whole nation to be sent into slavery!"

"It Is Sheer Genius"

THE NEXT day at noon Kersten was again at No. 8 Prinz Albrecht Strasse. He had spent a sleepless, anguished night, but he had finally decided to speak of the deportation, although his very knowledge of the plan might mean death.

Once again Himmler was stretched out on his couch, his eyes closed in relaxation. Gently Kersten pressed on the nerve centre which he knew to be the most vulnerable, and asked in a normal voice, "What is the date you plan to start the deportation of the Dutch?"

As if hypnotized, Himmler answered, "The 20th of April, Hitler's birthday. It is to be a present."

Then an intense silence fell over the room, and suddenly Himmler sat upright and thrust his face close to Kersten's. "Where did you get this information?" he demanded.

Kersten explained that he had overheard Rauter and Heydrich discussing it in the mess hall.

"The babbling idiots!" Himmler screamed. But his face showed how relieved he was to find his doctor innocent. "It is important that I know how indiscreet they are. Thank you for telling me." He lay down again. Kersten had passed the moment of mortal danger. Himmler had accepted the fact that he knew of the deportation.

The doctor resumed his massage, and after a while he said gravely, "This deportation is the greatest mistake of your career."

Himmler did not stir. "You know nothing about politics," he said. "The Führer's plan is sheer genius. Listen to how brilliant it is. We have taken Poland, but the Poles hate us; we need Germanic blood there. In spite of their treason, the Dutch are Germanic, and in Poland they will learn to change their attitude towards us. For the Poles will treat them as enemies because they have taken their land. Lost among the Slavs, the Dutch will turn to us as protectors. As for Holland, we will fill it with young German peasants. Admit it, is it not sheer genius?"

"Possibly," Kersten said dryly. "I was thinking only of your health. Several days ago you told me that, in addition to your regular duties, overwhelming in themselves, Hitler has ordered you to bring the SS up to a million before the summer—and they are scarcely 100,000 now. In three months you must select, clothe, arm and train 900,000 soldiers. Do you propose to add the deportation to this enormous work load?"

"I have no choice. It is a personal order from the Führer."

"Answer me frankly," Kersten said, "as patient to doctor. Of the two plans, which is the more important? Raising the SS forces to a



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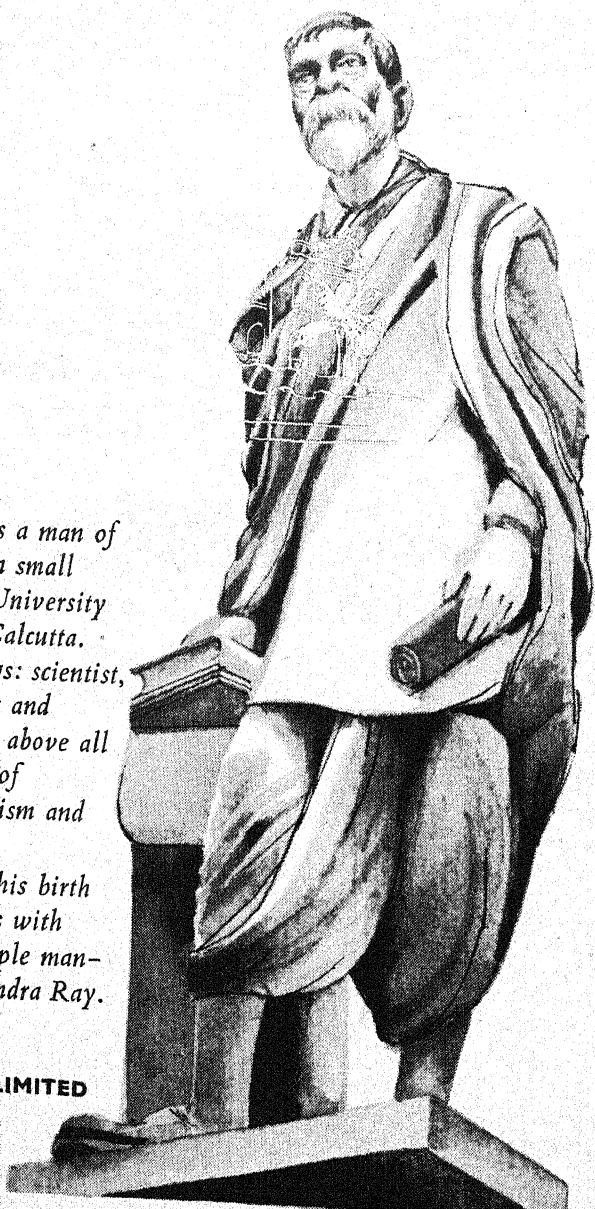
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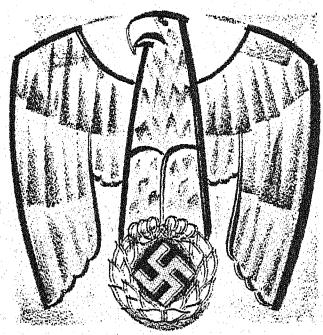
million, or deporting the Dutch?"

"The SS, without doubt."

"Then you must postpone the deportation until victory. I am incapable of giving you enough strength to handle both jobs at once."

"Impossible," said Himmler. "The deportation cannot be put off. Hitler wishes it now."

The treatment was over. Once again Himmler was invulnerable. But Kersten had never expected to defeat him in one round. All was not yet lost.



Suddenly a terrible thought struck him. If, by some miracle, Himmler should give up the deportation of the Dutch, would not the job be given to Heydrich or some other high official over whom Kersten would have no influence?

"Are you the only man capable of organizing the deportation?" he asked anxiously. "Why not look for someone else?"

Himmler brought his palm down on a table and cried, "For a mission of this importance, the Führer trusts only me! No one else could do it. No one else will be permitted!"

The Fight to Save a Nation

In the following weeks, Himmler did not yield one iota. In vain the doctor tried flattery, appeals to his gratitude, threats to his health. Nothing worked. This time, shielding Himmler from Kersten's influence was another and greater authority: that of Hitler, his master, his god.

"The deportation will take place on the appointed day," repeated Himmler.

And time was running out.

Then, towards the end of March, a strange thing happened. For the first time for two years, Kersten's treatments stopped working.

Whether he did it deliberately, or whether it happened because, as he said later, his skill was paralysed by his own anxiety, the miraculous hands were suddenly incapable of assuaging Himmler's pain. The Reichsführer was in agony.

"I warned you," said Kersten, "that you cannot carry both loads simultaneously. Your nervous system no longer obeys me. Renounce the lesser of your two missions, and I guarantee I can cure your pain."

"Impossible," Himmler almost sobbed. "You must try, try again."

"I will try," said Kersten, "but I am sure it will be useless." And so it was.

Early in April 1941, German troops attacked Yugoslavia. To be in at the death, Hitler set up headquarters near the Yugoslavian

border, and Himmler had to go with him. The trip almost killed him. He never left his bed in his private train except to see Hitler, and Kersten was on call day and night. Each session—there were now ten a day—was a new contest, a new battle for the same object.

"You are mad, Herr Reichsführer," Kersten said over and over again. "You see for yourself that you cannot do everything at once. Postpone the deportation."

On Himmler's pinched face, cold sweat mingled with involuntary tears. But he still gasped, "I cannot. I owe everything to my Führer."

At two o'clock one morning, just a week before the deportation was fixed, Kersten was summoned to Himmler's bedside. The violence of the patient's agony was indescribable. He lay as if crucified, panting brokenly, "I can no longer breathe. Please help me!"

Kersten brought a chair to Himmler's bedside and, in an affectionate, almost imploring tone. said, "Herr Reichsführer, I am your friend. I want to help you. But I beg of you, put off this Dutch thing until later. Remember how effective the treatments were before this matter came up? It will be like that again, if only you will go to Hitler and ask him to postpone the deportation."

Himmler seized one of the doctor's hands. "Yes, yes, dear Kersten, I really believe you are right. But what am I to say to the Führer?"

"Tell him you cannot meet both responsibilities at once. Mention the lack of ships, the crowded roads. Point out that this work load threatens your health and the completion of the SS job."

"It's true. You are right," cried Himmler. "I will talk to Hitler—only give me the strength."

Kersten was inspired, confident of success. And once again Himmler began to find solace from the doctor's magic hands. From time to time he murmured, "I think . . . yes, the pain is going away."

Kersten worked in silence. When he was done, Himmler, moving slowly, got up, breathed deeply, and cried, "I am better. The pain is completely gone."

"Only because you have decided to talk to Hitler. You must do so at once."

Just then the phone rang. Himmler answered it, and listened without speaking. When he hung up, he turned to Kersten and said, "Yugoslavia is ours. The Führer has just left for Berlin and orders me to follow. My train is almost ready to depart."

He had recovered his authority, and Kersten was afraid he had cured him too quickly. But luck was with him. During the trip Himmler's cramp returned in full force, and this time Kersten prolonged the treatment so that his patient was almost helpless until the train reached Berlin.

"You see how much longer it takes?" Kersten asked. "You still

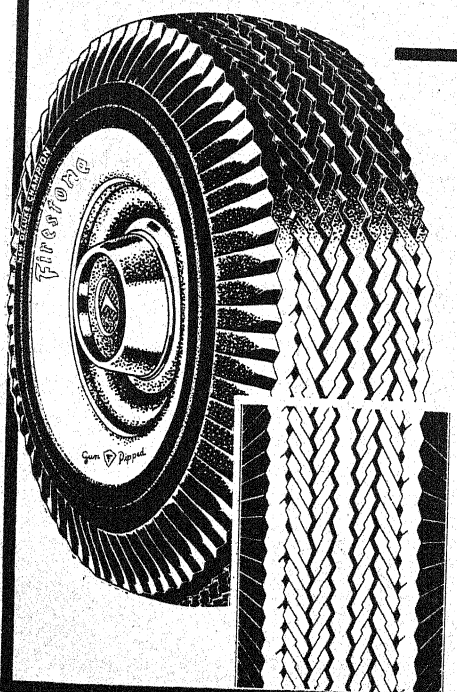
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have this deportation matter on your mind. You must free yourself of it."

"Rest assured, dear Kersten, I understand," Himmler said.

He drove straight from the station to Hitler. Two hours later he telephoned Kersten.

"The Führer is as generous as he is brilliant," he said. "The deportation is postponed. I have it in writing."

A Second Brush With Heydrich

HIMMLER never once suspected Kersten's motives in protesting against the Dutch deportation as being other than those of a doctor and friend. But Heydrich was less credulous.

One day Kersten was summoned by the Gestapo chief. Himmler and Brandt had left unexpectedly for Munich, but Kersten looked in at Himmler's office and told the SS man on duty: "Please inform the Reichsführer by telephone that in a few moments I have to be in Heydrich's office. It is important. Do it without fail."

When Kersten reported to Heydrich, he found him as courteous as usual. But after a great deal of conversational sparring, Heydrich said, without changing his tone or his smile, "I am sorry, but I have to arrest you. I am sure it was you who influenced Himmler in the matter of the Dutch deportation."

"That's really giving me too much importance," Kersten said. "You flatter me."

Heydrich leaned back slightly, passed his well-manicured hand through his sleek fair hair, and said, "No one will be able to convince me that a doctor who practised at the Dutch court is a friend of ours. I would like to know who sent you to Germany."

"Himmler can answer you better than I," Kersten said.

In a neighbouring office the telephone rang. Heydrich went to answer it.

Left alone, Kersten listened anxiously. Was it Himmler calling? He could not hear anything.

Heydrich came back, sat down again, lit a cigarette and smiled.

"Where were we—oh, yes—Holland. I am amazed that you know so much about what's going on there. Don't you want to tell me about your sources of information?"

Kersten hid his fear in laughter. "Perhaps I'm clairvoyant," he said.

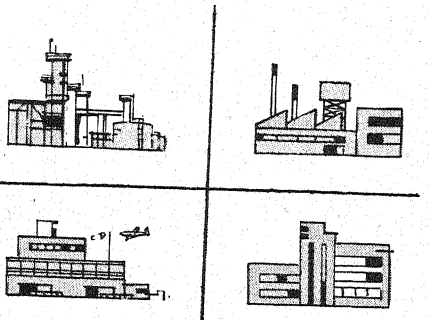
"Perhaps I am too," Heydrich said. "I am even beginning to guess who you are. Soon I shall prove it." His eyes fixed on the doctor with merciless determination.

Heydrich got up and said, "You are free. Himmler has just telephoned me. He is ready to answer for your loyalty, and I have been explicitly ordered to let you go. But be ready to come back here. Don't worry, we will see each other again."

They never did.

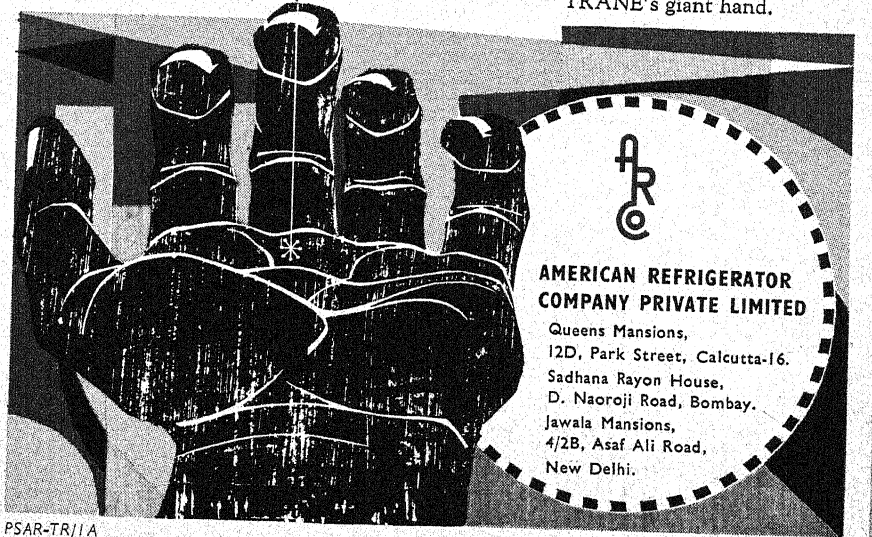
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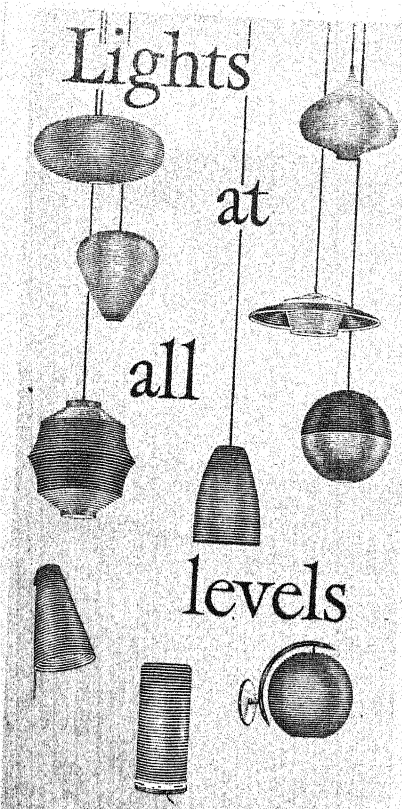
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and was killed in Prague in 1942 by Czech patriots. Ernst Kaltenbrunner replaced him as head of the Gestapo.

"The Great Have to Step Over Corpses"

On June 21, 1941, when Hitler took the ultimate gamble and threw all his forces against Soviet Russia, Himmler's private train started for the eastern border. The Reichsführer required Kersten to be on it.

Mobile headquarters were set up in East Prussia. Each day, as soon as the train was parked in its allotted siding, Himmler's men went to work: spying, making arrests, setting up concentration camps, carrying out summary executions. Himmler saw Hitler every night at the Führer's headquarters, which were never very far away.

Dr. Kersten, who ate in the mess car with Himmler's staff, found these officers intoxicated by the first successes against the Russians. They were sure that they would achieve an overwhelming victory, and saw the great Reich reaching the Ural Mountains. Repeating assurances which they had from Himmler, who in turn had them from Hitler, they were already dividing the spoils of the huge country. "Each German soldier," they declared, "will have property in Russia. It will be Germany's paradise."

For three months the rapid German advance gave Himmler more work every day, and he was in too

much pain to let Kersten go. When the doctor was finally able to return to Berlin, in October, an early and terribly harsh winter was already beginning to immobilize the German Army. And despite severe losses, the Russians held on, knowing that weather and space were on their side.

One day that autumn, when Kersten went to treat Himmler in Berlin, he found his patient in despair. The doctor asked what was wrong, and after some urging Himmler confided in him.

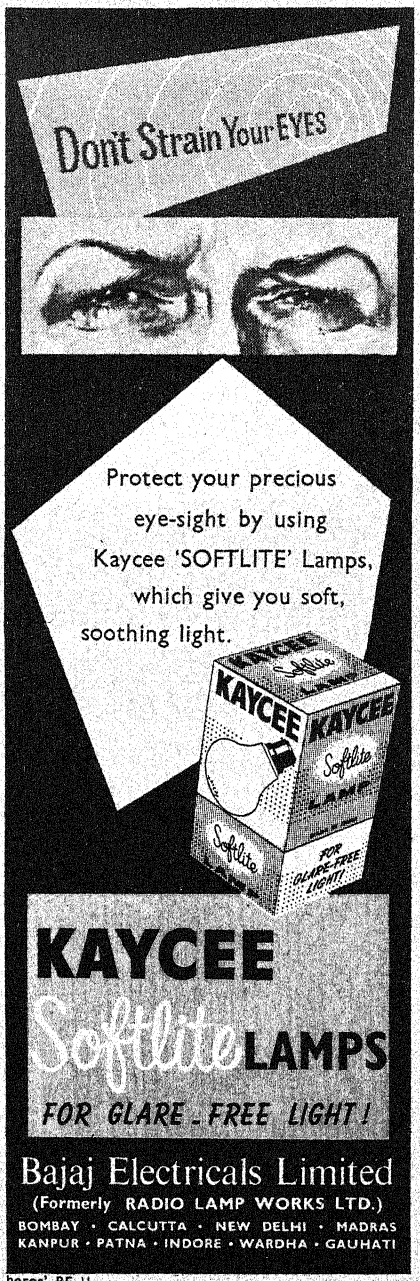
"You are my only friend," he said, "the only person I can talk to. I will tell you everything. After the collapse of France, Hitler made several peace offers to Britain, but the Jews who run that country rejected them. Nothing could be worse than war between Britain and Germany, but the Führer knows that the Jews will go all the way in that war. There will be no peace on earth as long as they are in power—that is to say, as long as they exist."

"So?" the doctor asked.

"So," Himmler said, "the Führer has ordered me to liquidate all the Jews in our power. This race must be killed off."

"But you can't," Kersten cried. "Think of the horror this means, of the suffering. What will the world think of Germany?"

"The great have to step over corpses. That is their tragedy," Himmler answered. Then his chin dropped to his narrow chest, and he



remained silent. He seemed overwhelmed.

"At heart you cannot accept this atrocity," Kersten said. "Otherwise you wouldn't be so upset."

Himmler raised his head in surprise. "That's not it at all," he said. "I behaved like an imbecile," he went on ruefully. "When Hitler explained what he wanted, I answered without thinking, 'My Führer, I and my SS are ready to die for you, but please do not give me this mission.' "

Himmler, breathing hard, described what had happened after he said that. Hitler had been carried away by one of his insane tantrums. He could not stand the slightest opposition. He had leapt at Himmler, seized him by the neck and shouted, "I've made you everything you are. And now you refuse to obey me. You are acting like a traitor."

Himmler had reacted with terror and despair. "My Führer," he had begged, "forgive me. I will do everything, absolutely everything you order me to do. Never, never say that I am a traitor."

But Hitler had not calmed down. He had shouted again and stamped his feet. "The war will soon be over, and I have given the world my word that at the end of it there will not be one Jew left on earth. We must move quickly and vigorously. I am not sure you are capable of it."

When he had finished this account, Himmler looked at Kersten like a beaten dog. "You understand now?" he asked.

Kersten understood all too well. Himmler did not care about destroying millions of Jews. He was worried because Hitler did not have complete confidence in him.

Germany's Top Secret

ONE DAY in the winter of 1942, Himmler startled Kersten with the query, "Could you treat a man who suffers from severe headaches, dizziness and insomnia?"

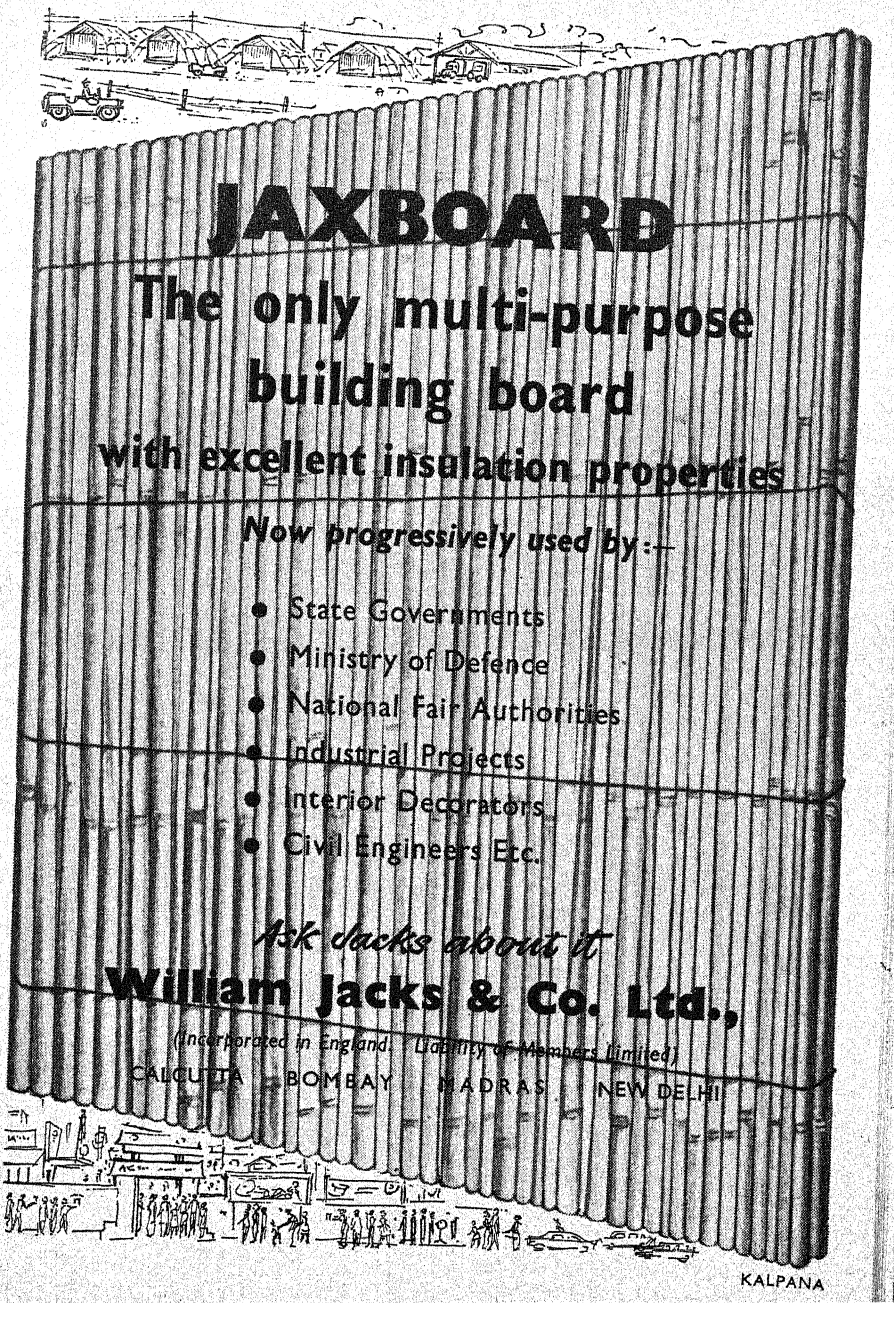
"I would have to see him," Kersten answered. "Everything would depend on what is causing these symptoms."

Himmler took a deep breath, as if suddenly winded. "You must swear to keep what I tell you absolutely secret."

"Herr Reichsführer, keeping medical facts confidential is a rule of my professional life."

"Excuse me, Kersten, but if you knew . . ." Himmler went to his safe and took out a thick document. "Here," he said, handing it to Kersten with a gesture that cost him visible effort. "Read it. You are holding a secret report on the Führer's illness."

Later Kersten wondered why Himmler had shown him the report. What anxieties had pushed him to it? Had Hitler's mental faculties suddenly given way? Had his rages been worse than usual now that the fortunes of war were turning against Germany?


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The report was 26 pages long. It established the following facts. In his youth Hitler had contracted syphilis. He had been discharged from a hospital in Pasewalk, apparently cured; but in 1937 symptoms appeared which showed that the disease was still active. Finally, at the beginning of 1942, there had been signs which made it evident that the Führer was suffering from progressive syphilitic paralysis.

Mutely, Kersten gave the document back to Himmler. Its implications were so frightening that for a moment he could not think.

"Well," Himmler asked, "what can be done?"

"Unhappily, I cannot help in this case," Kersten said. "I am a specialist in manual therapy, not in mental illness. Is he under treatment?"

"Certainly," Himmler said. "Doctor Morell, his personal physician, gives him injections which he assures him will stop the progress of the disease and preserve his capacity for work."

"What guarantee do you have that this is true? There is no recognized cure for progressive syphilitic paralysis."

"I have thought of that myself," Himmler said.

Suddenly the Reichsführer began to pace up and down, talking agitatedly. It was not the case of just any sick man, he said. Hitler could not be examined in a clinic for mental illness—the Allied intelligence services would find out and broadcast the information to the German Army and people. Disastrous defeat could follow. Since the usual doctors would be sure to offer no hope, he had decided to rely on Morell, and it was essential for Morell to sustain Hitler until the victory.

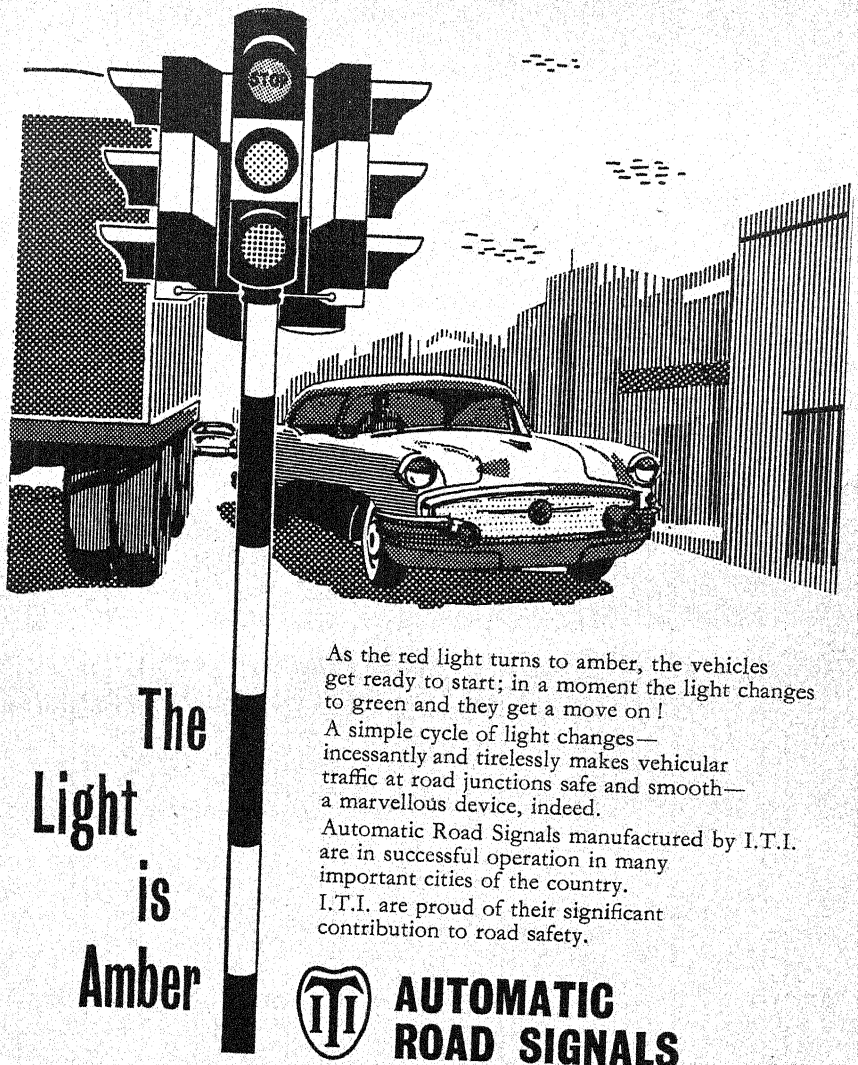
"You see what anxieties I have," Himmler said. "The world considers Adolf Hitler a giant. I want him to remain that for history. He is the greatest genius who ever lived. What does it matter if he is sick, now that his work is practically finished?"

After he left Himmler's office, Kersten discreetly asked Rudolf Brandt about this medical report. Brandt turned pale.

"Did Himmler really speak about it to you? Don't you know what danger you are in now? You, a foreigner, have knowledge of our most important state secret. Apart from Himmler, only Bormann and possibly Göring have this information. Never refer to it, even to the Reichsführer. You risk your life if you do."

Kersten followed this advice. The next week he saw Himmler every morning, but in their conversations there was not one word about Hitler's health. It was as if the report did not exist. Then Himmler himself brought up the forbidden subject. Had the doctor thought of a way of treating Hitler effectively?

In his reply Kersten abandoned all caution, for he had been haunted by the subject. Hitler's judgement



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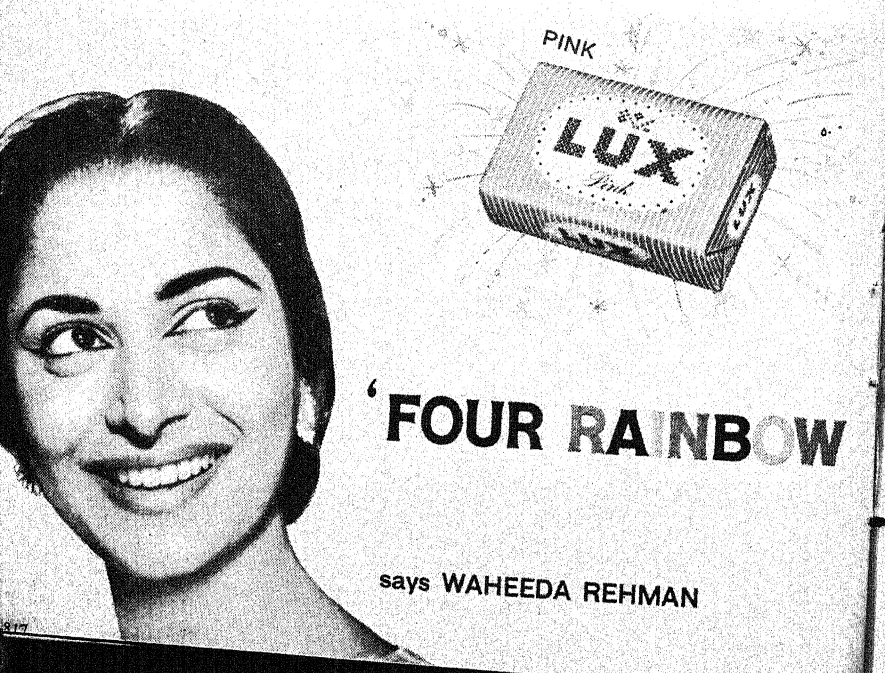
would be affected by his disease, Kersten said, his critical faculties unbalanced. Headaches, insomnia, trembling hands, fumbling with words, convulsions, paralysis of the limbs, all would increase relentlessly. The ecstatic illusions, the megalomania would have no check. Himmler was taking a terrible chance by leaving Hitler in Morell's hands. For Hitler's decisions determined the fate of millions, and who could say whether these decisions were made in a period of lucidity or of madness?

The Reichsführer did not speak. Kersten, surprised at his own boldness, went on even more explicitly. Only a man in complete possession of his faculties had the right to rule. Since this was no longer the case, Himmler did not have the right to recognize Hitler as his Führer.

"I have thought of all that," Himmler said. "Logically you are right. But here logic loses its hold. It is impossible to change horses now.

"Moreover, it is impossible for me to make a move against the Führer," he continued. "I am commander of the SS, whose motto is: 'Honour is Loyalty.' How could I do it? The whole world would think I was acting from a desire to gain power."

"Then you are going to let Hitler go from bad to worse?" Kersten asked. "You are willing to leave the destiny of the German people in the



hands of a man suffering from a terrible mental disease?"

"The risks are not yet such that I am forced to act," Himmler said finally. "If it is necessary, there will still be time later."

Sweden's Humanitarian Plan

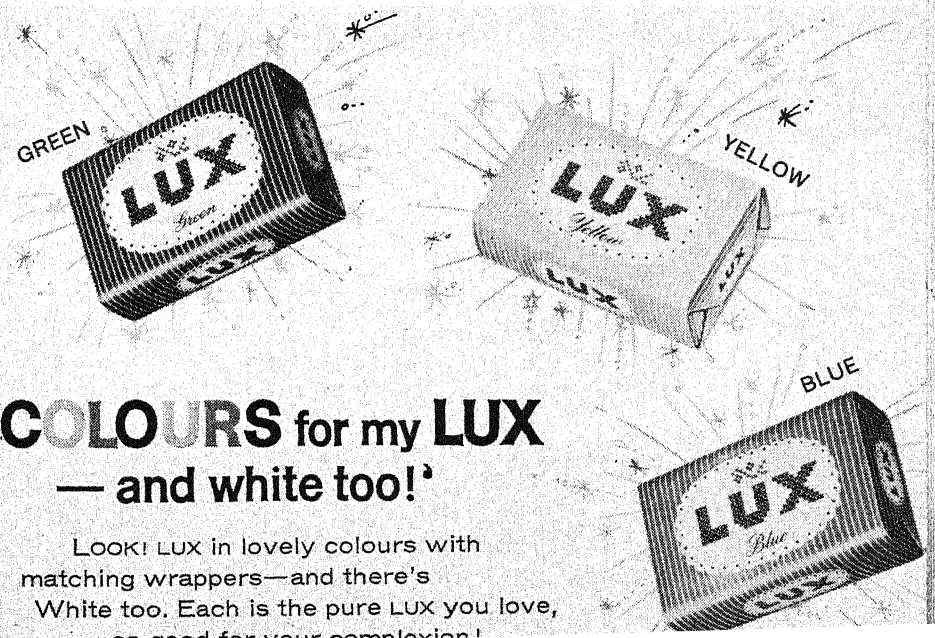
IN SEPTEMBER 1943 the Finnish Government asked Kersten to come to Helsinki and make a general report. Since Finland had now entered the war as an ally of Germany, and Kersten was a Finnish citizen and officer, Himmler could not easily oppose the trip.

"Perhaps you can find out why your government hasn't handed over its Jews to us," he remarked.

As Kersten was getting ready to leave, the Swedish ambassador invited him to stop in Stockholm long enough for some confidential interviews with Swedish Government ministers. This was harder to arrange, for in neutral Sweden he would be beyond the reach of German authority. But some 5,000 wounded Finns were in hospital in Stockholm, and Kersten finally persuaded Himmler that he should stop there and help to treat them.

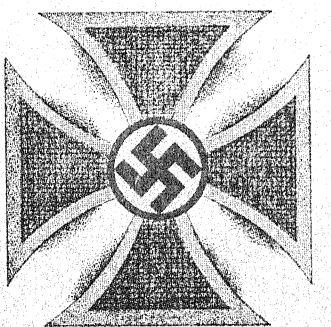
"All right, go," Himmler sighed. "But if there is any question about your not returning . . ."

"Have I done anything to deserve such suspicion?" Kersten asked reproachfully. He pointed out that, of



his three children, the two elder sons would remain in Hartzwalde; only his wife and youngest son would leave the country with him.

"Forgive me," Himmler pleaded with genuine regret. "You know how suspicious my life has made me. But you are the one man in the world in whose sincerity and good will I believe."



When he reached Sweden, Kersten experienced the first real freedom he had known for four years. It was almost feverishly exciting to escape from the acute food shortages, the lack of heat, the nightly air raids and the pervasive Gestapo terror that characterized wartime Nazi Germany. But a meeting with Christian Gunther, the Swedish Minister of Foreign Affairs, helped to bring him down to earth.

"Every day," Gunther informed him, "the Allies put more pressure on us to enter the war against Germany. This is contrary to our tradition of neutrality and to all our interests; the day after we declared war, Stockholm would be in ruins. Instead I have devised a humanitarian plan that would greatly help the Allies. It is to save as many people in the concentration camps as possible. Will you help us?"

Kersten assented enthusiastically. "I am ready with all the means at my disposal," he said.

Day after day, Kersten and Gunther met regularly. Together they worked out a vast, almost fantastic plan to wrest thousands of prisoners from the concentration camps and bring them to Sweden.

The Swedish Government would transport the prisoners and give them asylum. The Red Cross, represented by Count Folke Bernadotte, would serve as intermediary. But Kersten's role was the most important and the most difficult. He would have to persuade Himmler to allow the prisoners to go.

Following these talks, Kersten went on to Helsinki, made his report there, then returned to Germany. He wanted very much to leave his wife and child in the safety of Stockholm, but too many lives were at stake. For now, more than ever, he needed Himmler's complete, blind trust, and the only guarantee that his patient would understand would be the return of his wife and son.

Indeed, on November 26, when Kersten telephoned him from Hartzwalde, Himmler's first question was about this. "Of course," he said, after he had expressed pleasure at Kersten's return, "you left your

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wife and son in Sweden?" He spoke in a polite, matter-of-fact tone, as if he did not care.

"No," Kersten said, also matter-of-factly, "they are with me."

"Really? I am very happy!" Himmler exclaimed. "Then you still believe in German victory. Excuse me—there are so many rumours about you. Now I know that you are a real friend."

Two Allies Are Enlisted

ONCE HE HAD settled back into the routine of his Berlin life, Kersten began to realize the magnitude of the task he had undertaken. How could he wrest victims from the callous Gestapo which thought of them as corpses even while they still breathed? He needed allies. Searching his mind for likely candidates, he thought of Colonel Walter Schellenberg and General Gottlob Berger, both of whom worked closely with Himmler.

Berger, who had risen from the ranks during the First World War, was about 50. He had no taste for politics, but he loved the army and its discipline. Recognizing his passion for military strictness and administration, Himmler had given him the post of commander of the Waffen SS. ("Waffen," meaning weapons, distinguished the fighting branch of the SS from the branch that provided guards and executioners for the concentration camps.)

Berger had at first instinctively disliked Kersten. He felt that this fat civilian didn't look right among the military *élite*. But, caring about his associate's health, Himmler had ordered Berger to go to Kersten for a medical examination. Grumbling and swearing, the general obeyed. Kersten searched over his body with his finger-tips and began to enumerate his patient's discomforts. Berger was amazed.

"How can you know?" he asked. "I've never told Himmler about these things."

As treatment continued, Berger began to trust Kersten; he even became grudgingly friendly. The doctor found that the general was concerned not only with discipline but with honour. He saw nothing in common between the real soldiers of the Waffen SS and the SS executioners, and he did not allow his men to fraternize with them. The Gestapo, the death camps and the racialism deeply disgusted him.

Schellenberg was quite a different person—young, fair-haired, fastidiously groomed. He had a wide cultural background, impeccable manners and could speak perfect English. He had started under Heydrich in the special espionage services, and had had an extraordinary career. He was a colonel at 30. Now, at 34, he wanted to become Germany's youngest general, and he openly and aggressively courted Himmler's favour.

Two years earlier Himmler had asked Kersten to examine the young officer. "I don't think he needs your

care," he said, "but during the examination you can study his character. He is very able, but his boundless ambition makes me uneasy."

When Schellenberg arrived to see Kersten, the two men looked at each other in silence. Though both knew that the purpose of the visit was a medical examination, neither moved in that direction.

"I am glad to meet you at last, Colonel," Kersten said. "You have many enemies in Himmler's entourage. You succeed too rapidly. But on my account you have nothing to fear. I can help you a great deal if we become friends."

"I know that, Doctor," Schellenberg said. "I have come to ask for your friendship. I will do what is necessary for it."

From that day Schellenberg had supported Kersten's undertakings, and as he was chief of counter-espionage his influence was decisive in many cases.

Before saying a word about his plan to Himmler, Kersten tried it out on these two men. He found them more inclined towards it than he had dared to hope. Schellenberg saw that Hitler was finished; when the Allies had won, it would be to his advantage to have saved thousands of prisoners. Berger's motive was simpler: he was disgusted by the atrocities. Thus, including Brandt, Kersten had three key men on his side.

His enemies were Ernst Kaltenbrunner, Heydrich's successor as chief of the Gestapo, and all his agents. Kaltenbrunner was melancholy, violent and eager for tortures and executions. Every time Kersten saved a life, Kaltenbrunner was furious. He hated the doctor's compassion for humanity.

"Watch that brute," Brandt warned. "He is capable of having you murdered."

The Gestapo Arranges an Ambush

FOR MONTHS Kersten made no specific proposals to Himmler; he simply stressed the fact on every possible occasion that the many Danish, Norwegian and Dutch concentration camp victims were, after all, Germanic. When the Allies invaded Normandy, however, in June 1944, he worked on the Reichsführer in earnest. And slowly Himmler's loyalty to the Führer's policies began to erode. "I think you are right," he volunteered one day. "We must not kill the whole world. We must be generous towards the German race."

But a few weeks later, when a German colonel tried to kill Hitler by setting off a bomb in his headquarters, the attack renewed Himmler's fanatical loyalty to his master. Because Hitler wanted to see the blood of sacrifice flowing everywhere — he explicitly ordered Himmler to arrest 2,000 German officers in retaliation—Himmler and Kaltenbrunner were soon ravaging Germany in a merciless



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manhunt, striking down innocent and guilty alike.

On August 1, Himmler telephoned Kersten at Hartzwalde. He was very sick as a result of the strenuous manhunt, and asked the doctor to board his private train for East Prussia that afternoon.

As Kersten was preparing to leave for Berlin, a sweat-soaked soldier sped up on a motor-cycle and handed him a letter. "From Colonel Schellenberg," the courier said. "It's urgent."

The note was alarming. "Look out . . . Kaltenbrunner is planning to assassinate you in spite of Himmler. Don't take your usual route through Oranienburg. You risk death if you do."

Kersten thought quickly. He did not blindly trust Schellenberg, but this time he decided to take his advice, for he knew that Kaltenbrunner was Schellenberg's one sworn enemy, his only dangerous rival.

As he got into his car, Kersten said to his chauffeur, "Let's take the route through Templin today for a change."

They had no trouble on the trip. Kersten got to the station in time to catch Himmler's private train.

At the first opportunity the doctor showed Himmler the note. Himmler at once sent Brandt to Berlin to find out quietly whether Schellenberg's charge was true. This was not too difficult, for secret services, like the jungle, have their own laws. Kaltenbrunner had his agents in Schellenberg's network, and Schellenberg had his in Kaltenbrunner's. Brandt had procured agents for Himmler in both.

The next day Brandt was back. Schellenberg had told the truth. An ambush had been set up at Oranienburg, and Kersten and his chauffeur were to have been riddled with bullets.

The officer in charge of the patrol was then to have reported to Kaltenbrunner that a car had refused to stop when ordered, hence he had fired on it. Kaltenbrunner would then tell Himmler that there had been a terrible misfortune: Dr. Kersten had been in the car and was dead.

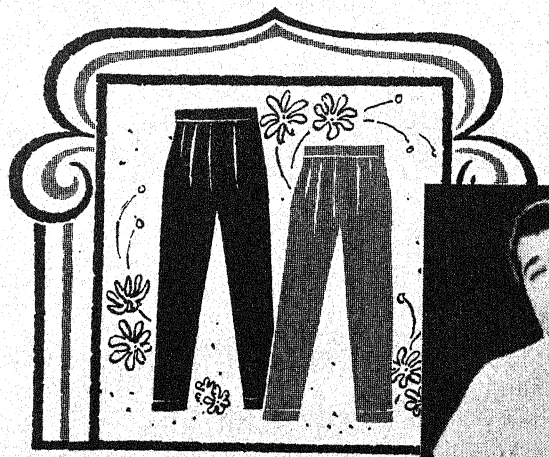
Himmler received this report in the midst of a treatment. He arose and dressed with angry speed. "We're going to eat," he instructed Brandt. "Tell Kaltenbrunner to join us."

The meal began in silence. Finally, Kaltenbrunner opened the conversation by baiting Kersten with scarcely concealed animosity. The Reichsführer interrupted suddenly. "Listen to me, Kaltenbrunner. You would not have survived Kersten by an hour."

Kaltenbrunner paled, and his fear was obvious.

Himmler continued. "I hope that both you and Doctor Kersten lead long, healthy lives. You are both important to me. I will not tolerate accidents. If anything at all should

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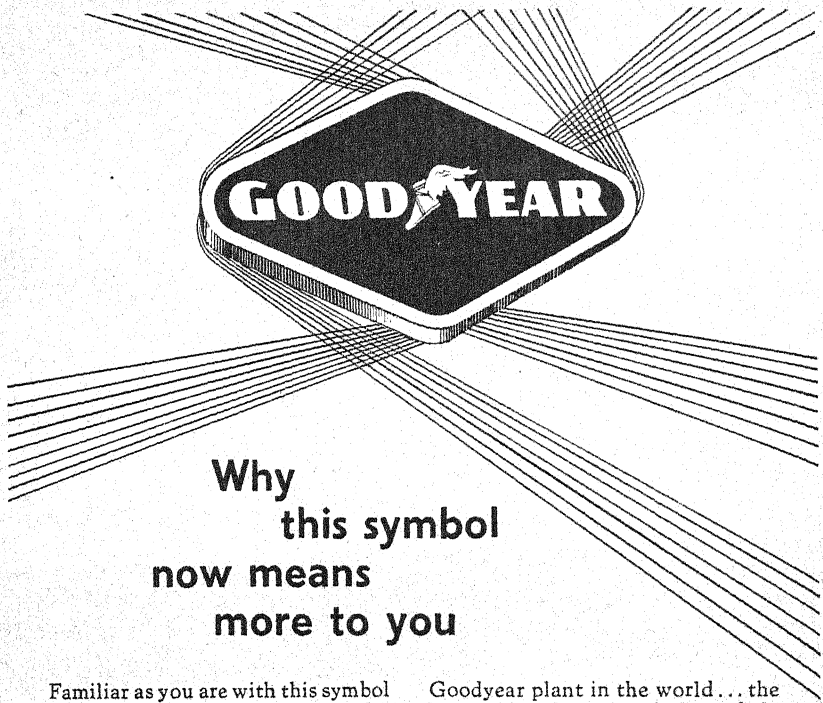
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happen to Doctor Kersten, it would be very, very bad for you. Is that clear?"

"Entirely, Herr Reichsführer," Kaltenbrunner said.

"One of the Good Doctor's Whims"

THE ATTEMPTED assassination served to reinforce Kersten's position. He became all the more indispensable to Himmler because he had almost been lost. Taking advantage of this, he boldly pushed the Swedish life-saving plan.

The struggle for Himmler's assent was long, and marked by many setbacks. But on December 8, 1944, Kersten won several sweeping concessions—as a result, ironically, of completely losing his temper.

A friend of his, Carl Wentzel, had been implicated in the plot on Hitler's life. He was imprisoned and sentenced to death. Because of the nature of the crime, Kersten could not get him released, but he did extract from Himmler a promise to spare Wentzel's life. Indeed Himmler solemnly pledged his word, on his honour as a German leader.

Nevertheless, on December 8, the doctor learned that Wentzel had been hanged. It was a shattering blow. Without thinking, Kersten roughly flung open the Reichsführer's door and stood before him, fists clenched with anger.

"So that's what your word means," he raged. "This is the honour of a great German leader!"

Himmler's shoulders sagged and his lips trembled. He could not bear to be exposed as a liar before a man whose love and admiration he coveted. "Believe me," he protested. "I couldn't do anything. Hitler wanted it at any price."

Kersten turned his back.

"No, no . . . don't go away," Himmler cried. "Listen to me."

But Kersten went out, slamming the door behind him.

In the outer office, Brandt defended Himmler's integrity in the matter. "Don't forget," Brandt said, "Hitler was convinced that Wentzel was in the conspiracy against him. In that sort of situation Himmler's power doesn't count for much."

Kersten's anger faded. He went back to Himmler and said, now quite calmly, "I will believe that Hitler's intervention made it impossible for you to keep your word in the Wentzel matter *if* you keep it in the domain where you *are* master."

"Anything you want—I swear it!" Himmler exclaimed.

And he immediately agreed to free 50 Norwegian students and 50 Danish policemen at once; to free 3,000 Dutch, French, Belgian and Polish women as soon as Sweden could take them; and to move all Scandinavian prisoners into a single camp away from the area of Allied bombing.

It was a memorable day, but Kersten was not satisfied. He had been informed that Switzerland was ready to take 20,00 Jews if he could

obtain their release. Would Himmler agree to it?

"Don't even think of it," Himmler said, terrified. "Hitler would have me hanged on the spot."

But when Kersten continued to plead, Himmler finally offered a compromise. "All I can give you is 2,000," he said, "or at the most 3,000. I beg you not to ask me for more."

For two months he seemed to have forgotten this promise. Then one day 2,700 Jews imprisoned at a sorting camp were ordered to the gas chambers and cremation ovens. The trains were loaded with these unfortunates, and the convoy officer telephoned Himmler's headquarters for permission to start the trains.

"You say 2,700?" Himmler asked Brandt, who brought him the information. The number jogged his memory, and suddenly he exclaimed, "That's just right. Have these trains sent to the Swiss frontier instead of the east. Inform the Swiss authorities, the Gestapo, the railways and our frontier guards."

He shook his head and added delightedly, "Two thousand seven hundred—one would think it had been done on purpose. Not too many and not too few. Just enough to satisfy one of the good doctor's whims."

One can imagine how this particular "whim" must have struck the 2,700 doomed, men, women and children as, mere skeletons in rags, they stumbled out of their cattle trucks at their destination. For, instead of being thrown into the gas chambers, they were met by an SS company which ceremoniously ushered them across the frontier into Switzerland, where Red Cross nurses welcomed them with smiles, tears—and the gift of life.

"Contract in the Name of Humanity"

As THE VICE tightened on Germany, Hitler's maniacal rage knew no limits. Allied intelligence learned that, in his insane desire for vengeance, he had formally ordered Himmler to dynamite the concentration camps, with all their prisoners, as soon as enemy troops were within eight kilometres of them. As there were 800,000 prisoners in these camps, the Allies appealed to the Swedes to prevent this final horror. The Swedish ministers in turn appealed to Kersten, during one of his now periodic visits to Stockholm, to do what he could to stop the seemingly inevitable massacre.

"Is it true that you have been ordered to blow up the concentration camps when the Allies approach?" Kersten asked Himmler one day during a treatment.

"It is true," the Reichsführer said. "If we lose the war, our enemies must die with us."

"The great Germans of the past would not have behaved like that," Kersten said. "And you are the greatest German leader today. You are more powerful than Hitler now.

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Himmler did not answer. He knew Kersten's words were true. But the thought of taking the complete responsibility of leadership made him unbearably anxious.

"Be generous, then," Kersten went on.

"And who will thank me?" Himmler said. "No one."

"History," Kersten said. "You will have the glory of having saved 800,000 lives."

When Himmler simply shrugged, Kersten did not insist. But he returned to the subject the next day, and again the next—as did Brandt and Berger and Schellenberg.

Finally, on March 12, 1945, Himmler drafted with his own hand one of the most extraordinary documents to come out of the war. Called "A Contract in the Name of Humanity," it provided that:

1. The concentration camps would not be dynamited.

2. Not one more Jew would be executed.

3. Sweden could send parcels to individual Jewish prisoners.

Himmler signed the document first, then Kersten.

Meeting at Armageddon

KERSTEN reported this electrifying news in Stockholm a few days later, then added, "I also have permission to take a representative of the World Jewish Congress to meet Himmler."

"That's absurd," Christian Gunther exclaimed. "I know you are Doctor Miracle, but this would be impossible even for you."

It was not. To cap his great victory, Kersten had persuaded Himmler to free 5,000 more Jews, and then, seized by a wild inspiration, he asked the Reichsführer personally to meet a Jew to work out the details of the liberation. It seemed proper to him that the executioner should pay honour to a spokesman of the condemned.

Himmler had ranted at first, but in the end, almost as if he had a chronic need to obey a stronger will, he submitted to the fantastic request. The meeting was to be held at Hartzwalde.

The World Jewish Congress now quickly selected an envoy, a young man named Norbert Masur. Kersten met him in Stockholm, and on April 19 the two men took off for Berlin in a plane provided by Himmler.

It was one of the last planes to carry the swastika, and they were the only passengers. As they approached Berlin, they heard the roar of Russian artillery. Underground, below the Chancellery of the Third Reich, a trapped and raging Hitler was sending out the last frantic orders of desperation and madness.

They reached Hartzwalde at midnight. Two hours later Schellenberg arrived, dressed in civilian clothes. He was weary, depressed and

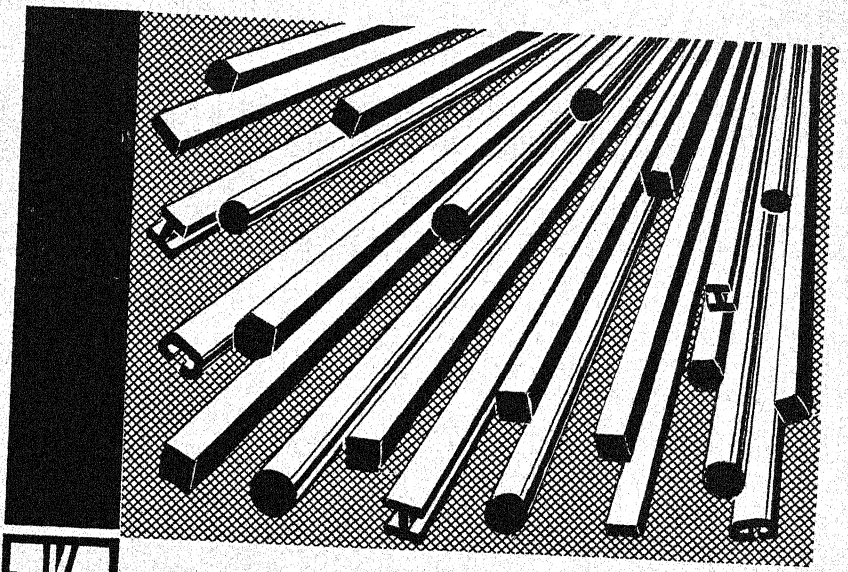
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anxious. Himmler, he reported, was under fierce pressure from Martin Bormann, who shared Hitler's frenzy to carry out the massacre of all prisoners.

"I am afraid that Himmler will end by giving in," said Schellenberg to Kersten. "He is jealous of Bormann's relationship with Hitler." (Bormann was head of the Nazi Party.) It all seemed monstrously unreal. While the Reich was collapsing around them, the Nazi leaders could still continue their intrigues, their crazy dance around the king of madmen.

"It is essential that you get Himmler to confirm the promises he has made," Schellenberg continued. "But if he goes back on his word, Brandt and I will try to prevent his orders from being sent out." He smiled wryly. "The present state of our communications will be good enough excuse."

That morning Schellenberg returned to Berlin to bring Himmler to Hartzwalde, but he explained that they would be late in arriving. "Himmler will be attending a delightful little family party—Hitler's birthday," he explained.

Kersten and Masur waited impatiently well into that night. At last Himmler drove up, accompanied by Schellenberg and Brandt. They had been delayed by Allied planes strafing them. Several times they had had to dive from the car into ditches.

Himmler wore his best black uniform, covered with medals. He was perfectly at ease as he and Masur met. When the men sat down round a table, Himmler proceeded without any embarrassment to make a long speech on the Jewish problem. Though he was not violent or coarse, as he often was on the subject, he left out none of his strongest anti-Semitic ideas.

Kersten admired Masur's self-control. But when Himmler began explaining that the Jews carried typhus and other diseases and that it was to stop epidemics that they had been sent to the cremation ovens, he himself had to break in. "We are not here to talk about the past," he said. "Our real interest is to see what we can still save."

"That is right," Masur said. "The least that can be done is to guarantee the lives of all remaining Jews in Germany."

There was a long, agonizing discussion. Even in this eleventh-hour meeting, Himmler was afraid that Hitler would find him out. It was not until nearly 6 a.m. that he finally agreed to Masur's request.

As dawn was breaking, Kersten accompanied Himmler to his car. A cold, wet wind shook the branches of the trees. The two men did not speak. They knew they would not see each other again.

Reaching the car, Himmler turned to Kersten. "I do not know how much longer I will live," he said. "Whatever happens, I beg of you not to think badly of me. I have undoubtedly made great errors. But

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Hitler wanted me to be hard. With us, the best part of Germany will disappear."

He got into the car, then took the doctor's hand, pressed it in his and said in a choked voice, "Kersten, I thank you for everything. Have pity on me. I am thinking of my poor family."

In the early morning light Kersten saw tears in the eyes of the man who had ordered more executions and more massacres than any other man in history, and yet who knew so well how to pity himself.

Postscript

Two weeks after Germany surrendered, Himmler was still at large, although most of the surviving Nazi leaders had been rounded up.

On May 21, 1945, however, a routine check by British guards at a bridge in Bremervörde, a small town in north-western Germany, brought in a man who identified himself as Heinrich Hitzinger. The fact that his identifying documents were in perfect order aroused the guards' suspicions, for few of the thousands of refugees who then clogged German roads had any papers at all. It was Himmler. He had shaved off his moustache and donned an eye patch by way of disguise. He escaped trial as a war criminal by crushing a vial of poison between his teeth in prison camp a few days later. He was dead within 15 minutes.

At the war-criminal trials Gottlob Berger was given a 25-year sentence and was released after serving five. Today he runs a curtain-rod factory. Schellenberg got six years, and was released after serving two. He died a year later at the age of 42.

Rudolf Brandt was held responsible for all the monstrous directives he had drafted and initialled when Himmler had given him verbal orders. Kersten did everything in his power to defend him, even wrote to President Truman. Nothing availed; Rudolf Brandt was hanged.

Felix Kersten settled in Sweden after the war, but for a long time remained under a shadow—he had been doctor to the most infamous of all Nazi murderers. Learning of this taint, some of the Dutch whom Kersten had assisted were indignant. At their suggestion, a special commission was set up to enquire into his wartime record. In 1949, after examining scores of witnesses and hundreds of documents, the commission issued a report vindicating Kersten completely. He was subsequently decorated by the Dutch Government.

In 1953 Kersten was granted Swedish citizenship, and in an official White Paper the Swedish Foreign Office praised his role in saving thousands of prisoners. From his base in Stockholm, he again practised with great success in Germany, Sweden, Holland and France until he died from a heart attack on April 16, 1960. THE END

Carnival time?

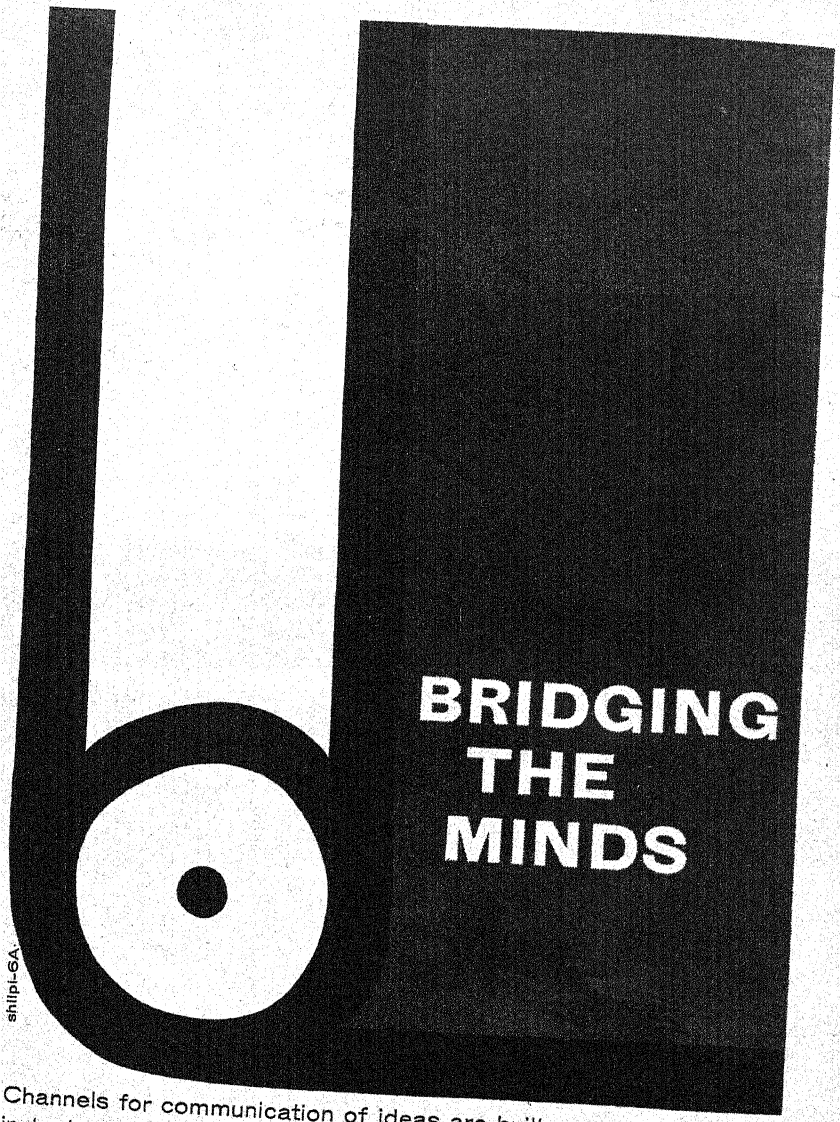
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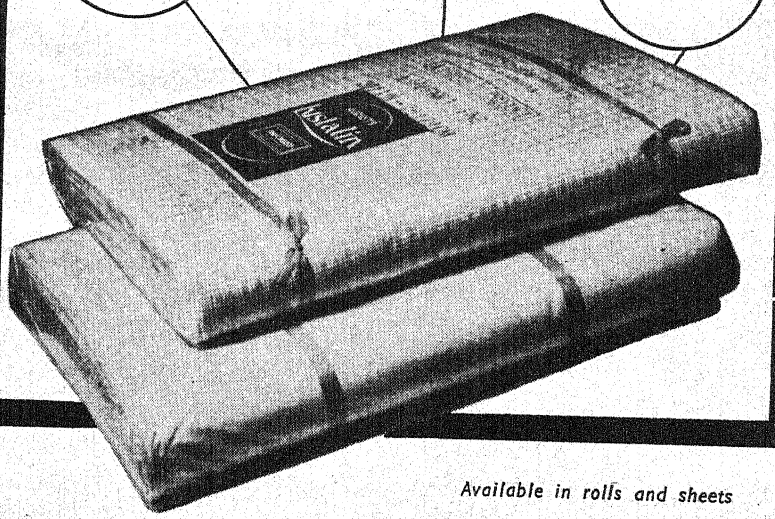
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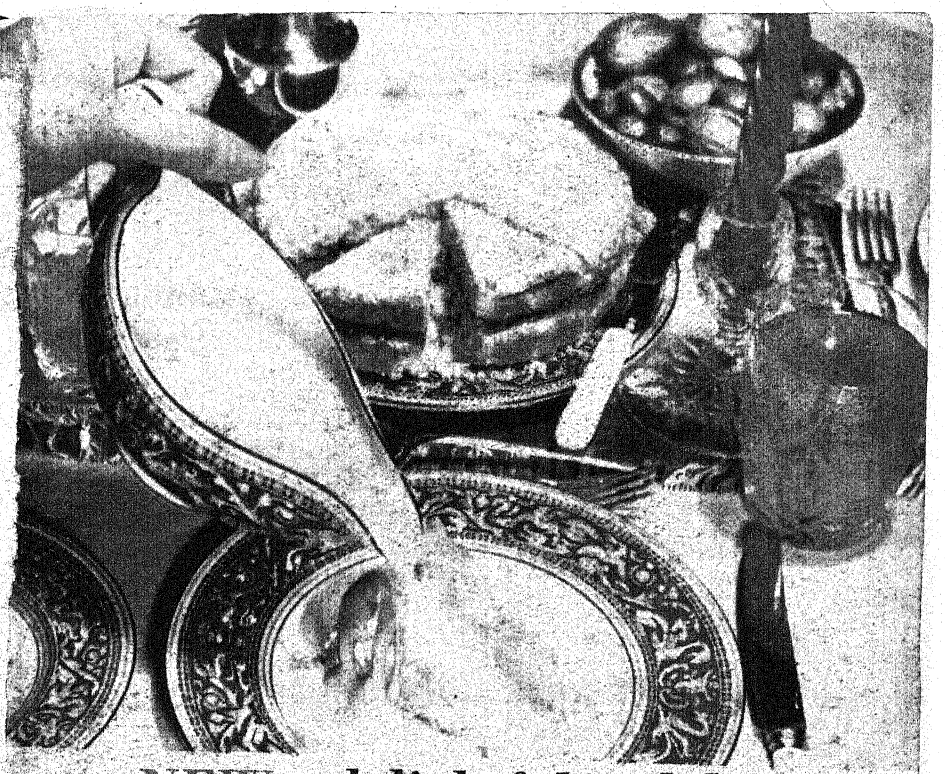
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